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Collier's

THE NATION EEKLY

By Senator BORAH

Speak Up or Dry Up

"MASTER of the HOUNDS"

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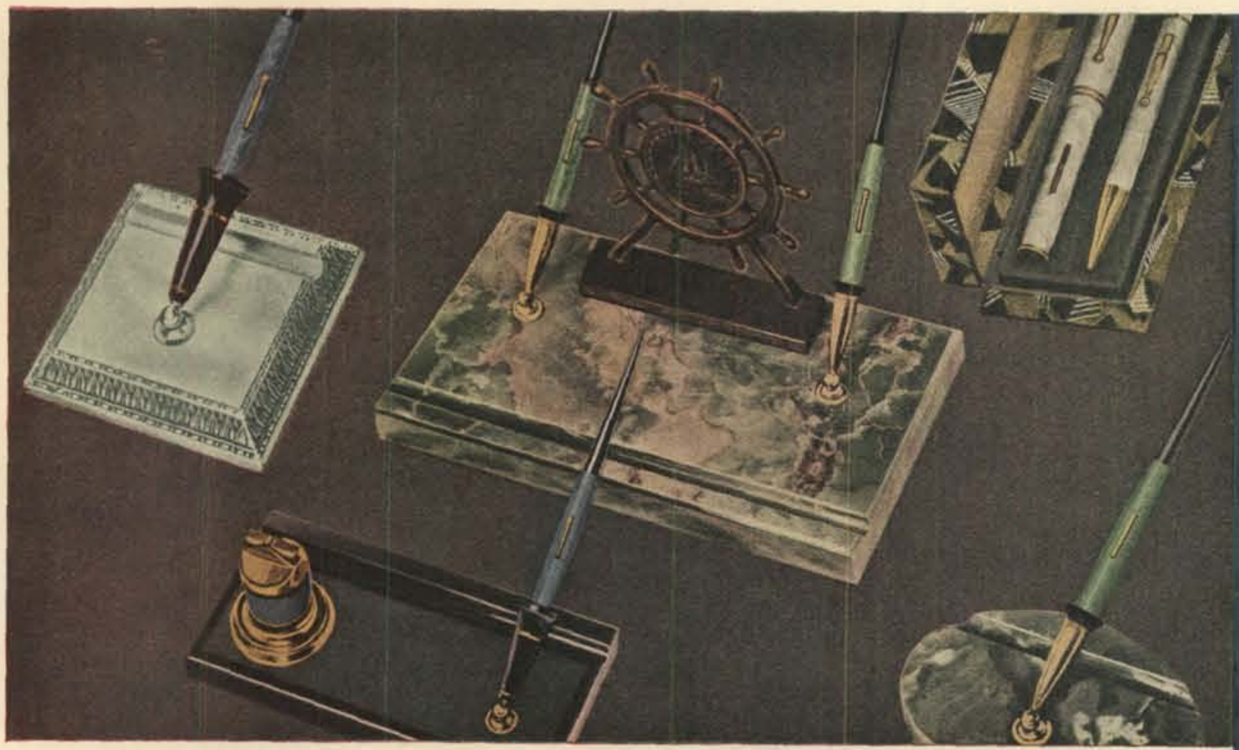
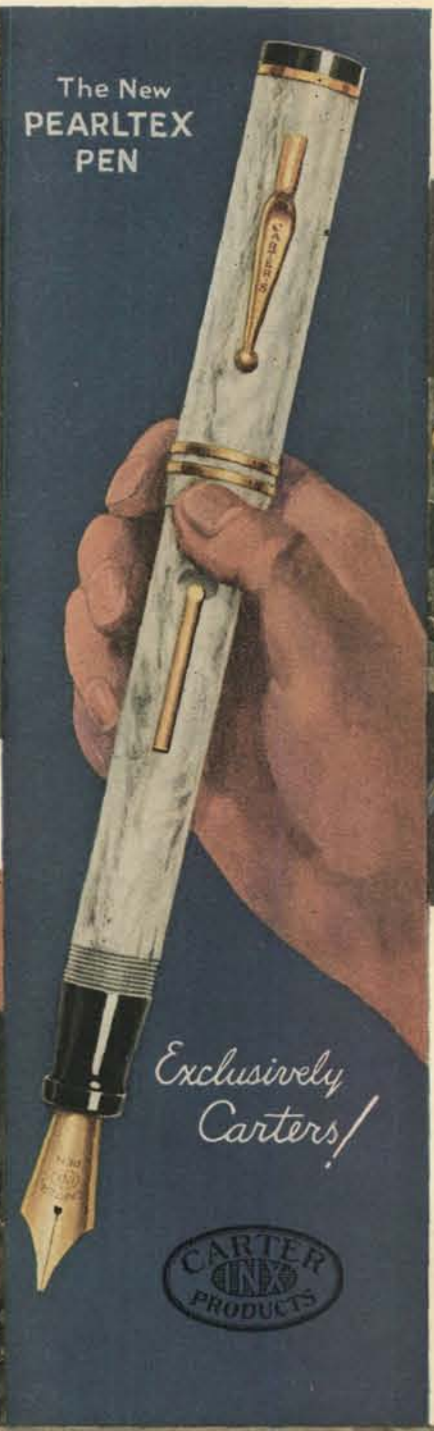
JUNE 8, 1929





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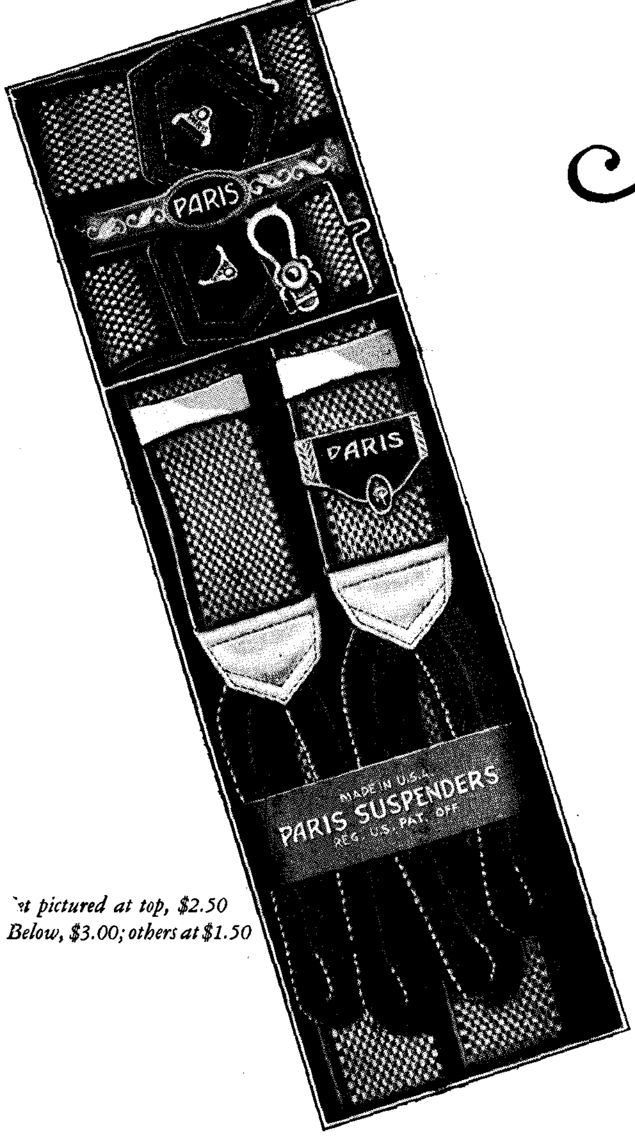

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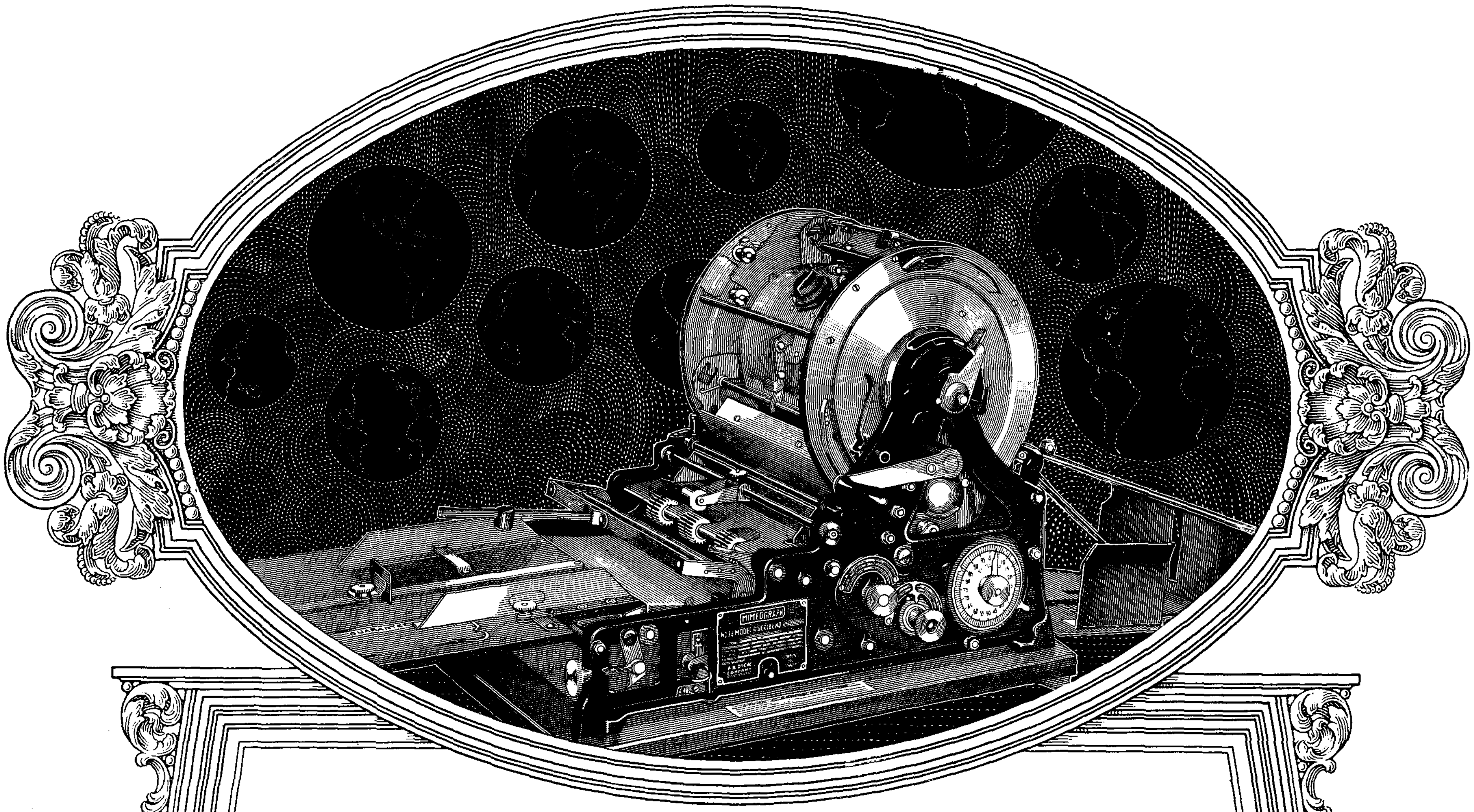

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By Senator
WILLIAM E. BORAH

Speak Up or Dry Up

Come, come. No use skulking in the shadow of a blind pig. What have you to offer in place of the Eighteenth Amendment? If you think it a bad law what would you substitute for it? You'll get nowhere calling names. So speak up. You're bound to have a tremendous audience

A FEW days before the adjournment of the last Congress, I met an old acquaintance with whose views on the 18th Amendment I was most familiar. I felt sure, if the subject were brought up, I would be compelled to listen to a retelling of the awful conditions now existing, and how they were spreading and deepening day by day, how respect for law was being undermined by reason of the 18th Amendment, and, finally, how impossible it was to enforce it and how outrageous it was to undertake it.

Therefore, I approached him cautiously and sought to direct the conversation by asking him about his trip abroad.

"You will be surprised," said he. "I have come back to the United States an advocate of the 18th Amendment. I have witnessed such misery and squalor and crime in other countries due to the excessive use of liquor that I am for our plan. I have visited many countries. If I had to select anything, or any plan, to take the place of our plan, unsatisfactory as it may be to some people, I do not know what I would select. No, I am for the 18th Amendment. We had better deal with the liquor traffic as an outlaw than as something legalized and to be controlled."

In other words, as my friend put it, if not the American plan, what plan?

The liquor question presents a great moral problem, and it is this phase of the problem which receives by far the most attention and gives rise to the more heated features of the discussion. I do not underestimate nor do I wish to be understood as minimizing the hurtful physical results of drink. It is an evil with which all are familiar and few underrate, and with which every nation is now contending.

No satisfactory solution of the vexing question has been found, and yet no nation dares to cease its efforts to find a solution. No people are at ease as they witness its effects upon the community. Quite recently the voters of England, moved by the conditions prevailing—the pauperism, the insanity, the suicides, the broken families, the crime, flowing in one constant swollen stream from drink — demanded of each of the three political parties a statement of how they proposed to deal with the subject.

Each of the political parties, as is the custom, replied in a sympathetic but hopeless, pointless fashion. I do not know of a leading country in the world where this evil does not come stalking in stark and hideous fashion across the political stage. It is an unmitigated curse and language cannot exaggerate its demoralizing and decimating effect upon the individual, upon the state and the nation.

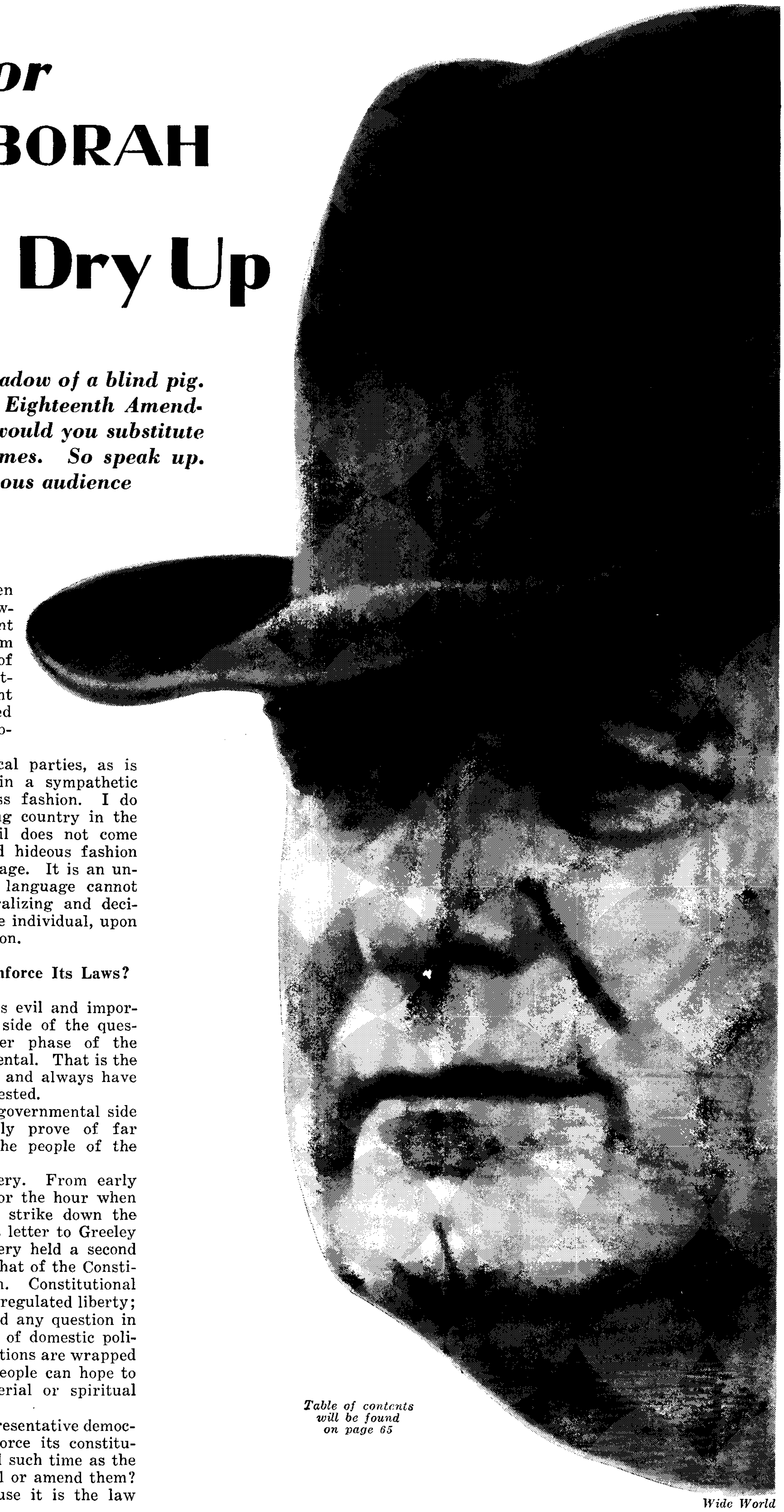
Can a Democracy Enforce Its Laws?

But great as is this evil and important as is the moral side of the question, there is another phase of the problem, the governmental. That is the phase in which I am, and always have been, primarily interested.

After all, it is the governmental side which must inevitably prove of far greater moment to the people of the United States.

Lincoln hated slavery. From early manhood he longed for the hour when he should be able to strike down the institution; but in his letter to Greeley he declared that slavery held a second place in his plans to that of the Constitution and the Union. Constitutional integrity, orderly and regulated liberty; these always transcend any question in the whole wide range of domestic politics. For in these questions are wrapped up all that we as a people can hope to attain either in material or spiritual power.

Can, and will, a representative democracy respect and enforce its constitution and its laws until such time as the people see fit to repeal or amend them? Does the law because it is the law



Wide World

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have commanding force among those blessed with the privileges and burdened with the obligations of a democracy?

Is lawlessness to be accepted as a proper method of repealing laws?

I venture to declare this question, differently stated, constitutes the most important problem which can be presented to a people living under our form of government. In the last analysis, it is the beginning and the end of free government.

Let the governmental question be stated in another way. Everyone will concede that the liquor problem must be dealt with in some manner. It cannot be permitted to make its own vicious rules and live its own ruthless life. The restraint and the will of the public must be exerted. The community must have a voice as to how the business shall be conducted—or whether at all.

Liberty Must be Sane, Orderly

In some way the state or the government or the state and the government must assert the public will and speak for the public interest. After three quarters of a century of discussion and experimenting with different methods, all of which seemed to break down, the people of this country deliberately and overwhelmingly and in accordance with the method pointed out in the Constitution adopted the 18th Amendment. Thereafter, through their chosen representatives, they overwhelmingly enacted laws to carry into effect that amendment. The Supreme Court has passed upon every phase of the proceedings and has held them to be regular and binding upon all officers and all citizens.

What are we, as a democracy, as a self-governing people, going to do about it?

After the adoption of the amendment and the passage of the law, it develops, as is natural, and as in a democracy is wholesome, that many believe the law unwise, even oppressive. Ordinarily, that would present no insuperable difficulty. Ordinarily, these dissatisfied people would urge repeal and in urging repeal, as they are dealing with this kind of an evil, would necessarily present another program or another method for handling the subject—an alternative—and appeal to public opinion to rewrite the law. That is sane, orderly, regulated liberty, the only kind of liberty which our system can harbor and survive.

But the dissatisfied present no program. They offer no alternative. They denounce the law, decry its advocates, embarrass those who would enforce it. They suggest and foster disrespect and disregard for the Constitution and stop there. They appeal to the spirit of lawlessness and hope apparently to bring the law into such contempt that the people will ultimately acquiesce in its complete trampling underfoot; that the people will ultimately fraternize with their own shame by keeping in their Constitution that which they have neither the honor to respect, the vigor to enforce, nor the decency and dignity to repeal.

A more pronounced surrender, not to say betrayal, of every principle mortised into our system of government by its builders could not be conceived.

There is before us at this time no issue in regard to this matter save that of maintaining and enforcing the Constitution and the laws against those who challenge and defy them—and who offer no alternative. There is no proposal in lieu of what we have which would enable the American people to make a choice. And yet there are those who whimper and snarl and assail a President because, forever conscious of his oath and sensitive of his obligation, he declares he will devote his best efforts to upholding the Charter under which he derives his right and authority to enjoy the highest honor in the gift of a free people.

Criticism Minus Suggestion

It is immaterial whether a man believes this law a wise law or an unwise law, so far as this governmental question is concerned. He is bound under every obligation of good citizenship to respect it and to support the President in his effort to enforce it until such time as he can offer and have accepted a more satisfactory law.

It is not the individual who violates the law, as men violate other laws, about whom I am speaking; it is the man of position, or responsibility, who, knowing full well his country is faced with a stupendous problem, has no message save that of lawlessness.

We read daily news items with reference to present conditions under this law. These news items are generally followed by ambitious editorials pointing out the futility of prohibition and the unwisdom of the whole program. But you search these editorials in vain to find one word about what would be the wiser and better course to pursue—about what is to take the place of the 18th Amendment.

All the things which are calculated to inspire distrust and disrespect for the present law you find there. But the people are not advised as to what course they should pursue to secure a more satisfactory control of the traffic. If these opponents of the 18th Amendment are in favor of the old licensed saloon, they do not say so. If they are in favor of the government manufacturing and selling liquor, setting up drinking parlors for one hundred and twenty million people, they studiously refrain from saying so. They have no program. They have no remedy to offer. They are engaged solely in an attack upon the law as it stands.

I read of a federal judge a short time ago who said that he did not believe in the law but he was constrained to administer it—after a fashion. I wondered what the judge had in mind to take the place of the law which he felt constrained to disparage.

Our Supreme Court has said (and it has generally been accepted as a wise rule, in fact fundamental in our theory of government) that the courts are not concerned with the policy of the law. But if the resentment of a judge becomes so strong that he is unable to keep the accepted rule of the courts, it seems a pity that discretion could not seal his judicial lips as to the policy of the law until such time as his more mature wisdom might accompany his criticism with wise counsel as to a better law. But he was content with a reflection upon the law from which everyone already disposed to violate it might take additional courage to do so.

A group of able young members of the New York bar, apostles of the law, have organized, the press informs us, for the purpose of educating juries, and perhaps influencing the courts to disregard or at least ineffectually enforce the 18th Amendment.

It must be that these disciples of constitutional government have given serious thought to the whole subject and have, after such serious thought, concluded that the American people have made a mistake in adopting the 18th Amendment, and that the Congress has blundered in providing the machinery for its enforcement.

We have a right to presume that they will shortly advise the American people of their error and point the way to a successful solution of the liquor problem. As citizens, they cannot be in favor of absence of law on the subject. As lawyers, and therefore believers in a government of law, they would not appeal to lawlessness. Therefore, in the very nature of things, they must be almost ready to give the world a message for which all good people have been watching for three thousand years: How effectually and satisfactorily to curb or control this fearful habit of drink.

Seeking the Alternative

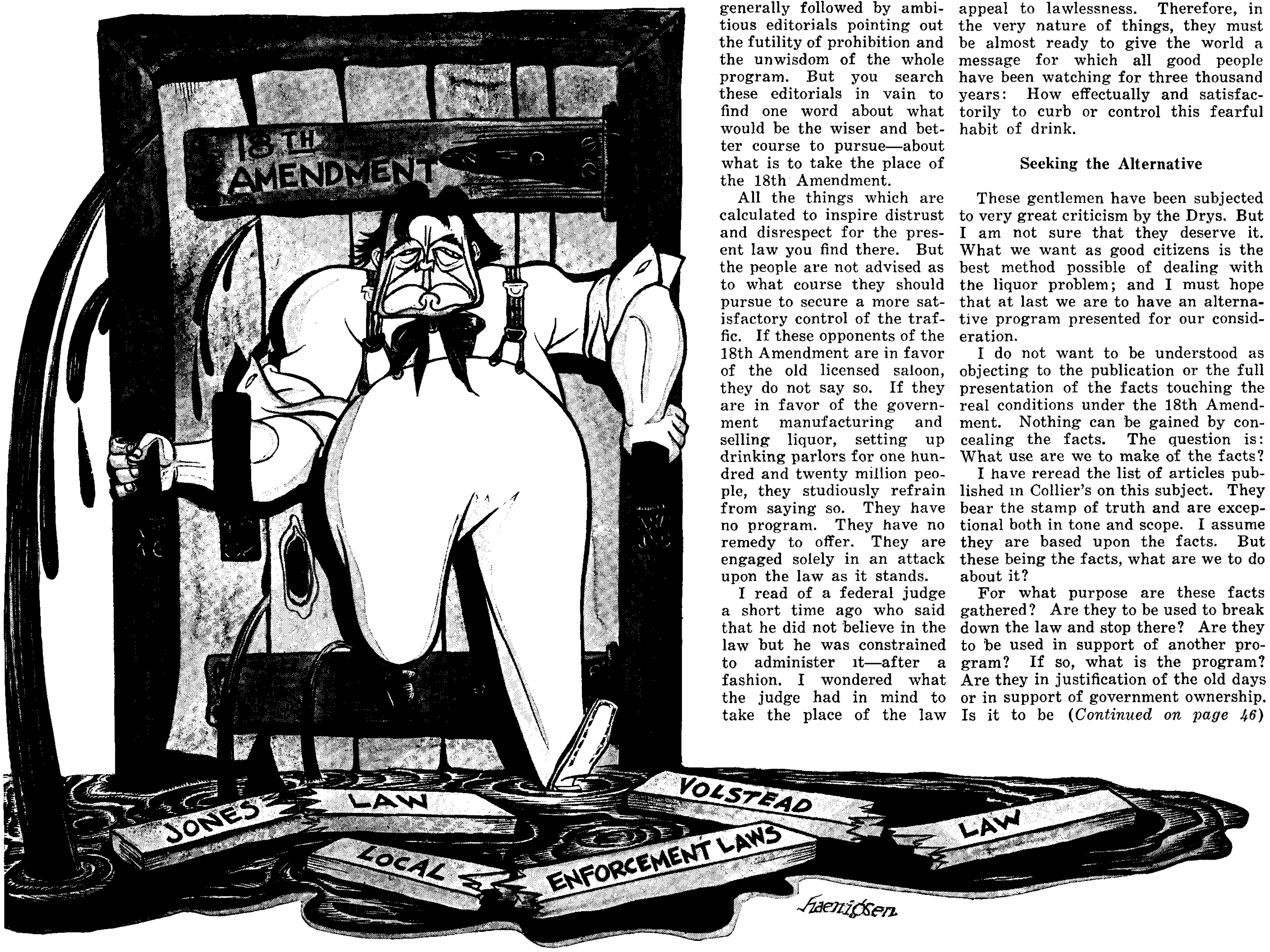
These gentlemen have been subjected to very great criticism by the Drys. But I am not sure that they deserve it. What we want as good citizens is the best method possible of dealing with the liquor problem; and I must hope that at last we are to have an alternative program presented for our consideration.

I do not want to be understood as objecting to the publication or the full presentation of the facts touching the real conditions under the 18th Amendment. Nothing can be gained by concealing the facts. The question is: What use are we to make of the facts?

I have reread the list of articles published in Collier's on this subject. They bear the stamp of truth and are exceptional both in tone and scope. I assume they are based upon the facts. But these being the facts, what are we to do about it?

For what purpose are these facts gathered? Are they to be used to break down the law and stop there? Are they to be used in support of another program? If so, what is the program? Are they in justification of the old days or in support of government ownership. Is it to be

(Continued on page 46)



Lest We Forget

By Alexander Woollcott

Not out of a rambling, twisted memory of what the Great War might have been, or should have been for a playwright's purpose, but straight from the filthy muck of a St. Quentin trench has come a play.

It is merely an insurance adjuster's story of a kid and his captain—a piece written in the hope that village amateurs might perform it. But the villagers drew back.

Tonight in England and America capacity audiences sit silently through Journey's End and pay it the tribute of holy quiet

Vandamm

Derek Williams and Colin Keith-Johnston in a tense moment from the greatest of all the war plays

R. C. Sheriff found inspiration for his play, Journey's End, in his own wartime letters

CERTAIN of the foot-loose folk of the world who stray over the face of the earth telling at hearths and taverns of the strange new things they have just seen on the other side of the mountains, began at the end of the past winter to spread, little by little, the tidings of a play that was holding the theatergoers of London in such a thrall as no one living could remember.

It was a piece called Journey's End, an English war-play written by one who, lest we forget, tried to set down out of his own memories something of what men said, and did and thought and felt in the trenches which eleven wasted years ago ran like wounds across France and Belgium and the hearts of men.

This play had been written, it seems, by a young insurance adjuster in the hope that the amateurs in his village on the Thames would want to play it as their annual benefit for the rowing club. The rowing club, though sorely tempted at this chance to escape the anguish of paying royalties, declined it firmly. Nor could the London managers be made to see any advantage to themselves in producing a work so flagrantly, so comically lacking in the standard ingredients of theatrical entertainment.

Why, the only setting was a dim, foul, candle-lit cellar, the only costumes old khaki uniforms, the only dialogue the spare, unedited unheroic colloquies among some British officers in a dugout near St. Quentin! Their quarrels, their grousing, their homesickness, their panic, their unworded resolution. Journey's End, indeed! Journeys end with lovers' meetings, but this impractical creature had written six scenes without a single feminine character in any of them. There were, the managers protested, no love-scenes!

That, the shamefaced author had to admit, was true. For I suppose that transcripts of existence fairly aching with the love a man may have for the green land from which he was exiled, and for the house where he was born, the love of life and friends, and the sky at dawn, and courage—such transcripts would scarcely be recognized at first sight by a theatrical manager as love-scenes.

So Journey's End was produced at all only because some actors out of work decided to rehearse and play it without salary for a single Sunday night performance. And it was thereafter able to find a theater to go on with only because a passing dilettante saw their performance, liked it, and put up the few hundred pounds necessary to make such tenancy possible. It has since been deemed advisable to lease another stage for the next two years, so that that first London company need not be disturbed during the early part of its engagement.

The second troupe opened in New York during the last week in March. Stray passers-by cannot hope to get seats for it at present, but they will surely find it easier next spring. The third company will arrive in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the second week of September to start a slow journey across Canada to the Pacific. The fourth company is due in Chicago the same week.

Indeed I think there will be no time, in your day or mine, when, somewhere in the English-speaking world, there will not be an audience sitting silent at a performance of Journey's End. I think that not in our time will the sun ever set on the play that the little insurance adjuster wrote for the Kingston Rowing Club. I think that not in our time, by song or gesture or word or deed, has any Englishman so eloquently spoken the cause of his tribe before the peoples of the world. I think that no braided mission, no silk-hatted plenipotentiary sent out by England since the war began, has so fairly represented her—so fairly told us the best that she has and is.

It is my recommendation that you go out of your way, if necessary, to see one of these companies. Myself, I journeyed from Florida to New York chiefly to sit me down before the play, of which the tidings had spread so fast and so far. It was worth the trip. To be sure, after all those hot and cindery miles, the thing was over and done with almost before I knew it. The youngest lieutenant in the battalion, the pink-cheeked boy, fresh from an English school, had just been shot in the spine and carried down the dugout steps, to die in the arms of his captain, who, four unsuspecting years before, had been his roommate at school, and his hero on the cricket field.

The captain had no time to think of all that, however. Outside, the sound of shelling was rising to fresh fury, and his men were calling him. One saw him reach silently for his helmet and walk to the foot of the dugout steps, saw his lean body wavering a little as from an incommunicable weariness, silhouetted for a moment against the patch of morning sky visible there above the fretwork of barbed wire and the crumbling dirt-edge of the parapet.

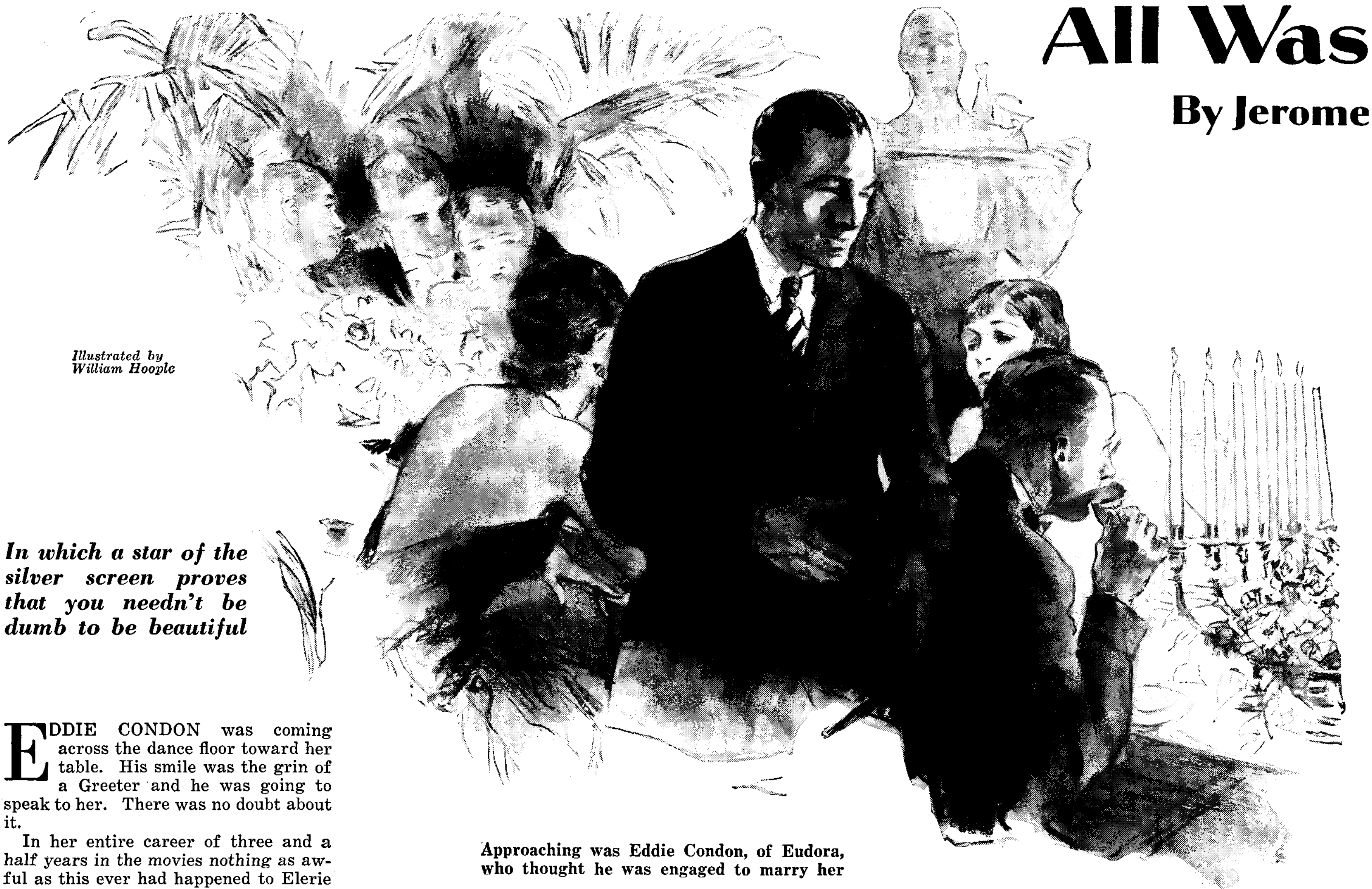
That was all. Then the whine of a shell, a hit on the dugout roof, the crackling of its timber supports, the caving in of the sandbags. On that, and to the rat-a-tat-tat of machine-gun fire, the curtain fell.

The auditorium remained a little while in darkness. Of the usual scramble toward the aisles there was no sign. No one in the crowd around me moved. No one applauded. No one spoke. For a long time I had the illusion that no one even breathed. It seemed to me that, by its truth and its pity and its passion, a work of art had commanded one of those moments of tribute—silence, which the governments ask for on Armistice Day—ask for and cannot get.

Then the curtain rose again, and there, as at any play, was the troupe of players lined up for our applause. I suppose it was as good a way as any of letting us know that the play was over. My own first response was one of ingenuous surprise that all of this had been done by a dozen strangers. In creating their illusion they were aided by a cellar smelling of candle-grease, bacon and whisky. Aided also, I suppose, by a little of something we must call magic. Somehow, certainly, they had made me see the whole Empire in its agony; the front (*Continued on page 50*)

All Was

By Jerome



Illustrated by William Hoople

In which a star of the silver screen proves that you needn't be dumb to be beautiful

Approaching was Eddie Condon, of Eudora, who thought he was engaged to marry her

EDDIE CONDON was coming across the dance floor toward her table. His smile was the grin of a Greeter and he was going to speak to her. There was no doubt about it.

In her entire career of three and a half years in the movies nothing as awful as this ever had happened to Elerie Byron, The Passion Girl. It was crisis such as no other international celebrity of twenty-two years ever had been called upon to face.

In a gown that obviously was the latest gasp of Parisian couturiers and dazzling in jewels that must have been designed by the head architect of the American and Foreign Fireworks Corporation of Bridgeport, Conn., The Passion Girl was giving the dinner of her life in the Cocoanut Grove. Eleven of the swellest people in Hollywood were her guests and this particular dish of tea would go into her income tax return as an item of $546.90 among the deductions for necessary business expenses. All was ambrosial until—this!

At her right sat John Martin Mortimer, author of The Deliberations of Diana, his first novel. At her left was T. J. Harrigan, vice president in charge of production, of the Red Star Pictures Corporation, which fortunate company had grossed something more than $3,000,000 on Elerie Byron's pictures in the last twelve months.

Beyond, around the table, which glittered with the hotel's finest cut glass and glowed with orchids, sat other celebrities, and wives or husbands of celebrities attempting loudly to overcome inferiority complexes.

There was Elerie Byron's director, Bill Mason, and also his wife, a fuzzy blonde who, in the casual and friendly manner of Hollywood, was suing him for divorce. Elerie had displayed her usual charming diplomacy in seating her guests, taking care to separate the Masons and to place Mrs. Mason in a congenial and unembarrassing spot, next to James Baldwin, Elerie's leading man, who planned to marry Mrs. Mason in Mexico as soon as her divorce was granted.

The editor of a motion picture magazine, on his semi-annual trip to Hollywood, was there. At various times his publication had been quite unfriendly to Elerie Byron, intimating that her art was mostly in her knees, and Elerie invited him, trusting that expensive food would improve his critical faculty.

All this high-priced hooey was going on in honor of John Martin Mortimer, whose novel, after receiving noble reviews in the New York newspapers, had reached a total sale of something less than 4,500 copies.

RED STAR bought the story for Elerie Byron, mainly because of a situation in which the heroine's home caught on fire while she was taking a bath, and sent Mortimer to Hollywood because every other company was sending authors to Hollywood. Why they are sent or what they are supposed to do when they get there, neither the authors nor the producers ever have been able to find out, but it's the custom.

The cutting and titling of The Deliberations of Diana had been completed that day—with the exception, of course, of the main title. This was going to be changed by the sales department in New York, which so far had been unable to decide which of two titles possessed the greater box-office value. As a matter of fact, either one would do, since both contained the word "love."

After the dinner the party would move reluctantly to Elerie Byron's magnificent home, often mistaken by tourists for the University of Southern California. There, in her private theater, The Deliberations of Diana (working title) would be given its premier performance. Nearly everybody at the party had seen the picture eight or ten times in the process of editing and was sick of looking at the darn thing but it was one of those ceremonies that are done in Hollywood so they couldn't get out of it any more than the President of the United States can duck out of his inauguration.

Hollywood thinks novelists are just dandy. If a star can get a novelist out to dinner in public at the Cocoanut Grove or the Biltmore she immediately rates a notch higher, no matter what dirty cracks the theater owners may take at her pictures in the confidential box-office reports in The Exhibitors' Herald.

Motion picture stars so often have been called "beautiful but dumb" by hostile writers that the public sometimes believes such libel and the stars, realizing the situation, neglect no opportunity to prove that they do appreciate the finer things in the Arts.

Why, right at this very banquet, the folks had been discussing with genuine understanding of every nuance and all the dénouements—pronouncing both words correctly, practically—that newest best seller, Passion Island, by Mary Dare.

Several thought it showed amazing insight and that parts of it were precious. One declared that it contained the elements of good cinema, meaning that it would make a movie that would gross big.

The only hesitant person was John Martin Mortimer. This reluctance was thought by the editor of the motion picture magazine to be due to jealousy and he said so in a whisper to the woman who sat beside him, whose name he had not caught. Being the wife of a celebrity and therefore an habitual amen-er, she said she thought so, too.

"This is a secret," Elerie confided, realizing that telling a secret to this crowd was as good as a million-dollar campaign. "I'm going to do Passion Island. They're trying to buy it for me in New York, but this Dare woman is holding out for an enormous amount."

"We'll get it," T. J. Harrigan, her boss—or vice versa—declared.

Elerie squeezed his hand and leaned over and kissed him on the cheek and the eleven out of the forty-two tourists in the Grove who were so fortunate as to witness the wanton exhibition gasped in delight, like a censor discovering a vulgar word in a book. Three weeks later they were telling the home folks how Elerie Byron got drunk and sat on a man's lap and bit his ear.

"You're a dear, tweet man," Elerie babbled, and the guests giggled delightedly. Harrigan was unmarried. What a wonderful match this would be—and rumor said it was all set.

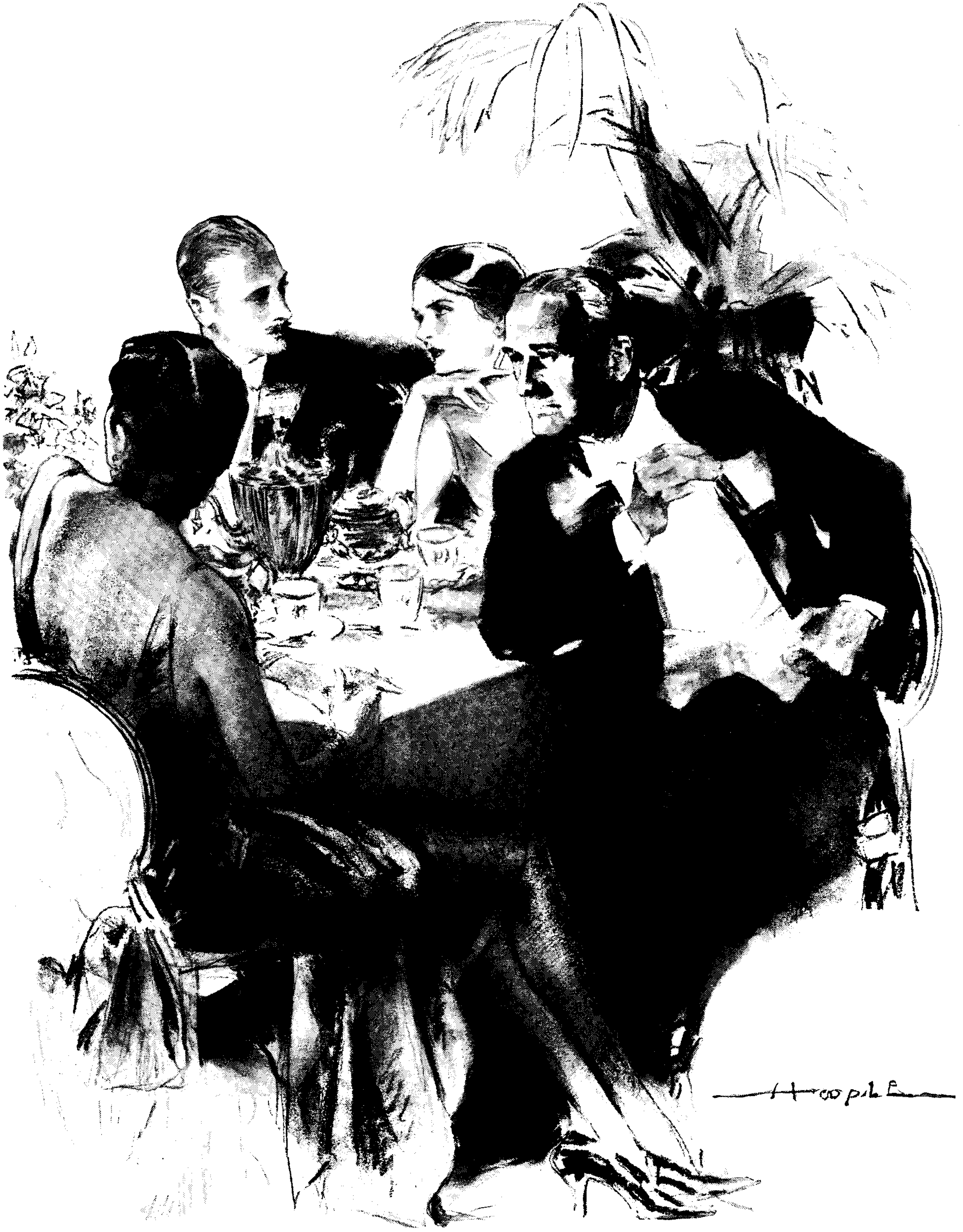
Things were as right as a platinum trivet set with emeralds. Elerie beamed and relaxed a moment to enjoy the sensation of triumph which comes in such large packages only to a movie star or to a golfer who sinks a sixteen-foot putt and thereby wins three dollars. Her eyes rose from the table to the dance floor. She stiffened in horror. Eddie Condon was coming over to speak to her!

MRS. MASON was exhibiting a diamond wrist watch that James Baldwin, her fiancé, had given her for a birthday present and the other guests looked from her to her husband and sighed with relief when they saw that he was taking it all right and there wasn't going to be a fight that would get them all in the papers. So none of the guests heard Elerie gasp, "Oh my!" Which shows that the babbling of fools sometimes serves a good purpose.

"What'll I do?" Elerie asked herself in panic. Approaching was Eddie Condon, of Eudora, Kansas, who thought he was engaged to marry her. The last time she had seen Eddie was when he kissed her good-by on the station plat-

Ambrosial

Beatty



form at Eudora, nearly four years ago.

The odds were $168.20 on a two-dollar ticket that he would call her "Minnie" and make a scene before all these noted people. What would Tom Harrigan think? What would John Martin Mortimer think? Would he go back to New York and write a novel about it? And (Jehoshaphat, what a tough break!) what would the editor of the movie magazine think—and write?

Even a person who has never been to Hollywood, nor mingled in high-toned and high-hat society, can see with half an eye that there was the mischief to pay.

Eddie wasn't even dressed—that is to say he was wearing a blue serge suit, tan shoes and a blue shirt with a soft collar. He also wore a yellow-and-red necktie which didn't look as bad as you might think.

ELERIE noted with some relief that his hair was well cut and his clothes were pressed. Although she couldn't see from where she sat, it seemed probable that he had discontinued his former practice of having his neck shaved all the way around in the back.

A number of persons in the Grove, such as tourists, were not dressed either. All the movie people were dressed, notably the girls, who were dressed in half-transparent things that started above the crossed knees and extended about as high as you can knock a feather with a baseball bat.

Eddie was moving nearer, as confident of a welcome as though a sign reading "Open Game" had been hanging over the table.

Elerie decided quickly to ignore him, hoping that he would take a hint that he was Poison. She turned to John Martin Mortimer and with a burst of enthusiasm that made him look at her strangely asked him if he didn't want some more potatoes.

He said he didn't, thanks, and went on with his ice cream.

"How do you do, Miss Byron?" said Eddie.

The guests looked up. This fellow must be somebody, or nobody. Only persons of note break into dinner parties—only persons of note and tourists, who will break into anything.

He carried no autograph book, so they inspected him with casual interest. They saw a tall, good-looking young man with mild blue eyes who returned their stares unafraid.

"Oh, Mr. Condon," Elerie remarked, as if Mr. Condon was the fiddler on a ferryboat passing his hat for nickels.

"How are you?" he asked, extending his hand. Involuntarily, she took it.

THEN the commotion started. It was evident that Mr. Condon was not going on about his business, as any sane man would do—except a nice boy from Eudora, Kansas, who thought he was engaged to marry a star known in the movie theaters throughout the world as The Passion Girl. . . .

There are certain things that a father should teach his son and probably the most important is that a fellow shouldn't visit at a dinner party in a public dining-room, because all the men have to push back their chairs noisily and stand up, looking foolish and wishing that this fathead would see a green light and move on.

It was evident that Mr. Condon was not a movie fan after an autograph, so the men wearily stood up. Bill Mason knocked over a glass of water and John Martin Mortimer dropped his napkin on the floor and grunted profanely as he cracked his dress shirt in trying to pick it up.

The party already had been conspicuous in the crowded Grove because of the obvious importance of the affair and now the only thing that could have brought it into more prominence would have been the introduction at the table of a steam calliope played by Jack Dempsey and Babe Ruth in drum majors' uniforms of red and gold.

Elerie rose, still holding his hand, and attempted to ease Eddie on his way with a suggestive shove of her shoulder. Eddie didn't get the idea, which he interpreted as a Passion Girl's cozy way of showing pleasure.

"You must come around and see me sometime," she volunteered without enthusiasm.

FOR a young man who had been trying for three weeks to see his fiancée, with no success whatever, Eddie Condon showed great self-control.

"Gee," he said. "You're looking great! I read in the paper that you'd be here tonight, so I came down. I want to talk—" He looked up. The editor of the motion picture magazine had left his place and was standing beside him. "Why, hello, Mr. Bender!" he exclaimed. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"Glad to see you, Condon. Aren't you going to stay a while?"

Well, that just practically ruined everything. There was nothing to do but introduce Eddie Condon to all the guests and to ask the waiter to bring him a chair so that all the tired men could sit down. The fine $546.90 party was so low that you'd probably think it was dead, unless you held a mirror over its mouth. Thank goodness the orchestra started playing and the gaping tourists returned to their sand dabs.

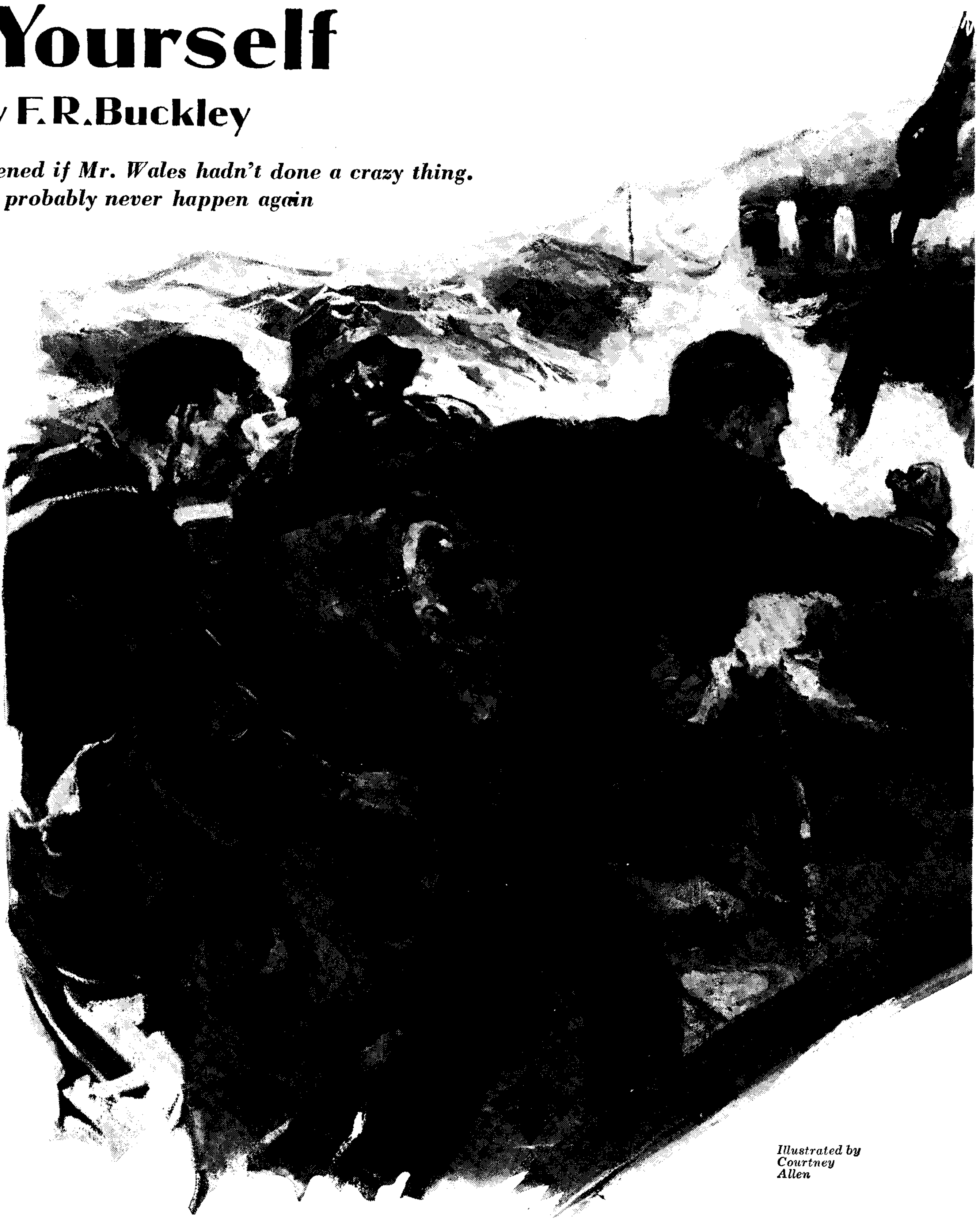
It was evident to the noted guests that this Mr. Condon was nobody that the hostess had been looking all over town for, and before Eddie could ask her to dance with him or to sit still or something, Harrigan had taken her out on the floor, and the others followed, leaving Eddie Condon sitting there all alone and out of place, except for his tie, which matched the orchids.

He lighted a cigarette uneasily, and watched the dancers. Things were all mixed up. He (*Continued on page 38*)

Be Yourself

By F. R. Buckley

It never would have happened if Mr. Wales hadn't done a crazy thing. And it will probably never happen again



Illustrated by Courtney Allen

"WELL, anyhow, you're getting out of the passenger trade," said Mr. Harris mournfully. "I should think that'd be a relief to you."

The head of the Chief Officer appeared glowering through the orifice of an evening shirt. To port and starboard of it two arms, resembling the forepaws of a moderately shaggy bear, waved frantically in search of armholes.

"Yes, you would," said Mr. Wales.

"Well, you know yourself you've always been cursing the doggy uniforms, an' dressin' for dinner, an' all that—"

There was a slight noise of tearing muslin, followed by a greater as Mr. Wales ripped the ruined shirt bodily from his person.

"Yes," he said bitterly, "but you never heard me cursing the pay and allowances, did you? That's what I've stuck in this trade ten years for—the money. And being home regularly once a month. I sailed fourth officer when I could 'a had my own tramp, an' answered questions about how deep the ocean was at *this point, my God*—"

He tore a coat-style shirt from a drawer.

"You haven't seen *me* on the fo'c's'le head explainin' the ocean to any girls in red hats," went on Mr. Wales accusingly. "I'd got my girl when I got my master's ticket, and I've had her ever since, and there is her picture over there in the frame, an' she's workin' in a tobacconist's in Wallesey, and I'd like to put her alongside our dear captain's owner's daughter of a wife an' see who's a patch on who."

"There's the second bugle," said Mr. Harris.

"Yes," said the Chief Officer, brooding over his studs, "an' down I go in these fool clothes that leave a guy's stern showing, an' be polite with *this* on my chest. Captain Bertram A. Parsons, R. N. R! 'Mr. Wales, you are naw gentlemin. I shall repawt this to the Hewm Office!' Fired! Just because I told an old —— —— —— that I'd got work to do. Ten years' hell gone to Bucklersbury! On the bucking bench!"

Mr. Harris got up regretfully.

"Well, you've always wanted to be in freight," he urged.

"AND I suppose I'm gonna get into it now," roared Mr. Wales, "with six ships out of every five laid up, and extra-masters shifting copra at Port Sunlight and damn' glad of the job. Ah, get out. You make me sick. Go an' join Captain Bertram A. Parsons in a cocktail, an' talk to him about gawf."

"I don't know anything about golf," said the second officer in a hurt tone.

"Well, you better learn," said Mr. Wales, "an' while you're at it you might get ready to tell Honorable Missises what makes it all foamy around the blunt end of the steamer. You're next in line for Chief Officer, an' you want to study up on your profession."

There was a silence while the wounded giant adjusted his trousers and worked into his evening jacket. He further assaulted his impregnable hair with two vicious strokes of a military brush, and cleaned his shoes by rubbing each on the calf of the other leg.

"Coming down?" inquired Harris, when the grooming was complete.

"I feel," said the Chief Officer, "that on this particular evening I need a drink. About three swallows out of the neck of the bottle."

"Well, I'll go down ahead," said the second. "Pip-pip!"

"Tra-la-la!" returned Mr. Wales sardonically; and moved over to his corner-cupboard.

The Fortunio happened to be running into a gale; of which the preliminary swell was so noticeable that the stewards had already rigged the fiddles designed to prevent food from skating into passengers' laps. The Chief Officer, arriving at his table fifteen minutes late, faced an accumulation of questions concerning these devices.

"I was just saying," announced a lady from Kansas City, Mo., "that on my round-the-world cruise, the stewards always used to *wet* the tablecloths. That prevented the dishes from sliding, and it seems so much more convenient than all this woodwork. I wondered if the Captain had ever come across that idea?"

"Scotch broth," said Mr. Wales to the steward. "Yes, ma'am. But he's afraid the passengers might catch cold."

"Oh, I think he's a charming man, don't you, Mr. Wales?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you sailed with him long?"

"It *seems* like a long time," said the Chief Officer, picking up his spoon. "Put some ice in the water, Steward. And hurry up with that soup."

"I SUPPOSE," suggested a lady from St. Louis, "that you've got to hurry back to the bridge. Is it going to be a very bad storm?"

"I don't know. Won't be if I can help it."

"I suppose you've met a great many?"

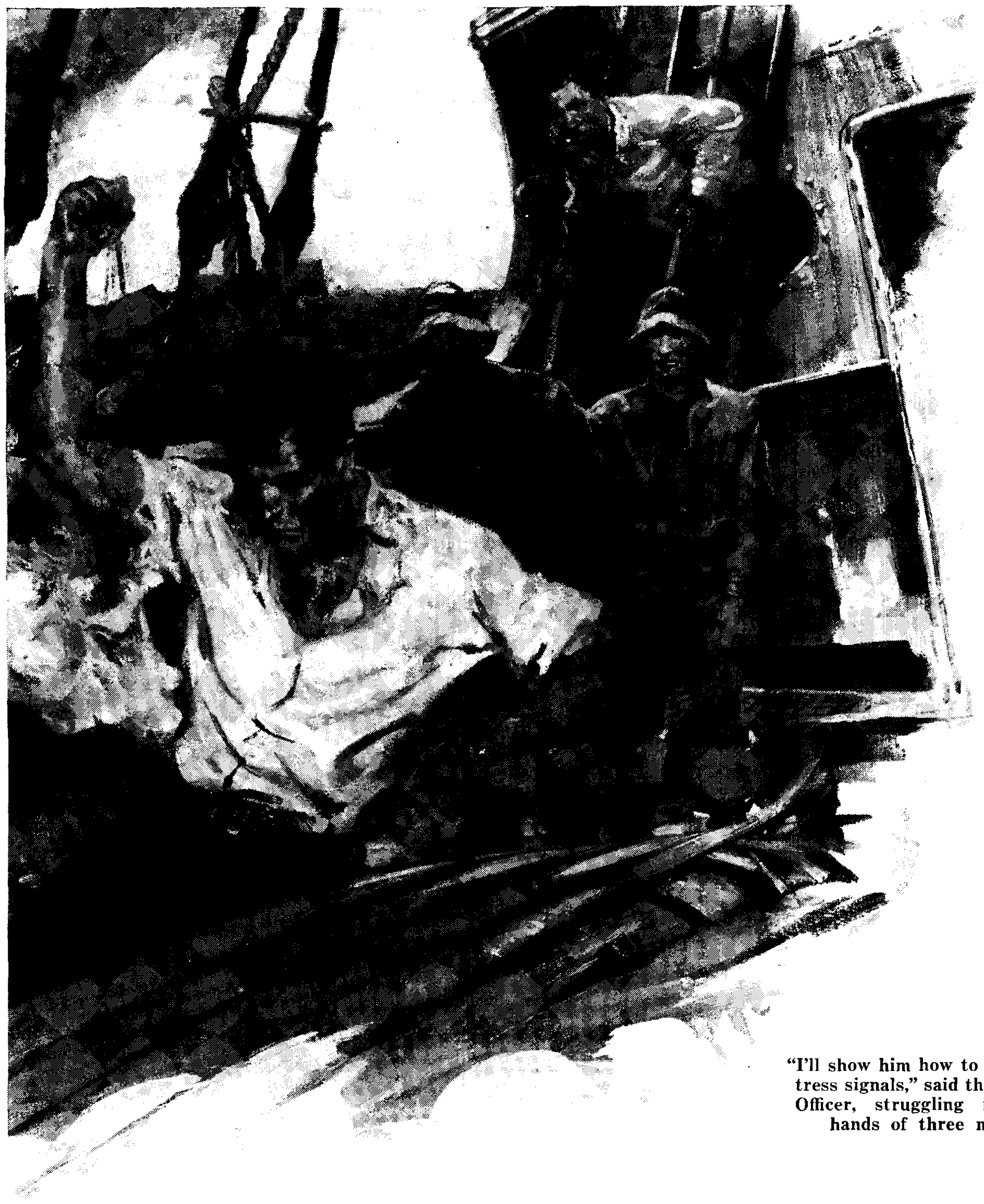
Mr. Wales finished his spoonful, and his eye roved. He seemed to decide upon a counter-attack.

"Yes, ma'am. One or two. Three or four trips ago a sea came and stove in a port—"

"What's a port?"

"One of *those* little round windows, dear," said the lady who had been around the world. "And oh, I say, you know, it was the most amusing thing. On the ship I went around the world in, there was a lady in the next cabin to mine, and the first morning out she rang for the steward and asked where all her clothes were. So he said he didn't know, and asked her where she had put them when she went to bed the night before, and she said she had put them into the little cupboard with the curtain over it, and of course that was the port-hole, and they had all gone into the sea. How we did laugh!"

Everybody else at the table laughed



"I'll show him how to fly distress signals," said the Chief Officer, struggling in the hands of three men

likewise—except Mr. Wales. Having finished his soup in four last desperate motions, he arose suddenly.

"There's nothing wrong, is there?" demanded a fat man from Nottingham, pausing with his knife halfway to his mouth.

"No," said Mr. Wales. "But—got to get up to the bridge. Catch-as-catch-can this weather. Get a bite up there. G'-by."

He stalked off to finish his dinner in his room.

"He might at least," said the Kansas City lady, "have said 'Excuse me'."

"Just what I was thinking."

"I'm having coffee with the Captain after dinner," said she who had been around the world, "and, just casually, I shall tell him about that."

Dame Rumor—who on shipboard lives in the steward's quarters, down aft just over the propellers—insisted that other liquids than coffee were served to Captain Parsons and his guests; both in the smoke-room and, later, in the Captain's suite; not to any vulgar extent, of course, but in sufficient quantity to explain the commander's subsequent carelessness with the bridge-ladder. Having taken the lady from Kansas City up to see the compass at its well-known trick of pointing to the north, Captain Parsons was returning to the boat-deck when he slipped, completing the descent on his theretofore immaculate shirt front, with the point of his jaw bouncing heavily from step to step.

So that dawn, which rose on a sea through which the Fortunio advanced but staggeringly, found him in his bed suffering from six consecutive knock-outs, and Chief Officer Wales in command of the ship.

It was a gray, wet dawn, of the kind which chills both the bones and the soul. There was no more than three-quarters of a gale, but it had changed direction during the night, and now raked the bridge from port to starboard with the spindrift of a rising cross-sea. For perhaps four minutes out of every five, the bellying canvas dodgers to port would provide a lee; but then the Fortunio would roll, and a stream of spray that felt like bird-shot would smite Messrs. Wales and Harris in the ears. They prowled around uneasily through the half-inch puddles of the planking, trying to make their sou'westers meet their oilskins in a water-tight joint; and swearing in sad, continuous monotones.

"THOUGHT I heard something," said the Chief Officer, halting his remarks for a moment. "Listen. You hear anything, Harris?"

The second officer uncovered his ears, cupped them in his hands, and stood motionless. The wind, in a sudden gust, shrieked demoniacally through the funnel-stays, and the first sea to come aboard thumped the Fortunio on the bow and raced boiling into the well-deck.

"No," said Harris.

"Telephone the lookouts and ask what the hell's the matter with them, then. And start the whistle. Might as well be in a bloody fog."

Wales uncovered and cupped his own ears, and leaned over the forward screen until the second officer returned.

"The bow thinks he heard something, sir."

"I know damn' well he did. There's a siren going somewhere ahead. Get it? There!"

Caught in an eddy of the wind, there came clearly to them a thin, despairing squawk, drowned in an instant by the roar of the Fortunio's horn.

"Stop that damn' thing. Some tub right bang in our track, I bet you. Ring 'em to dead slow."

In the bowels of the ship, gongs burst into clangor. Brass hands swung tremblingly about red-and-white dials; and the fourth and second engineers moved rapidly for a few minutes. The angry conversation of the crankpits, suddenly checked, became an injured mutter; and the second engineer, wiping his hands on a bit of clean waste, resumed his magazine and his ham sandwich.

"What's up now?" asked the fourth.

"How the hell should I know? Go feel your bearings."

The Elizabeth Wakelin was up—or rather, she seemed to be in imminent danger of going down; the Elizabeth Wakelin of Liverpool, as it later appeared—a three thousand-ton tramp of extremely disreputable appearance; lying even as Chief Officer Wales had thought, directly in the Fortunio's path. She was about a mile and a half ahead when sighted; offering her stern to the storm, and wallowing amid seas which frequently hid her from sight.

"Got her ensign upside down, too, I'll bet a dollar," said Mr. Wales. He got a telescope from the chart-house, and leveled it. "Yes, there we are."

The second officer took a long and critical look.

"Well, there's some kind of a rag aloft," he said, "at least, there's *part* of some kind of rag on the halliards, but if you can make out what it is—"

"What d'you think they're hoistin' flags for?" demanded Wales. "Saint Patrick's birthday?"

"It's no good callin' the Captain."

"Who wants to? I've pulled sailors off wrecks without Bertie Parsons, R. N. R., before this."

They were in the lee of the chart-house now. The second officer's face fell.

"Yes, *you* have—" he said dubiously.

Mr. Wales laughed.

"But you ain't, eh?" he said. "Well, cheer up—you ain't goin' to this time, either."

"You mean—you are? But listen—regulations—"

WALES pushed open the chart-house door, stepped over the sill, and stood red-faced and dripping within. He grinned.

"You know what this company can do with its regulations, don't you?" he asked. "Little Willie's goin' off on a party—that's all there is about that. You've got a master's ticket, haven't you? All right, then. Quartermaster—port about forty points. *You* couldn't take a boat in this anyhow, Harris. Neither could Bertie. If I don't come back, you can tell him so, with my love. Now, we're gonna need some oil—"

There was no arguing with Mr. Wales.

Until such time as he should go over the side, he was in command, and he commanded. He worked the Fortunio up to windward of the Elizabeth Wakelin; got the third officer up to the bridge; sent Harris forward to arrange oil-bags for the necessary streak; and himself invaded the fo'c's'le, stating what was toward, and demanding volunteers.

"The company's fired me," said the Chief Officer democratically, "and there aren't any jobs going, so I'm off for a hero's death. Haven't any of you got the plague, or been turned down by your girls?"

A young man with pimples started guiltily, and was accepted. Two others followed this unwitting leader—middle-aged men who looked lonely. Concerning the fourth of the essential boat-crew, there was some difficulty, until Mr. Wales lost his temper, sprang on a likely-looking six-footer, and with a quite unprovoked right swing, flattened his nose.

"That'll be enough politeness," snarled the Chief Officer, raising his victim by the collar and dragging him to the doorway. "And let any son of a lady talk to me about the Shipping Acts, and I'll put a head on him. Now that we're talking sensibly, I'll take two more. You and you. Be at Number One boat in five minutes."

And they were.

Mr. Harris, who was to attend to the lowering, regarded them uneasily, with especial attention to the bow oar's torrential nose. (*Continued on page 52*)

Fearsome and

Turning the camera's lens on nature and obtaining some remarkable results

Just an enlarged photo of a June bug resting, as befits one of so romantic a name, on the warm, luxurious petals of the striped iris lily

Lynwood M. Chace

A group of the newest turtles you ever saw—eager to compete in those turtle-races folks are staging at parties nowadays and ready to take on a hare if necessary. The eggs look like golf-balls

Lynwood M. Chace

A couple of American toads looking very genial and not at all repellent as they sit in the shade of a convenient toadstool—which, poisonous though it be, makes fine shelter 'neath the midday sun

Lynwood M. Chace

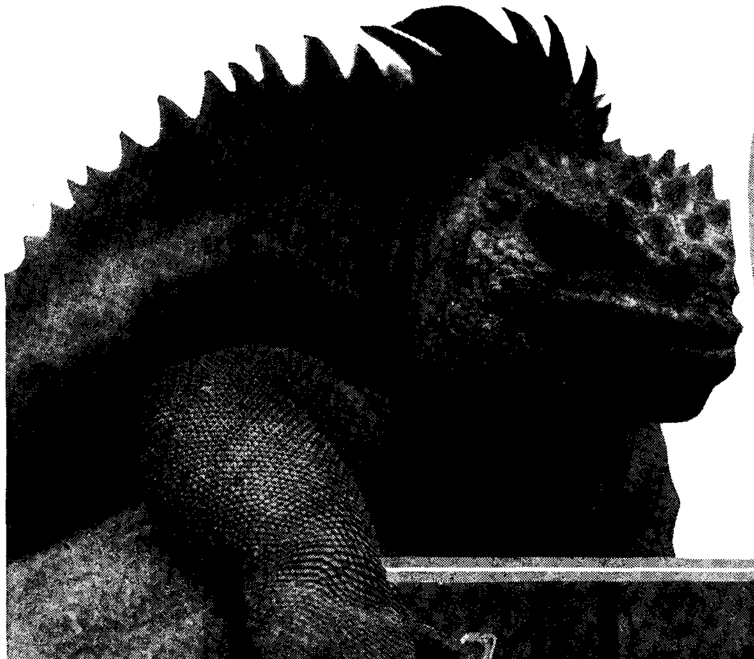
Frog's eggs—just a few stages this side of frog's legs. And if you ever tried to gather up a handful when you were a young tadpole yourself, wading in the pond, you know how slippery they can be

Lynwood M. Chace

Lynwood M. Chace

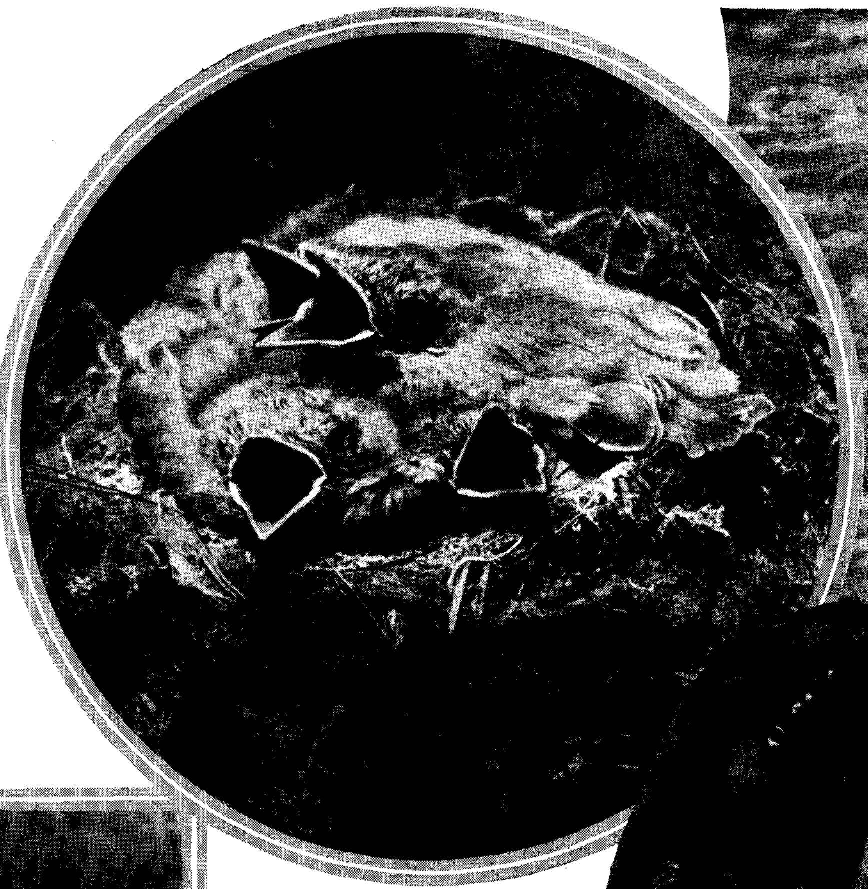
"You'll have to speak a little louder, those pesky bullfrogs are making a noise." A life-size portrait of Mrs. Woodmouse

Wonderful



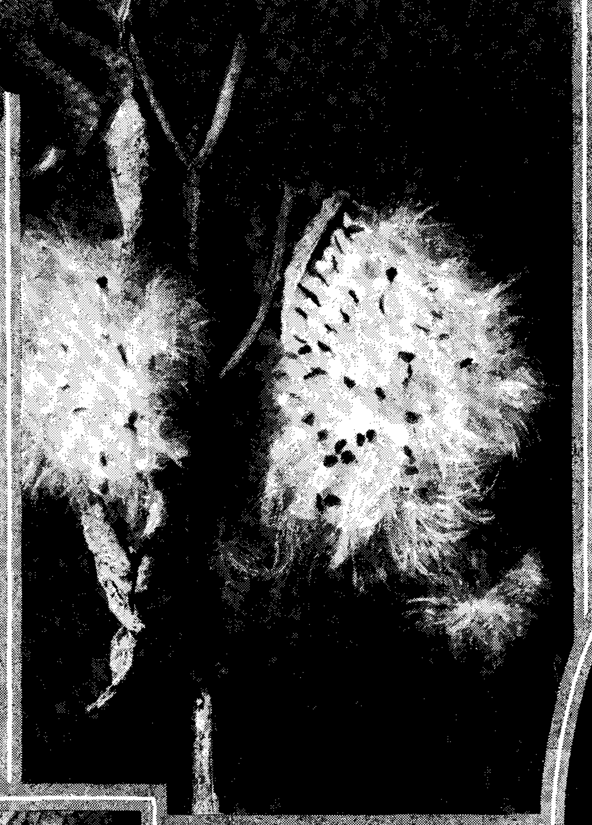
Ah, and here's the fearsome part. Looks like a prehistoric monster but he's really a sea iguana, captured by a scientific expedition at Taugus Cove, Albemarle Island, Galapagos Group

Geo. Stone from Ewing Galloway



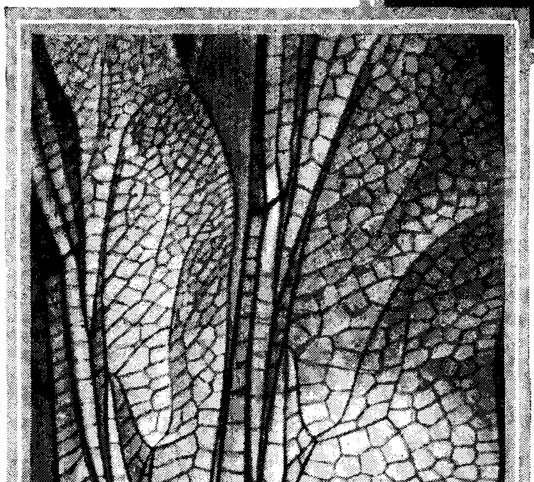
Four Mammoth Caves in a nest. The mother of these little Phoebes (life-size) is kept a-wing from morn till night seeking food for the noisy black caverns

Lynwood M. Chace



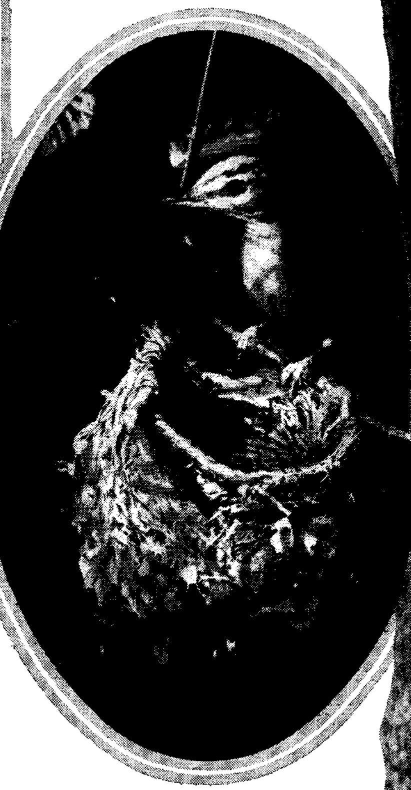
A burst of milkweed down. When milkweed pods are dry they open and a profusion of silvery down bursts forth and bit by bit drifts away upon the adventurous wind

Lynwood M. Chace



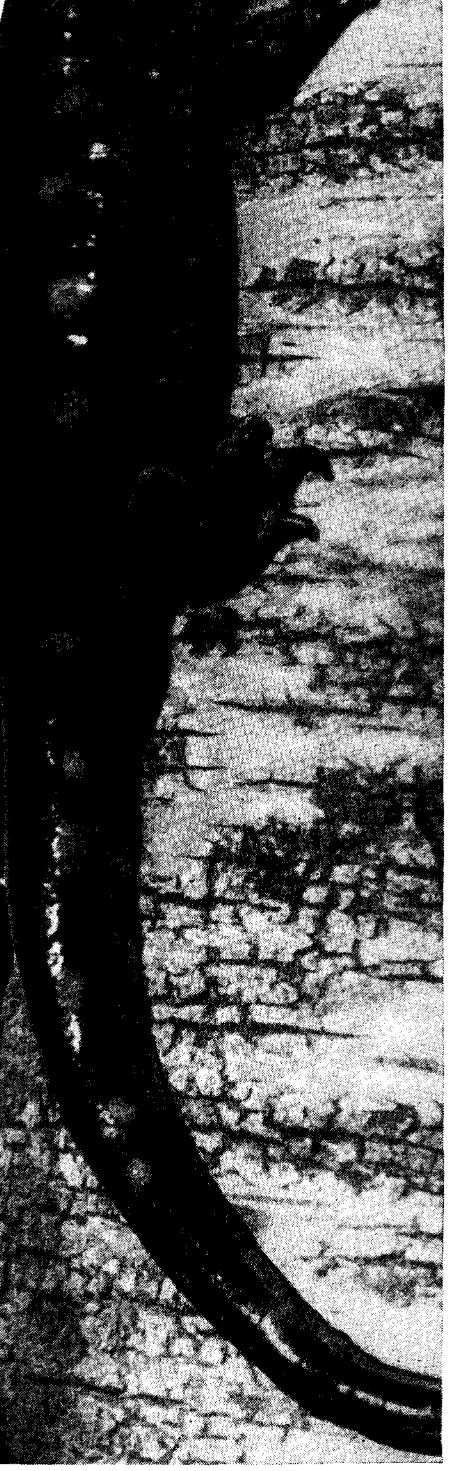
The delicate network of the dragon-fly's wing enlarged by the camera's eye. The irregularity of the network design serves to enhance its charm

Lynwood M. Chace



The original red-eye. Perched at the edge of its roomy nest is the red-eyed Vireo caught by the camera but not apparently entirely off guard

Lynwood M. Chace



A long stretch of lizard. This Salamander, more commonly known as the Spotted Lizard, watched the cameraman with a wary eye while being photographed

Lynwood M. Chace

The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

BRIAN WOODVILLE, a British explorer, is sent by the Daily World to Baden-Baden, Germany, to investigate the report that giant bats, thought to be vampires, have been seen in the Black Forest. His suspicions center upon a Madame Yburg and two men, Kluster and Paul. A bodiless voice warns him to leave within three days.

Woodville visits the cemetery and sees a gigantic bat descend near the Felsenweir mausoleum. Later comes the Second Warning.

Next day Woodville inspects Felsenweir Castle from a cliff called the Devil's Elbow. He sees figures in black armor patroling the battlements. Kluster intrudes and explains that he is a special commissioner of the United States Secret Service. His real name is John Lonergan and he has followed Madame Yburg because of a mysterious silencing of radio communication in America.

While dining with M. Paul, Woodville sees a magnificent-looking German girl.

Later he and Lonergan discover that M. Paul is, in reality, Gaston Max of the Paris *Sûreté, trailing Madame Yburg because of* her connection with a wave of destruction which had killed every living thing (with a few exceptions, most of whom were deaf-mutes) in the village of Bagnères.

While they are comparing notes, the Voice calls each by name and pronounces the Last Warning. "You have until tomorrow midnight."

Next morning Lonergan has disappeared. Woodville and Max are interrupted by a storm while inspecting the Felsenweir mausoleum. Upon changing his clothes, Max discovers that his cigarette case, recently lost, has been surreptitiously returned.

At a fancy-dress ball in the evening Woodville speaks to the German girl, learns that her name is Marusa and sees her drive off with an older woman. Attempting to follow them, he is stopped by Lonergan, disguised as a monk. Together they rush to the cemetery, where they find Max. The latter tells them he has seen the two women disappear near the Felsenweir vault. A moment later two gigantic bats emerge and ascend into the night. The three men speed in a car toward Castle Felsenweir. At a secret entrance, discovered by Lonergan, Max is left to safeguard their retreat.

VI

AT TIMES when I recall that insane reconnaissance in the woods of Felsenweir, I know we were mad to have undertaken it. But this is because I fail to reconquer the spirit which drove us: desperation.

We had all in our different ways made light of the Last Warning and had concealed the real dread which it had inspired. Speaking for myself I know now that I was behaving as a man behaves who has only one hour to live!

I was out to die fighting.

A shallow ditch bordered the woods and on the bank above it was a high hedge reinforced by barbed wire. Felsenweir was well protected. That point of access which Lonergan had discovered palpably was one in general use; in fact, a cleverly camouflaged gate, the hedge at this point being synthetic. Barbed wire terminated to right and left of the opening. A bolt was concealed amid this unnatural shrubbery. How any man could have discovered such a device was a problem which defeated me until:

"I saw a guy go in," Lonergan explained.

He fumbled for and found the bolt. Presently he swung back what appeared to be a section of hedge. I wondered again as I had wondered before what could be the connecting link reconciling clever human agency and the seemingly supernatural.

Somewhere beyond that patch of moonlight in the shadows which hid the car, Gaston Max was watching us. But I could not see him.

I followed Lonergan and he partly closed but did not shut the masked gate.

"From here," said he, "is a path right up through the trees. But we're lucky if we find it."

There was a queer blue half-light among the pines reflected from the sky. Max had lent me his electric torch and as we passed beyond the hedge I drew it from my pocket; but:

"Don't flash a torch," said Lonergan. "Stand still for a minute with your eyes closed. Stay that way until I give the word. You'll find you can see like a cat."

I accepted his guidance unchallenged. It was elementary woodcraft. Darkness so great as that which we produce when we close our eyes is rare. By contrast, half light becomes full visibility.

"Open 'em," said Lonergan.

I opened my eyes. What had appeared as impenetrable shadow was impenetrable no longer. For ten or fifteen paces ahead I could trace the path.

"All I know of this old trail," Lonergan went on, "is what you can see. I got it from the high road. I was covering the kite who went in. Where it leads and if it's beset with 'pitfall and with gin' I can't say."

His quotation from Omar was illuminating. John Lonergan was truly a remarkable man.

We stood awhile, getting our bearings. The silence was intense—almost unnatural. Normally, nature is never still, day or night. I listened in vain for those furtive sounds which tell of wild life disturbed.

"I've studied around here in the day time." Lonergan spoke in a hushed voice. "Never a thing moves in these woods—not a bird—not a squirrel—not a rabbit. . . ."

My feeling of spiritual oppression grew deeper. Amid a hush in which our movements seemed to create a tremendous disturbance we moved forward cautiously. . . .

"Did you ever see a plan of the Castle?"

"No."

WE WERE talking in that hushed undertone one employs when visiting a cathedral.

"I did. It took me long enough to find one; but I found it at last. From the main gate below there's a military road winding all around the hill at a fair gradient. There used to be other defenses at intervals, but they're defunct, I gather. Then there's a deep dry ditch, a drawbridge commanded by two towers, and a twenty-yard path leading up to the old guard-room."

"Then I think we should turn left and get on to the road."

"Do you? Think again."

The ill-humored growl, coming from one who in appearance was not only a mild-faced clergyman but also a perfect stranger, sounded indescribably strange.

"We keep off that road like a Pussyfoot keeps off whisky. Get it out of your bean that we're exploring a deserted ruin. If there are men in armor on the walls, why not on the road?"

Men in armor! I think, up to this point, indeed from the moment of meeting Lonergan, disguised, at the Regal, I had moved through subsequent nightmares in a sort of mental stupor. Certainly, the actual facts of our situation now came to me with all the shock of novelty. . . .

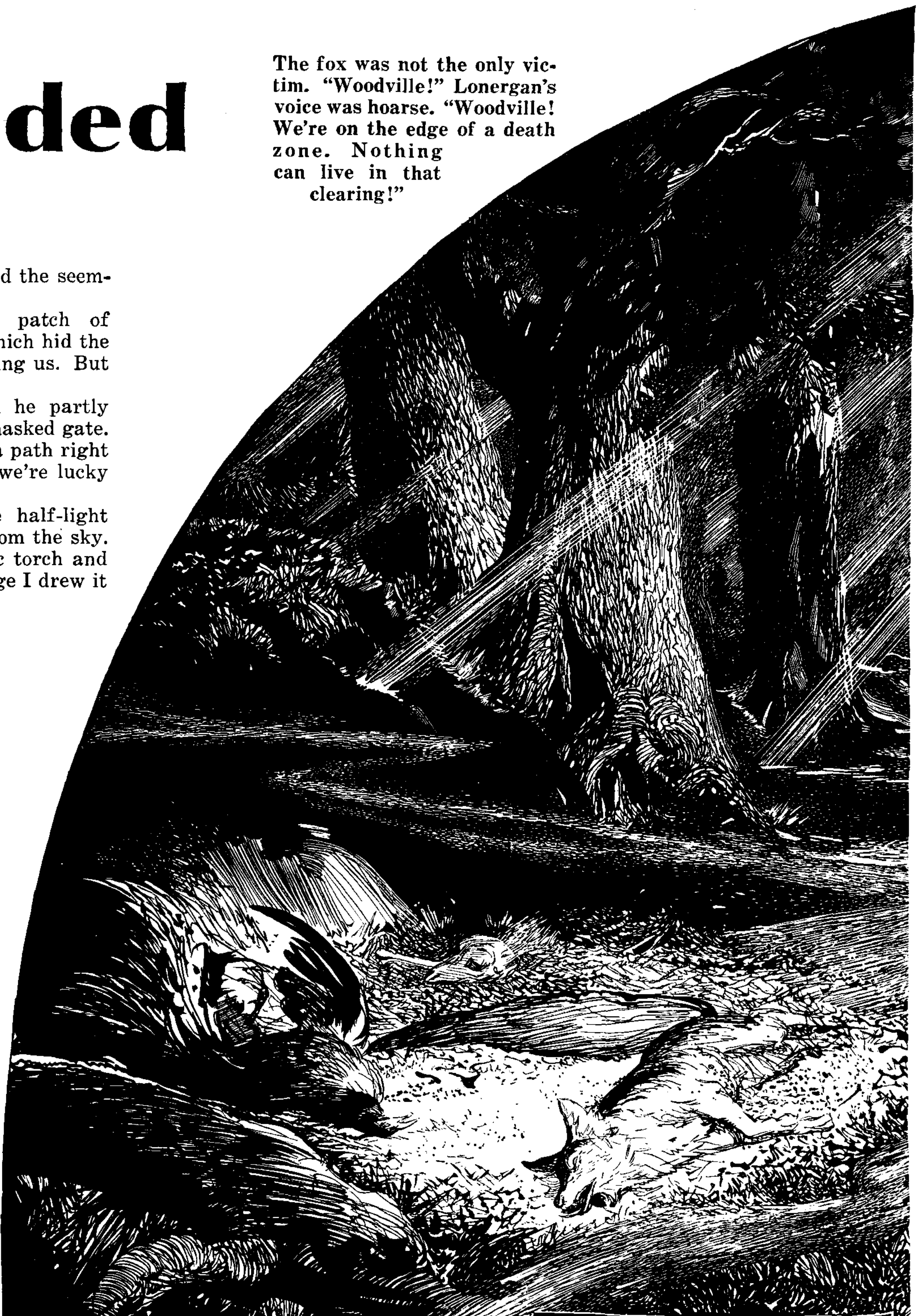
We had until midnight! Pitted against veritable powers of darkness—a bodiless voice—those flying things—we were advancing upon a castle guarded by giant men in armor!

"STOP!"

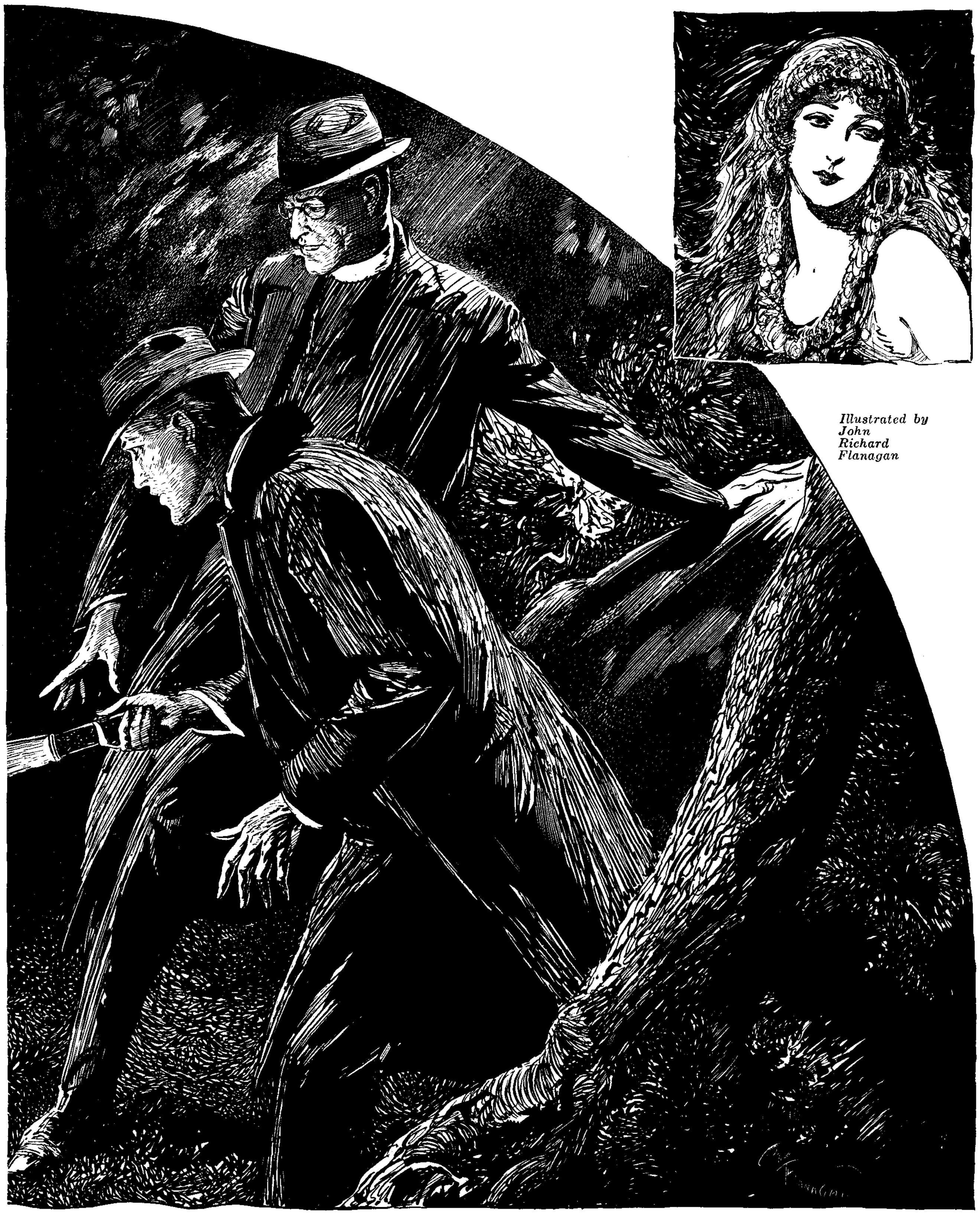
Lonergan grasped my arm.

We had been following a faintly defined path sloping steeply upward. I thought we must soon come upon one of the windings of the road. Now, a sort of clearing showed ahead. Moonlight burst through, creating a very eerie impression, and reminding me of a setting of Gordon Craig's for Macbeth.

An appalling stench of rottenness came to my nostrils.



The fox was not the only victim. "Woodville!" Lonergan's voice was hoarse. "Woodville! We're on the edge of a death zone. Nothing can live in that clearing!"



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

"With that moonlight in front it doesn't matter," Lonergan muttered. "Shoot your torch down on the ground—right here, at my feet."

I did as he directed.

Not a yard ahead amongst the tangled undergrowth lay a dead fox. . . .

But the result of my action had far stranger consequences. The carcass was a mass of moving color!

A sort of *dermestes* beetle was busy. Their wing-cases shone like metal in the ray. But, beautiful yet horrible, a cloud of brightly colored moths of the Death's Head or Hawk Moth family rose as unexpected light touched that filthy banquet.

"Suffering Moses! Light out!"

I switched off the ray of the torch. Some of the beetles had taken flight as well. These beautiful nocturnal things, disturbed at their feast, flew out into the moonlight towards the clearing. In a new, breathless silence, faint humming of the Hawk Moths' wings was clearly audible.

Then . . . just as those brilliant insects became visible in the moonlight—one by one, in quick succession, moths and beetles fell! As though the radiance of the moon had meant instant death, they were stricken!

Lonergan grasped my arm.

"Watch! . . . watch those things falling!"

I pressed the button of the torch again, flashing a ray to right and left. The cause of the stench became evident. The fox was not the only victim. . . .

HARES there were and birds—most of them plucked clean as though long dead; but some the hosts of beetles and other carrion guests which rose as my ray disturbed them . . . only to drop in the light of the moon!

"Woodville!" Lonergan's voice was hoarse, low pitched. "Woodville! We're on the edge of a death zone! Nothing can live in that clearing!"

I was clammy, icily cold.

"Back! back!" I whispered. "There's an *invisible barrage!*"

Stumbling and slipping, we headed back down the slope. Through the trees in ghostly ranks below us I could see a patch of highroad touched by the moon. Somewhere right of it Gaston Max waited.

Only by a monstrous effort of will did I restrain myself from leaping blindly through the darkness like a wild thing fleeing the hunter.

Up there on the hillside silent Death had awaited us. Was the murder-zone fixed, mechanically? Was it mobile . . . *sentient?* . . . controlled by some evil spider whose eyes, even now, were watching our futile struggles!

One gleam of hope there was in the black horror of my panic. That carrion stretched in the undergrowth suggested that the invisible barrage had been put down at this exact point before. Where they lay, their death-leaps had carried them.

"Left!" came Lonergan's husky voice. "Bear more left. The gate's five yards this side the light patch."

Fifteen, twenty staggering paces we made, and nearly reached the hedge—freedom . . . when:

"Who's there?"

Lonergan pulled up, grasping my arm. Then our challenger spoke again.

"Lonergan!"

"Max!"

A ray of light shone out from Lonergan's torch. We stood so far above the hedge that the ray shot over it and directly upon the pale face of Gaston Max looking upward at us.

In which very moment and whilst we stood rooted to the spot, came a queer piping cry from high above our heads. A heavy body fell from some lofty, outstretching branch and crashed into the ditch beyond the hedge. . . .

I saw Max stoop, deep down—move forward.

"Stand still!" I cried. "Stand still, Max! Don't stir, for your life!"

My voice was totally unfamiliar to me!

The light of Lonergan's torch became extinguished. I heard him groan.

"Max was wrong! We've been covered right along! There's a *second* barrage! It's just been laid down. That's why the owl fell. We're trapped between the two! . . ."

AMID many dreadful memories of those days and nights I find that this moment holds a unique place. There stood our ally. There lay the open road; escape: freedom. An invisible wall separated us!

Death lay in wait upon the slopes above, behind us . . . perhaps, even now, was creeping down stealthily. Death was before us, unseen, uncanny. . . .

As once before, since I had found myself in the Black Forest, I fought with a ghastly desire to scream—or to laugh. A mad pageant of my life passed feverishly across my brain. Alone, a solitary, appealing figure, at the end of it, Marusa . . . and I clenched my teeth.

Max was speaking. I retain no recollection of his words. I think he was suggesting plans. None of them, I fear, would have saved us. But Fate had designed a better plan than any of the three could have conceived.

"Stop!" Lonergan's harsh voice definitely brought me to my senses. "I want to listen."

Max ceased speaking. The American agent, whose hearing was more acute than that of any man I had ever known, touched my shoulder sharply.

"There's somebody coming along the road," he declared. "Do you hear him, Max?"

"I hear nothing," the Frenchman replied.

"All the same there's somebody coming—and it's a hundred to one he's coming *here!* If he opens the gate, it's safe for *us* to open it. There's maybe a neutral path through the zones. It's up to you, Max! We'll beat back some way and take cover."

"Rely upon me, my friends."

We heard light movements, and Gaston Max was gone.

"BACK, Woodville! We're all exposed here. No noise."

I stumbled back up the slope and lay at full length beside Lonergan in clammy, choking undergrowth, waiting and listening.

At last I heard the footsteps! . . . Nearer they drew, and nearer—a sound of possible salvation!—until, although I could not see the road, I realized that whoever approached must be near to the camouflaged gate. . . .

Came a sharp scuffle, an angry cry . . . silence . . . a sort of muttered conversation . . . silence again.

"There's the gate!" Lonergan whispered. "Somebody coming in! Your gun handy?"

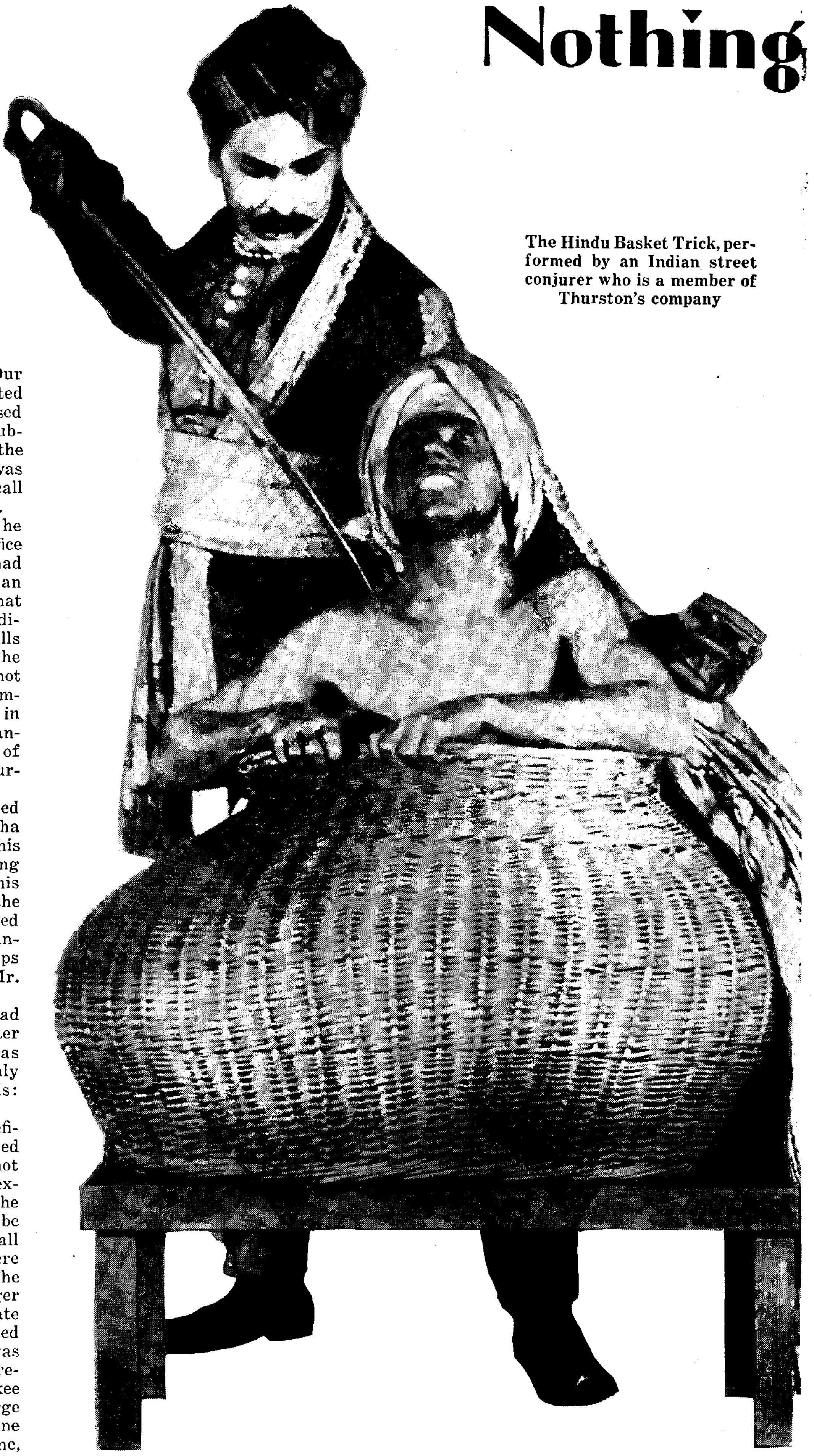
"Yes."

I rose stealthily to my knees, prepared, I thought, for any human emergency. But as I did so . . .

Coming up (*Continued on page 57*)

Nothing

FROM a window in the great stone wall an unbidden guest peered down at the wedding of a Maharajah. The Maharajah was reclining upon a divan. The bride knelt at his feet. On the floor of the temple the eighty other wives lay on silken rugs. Thurston's foot slipped. He caught himself but his cigar and holder fell into the center of the temple. He needed more than his knowledge of magic to rescue himself from the trying situation that resulted. It was just another exciting incident in his eventful world tour



The Hindu Basket Trick, performed by an Indian street conjurer who is a member of Thurston's company

V

THE heat, the rain and work had weakened my vitality. At the end of five days, when the boat docked at Singapore, I was suffering from the fever. I have been in some hot places and have experienced temperatures from forty below to one hundred and thirty degrees above; but it seemed to me that Singapore, on that day, was smothered with a deadly heat.

The loading and unloading of the baggage, which consisted of more than two hundred pieces, was a serious task that always required my personal attention. I was exposed to the sun a great deal that afternoon. One of the large boxes was broken on the wharf, and during the attempt to save the contents I felt a dizziness and a nasty tremor down my spine.

I shook it off two or three times, and continued the direction of the disembarkment. Then something seemed to strike the back of my head; the baggage became blurred; the dock began to reel and sway under my feet. I felt myself slipping into oblivion. I gathered my courage and staggered to a hitching post in the shade. With the full force of my will I screamed in a hysterical voice: "I won't! I won't! Damn it, I won't!"

I clutched the post until my fingernails were broken, still screaming and swearing to drive away the horrible feeling. By sheer will power I fought this paralyzing sensation until my curses and prayers had forced from my being the peril of the white man in the Orient—sunstroke.

Rangoon, the Incredible

We had leased the Theater Royal in Calcutta by cable from Sydney, for the month of October, and had paid half the rent in advance. There were three weeks to fill before our engagement; so we took the first boat to Rangoon.

I shall never forget Rangoon, with its dirty beggars; the withered arm that is always raised to heaven; the dirty yogi sleeping on a bed of spikes; the leg bent at the knee and bound to the body until the flesh has shriveled away; the big-headed child; the horrible cripples and the frightful freaks; the long-bearded priest who blesses you or curses you, according to your buckshis, or gifts; all begging, crying or praying for buckshis! "Buckshis! Buckshis!" Its streets filled with beautiful silken-gowned women, eyes veiled, who smoked large cheroots; the filthy native sections and the beautiful boulevards and palaces of the extremely wealthy.

Rangoon will always exist; it is too lazy to die.

The philosophy of Buddha has cast its spell in Burma. Its women, the most beautiful in the Orient; its men, the most lovable, charitable and exasperating of all humans—a country without time, where days are counted as hours and tomorrow never comes.

The theater was built by the British and governed by the city. We arranged to open in two days. Our printing had to be translated into Burmese. I impressed upon the printer, who published the daily paper, the necessity of speed; and it was arranged that I should call for the bills the next day.

The following morning he told me that as the office closed at three, the copy had not been translated. In an angry voice I demanded that the work be done immediately, as I needed the bills for the show that night. The next day the printing had not been finished. I lost my temper, pounded the desk, and in an outburst of righteous anger I denounced the editor of the paper and all things Burmese.

The man who had imbibed the philosophy of Buddha from birth leaned back in his easy chair, removed the long stem of the hookah from his mouth, gazed at me with the languid eyes of a contented calf, blew the smoke in tantalizing curls from his lips and said, "Why worry, Mr. Thurston, why worry!"

The spirit of the East had spoken; and as each winter of a quarter-century has passed I realize more keenly the wisdom of his words: "Why worry!"

The British ruled in a definite way, and had ordered that the theater should not be mutilated, even to the extent of driving a nail in the wall. Alterations had to be made in the stage; and all my efforts of two days were fruitless. An hour before the curtain I drove the manager to the British Consulate where we were again refused permission. The theater was filling rapidly when we returned. It was a Yankee trick, I admit, but George and the stage crew had done the job while we were gone, and I meekly received the condemnation of the manager, as I greased and colored my face for the performance, and laid the blame on George.

The first two performances were patronized by the British and foreigners exclusively, while the natives crowded the theater the remaining eight days.

I was happy in Rangoon. It was a city of enchantment to me. I liked the audiences, the pretty colored costumes of the people, the temples, the beggars, the smell of the hookah, the magicians, the strange looking old high-priests, and the quiet happiness that seemed to rest over the town. It was different from anything I had ever seen; and besides, it was the nearest I had been to India, the home of magicians, and the Mecca of my travels. It would always have lived in my heart as a fanciful dream but for the reason that my adventurous spirit got the better of me as I sensed a new thrill in the gathering of a great crowd about the Royal Temple.

A Maharajah's Nuptials

The theater manager, with whom I was driving, told me that a maharajah was taking another wife. My curiosity was aroused. I questioned him further and learned that the matrimonial ceremony was to be held in the presence of eighty of the maharajah's wives who had been brought there for the occasion.

"I should like to see that wedding," I remarked.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Don't you understand that no man—except the Buddhist priests—is permitted to gaze upon the faces of the maharajah's wives? Above all, no white man can be present. We do not interfere with these native ceremonies. It is a Buddhist affair with all their ancient rites."

My love of the mysterious was aroused. So I left the carriage at the first opportunity, and returned to the temple. The entrance was fenced with soldiers. I managed to get to the back without being observed, and found a flight of stone steps leading to the second floor. I mounted the steps and found the door locked, but just below the landing was an open window in the stone wall. I climbed over the sill and could

up my Sleeve

By THURSTON the MAGICIAN

see the ceremony without being seen.

The maharajah was reclining upon a divan. The bride was kneeling at his feet; the priests were chanting a strange ritual. On the floor of the temple the eighty wives of His Royal Highness were lying on silken rugs. I was thrilled at the vision of the spectacle.

Suddenly my foot slipped; I caught myself in time, but my cigar and holder fell into the temple. Instantly there was a great commotion. The maharajah jumped to his feet; his wives fell upon their faces; and armed guards ran to the door leading to the steps.

Escape was impossible. As I leaped to the landing, four armed men were rushing up, swinging their long swords; and four others were at the foot of the steps. I could see by their excited faces that they felt they had been terribly outraged by a foreign intruder, who, in all justice to their gods, should be done away with.

As the guards came within eight feet of me, I boldly raised my right hand; looked straight in their eyes, and in a commanding voice cried:

"Back! Back!"

Magic to the Rescue

The men stopped suddenly. Holding my imposing attitude I stepped toward them. To my relief, they lowered their swords and began to retreat. At each step forward, I repeated the word, "Back!"

They continued their slow retreat, step by step, until they reached the bottom of the stairs, where their companions awaited them and a group of natives had assembled.

Taking a silk handkerchief from my pocket I rolled it between my palms, and apparently holding it in my right hand, blew upon it, and it dissolved into nothingness. A look of astonishment came over them.

Speaking slowly, I said, "Thurston—magician—American—your friend."

I repeated these words three times; then, with my hands still high in the air, as if reaching for the invisible handkerchief, I slowly walked through the crowds without interference. Turning the corner, a few seconds later, I was struck with the realization of the danger I had been in.

The love of adventure had caused me to intrude not only upon the privacy of the individual, but also upon the church and the rulers. And once again I said to myself, as I often do—"What a fool I am!"

It was six days to Calcutta from Rangoon. They were anxious days, and before the last piece of baggage was placed on the dock, I rushed to the Continental Hotel, engaged a large room and leased a long corridor extending the full length of the building. At last I was to witness the magic of India. I hired twenty "boys," as the servants are called in the East, with instructions to bring me, early the next morning, all the magicians they could find in the streets. The following day the corridor was filled; more than a hundred magicians, snake-charmers, animal trainers and street entertainers were there.

My eagerness to witness the famous mysteries of the Orient was so keen that I asked the servants to bring in a troupe of the best performers while I was having coffee in bed.

The first mystery they showed me was the famous mango trick, where the magician, planting a mango seed, causes a tree to grow several feet and bear ripe fruit. I had heard about this wonderful mystery, and with a thrill of anticipation I welcomed the magicians.

They showed me the mango seed; then placed it in a tin can which was filled with earth. With bamboo sticks and dirty cloths they built a tent around the can. They beat the tom-toms, rattled the gourds and played the flageolette; and after weird incantations they raised the front of the tent to show that the seed had sprouted eight inches. They repeated their weird ceremonies, and each time the plant had grown until it was three feet high and bore a ripe mango, with which I finished my breakfast.

The Land of Magicians

The mango was delicious; but the trick, to the eyes of a trained magician, was disappointing and without mystery.

I clearly saw the fakirs, under cover of the cloth, take the branches from under their clothing and place them in the can. Despite the fact that three magicians gathered around to shut off my view, I saw the fakir deliberately substitute larger branches for the smaller. These branches were taken from his long robe, also the robes of his assistants. It was a very awkward attempt, and a failure so far as mystery was concerned.

Several troupes of magicians entered and exhibited their tricks. Finally I asked for the very best. Three men dressed in gayly colored clothes entered, and presented their feature illusions, which, much to my surprise, were the tricks they had learned at the World's Fair in Chicago!

I continued these investigations; although I was disappointed, I still hoped to find something worthy of the reputation of the Indian magician. Therefore, the boys assembled the magicians, and for three days they gave their performances on the stone floor of my room.

I learned that many of them were very clever at sleight-of-hand, producing some astonishing effects; that their misdirection and patter were well timed; and that many of them had a highly developed personality and showmanship.

This much, at least, should be expected for the reason that some of the tricks have been handed down for generations; and they had accumulated training of hundreds of years.

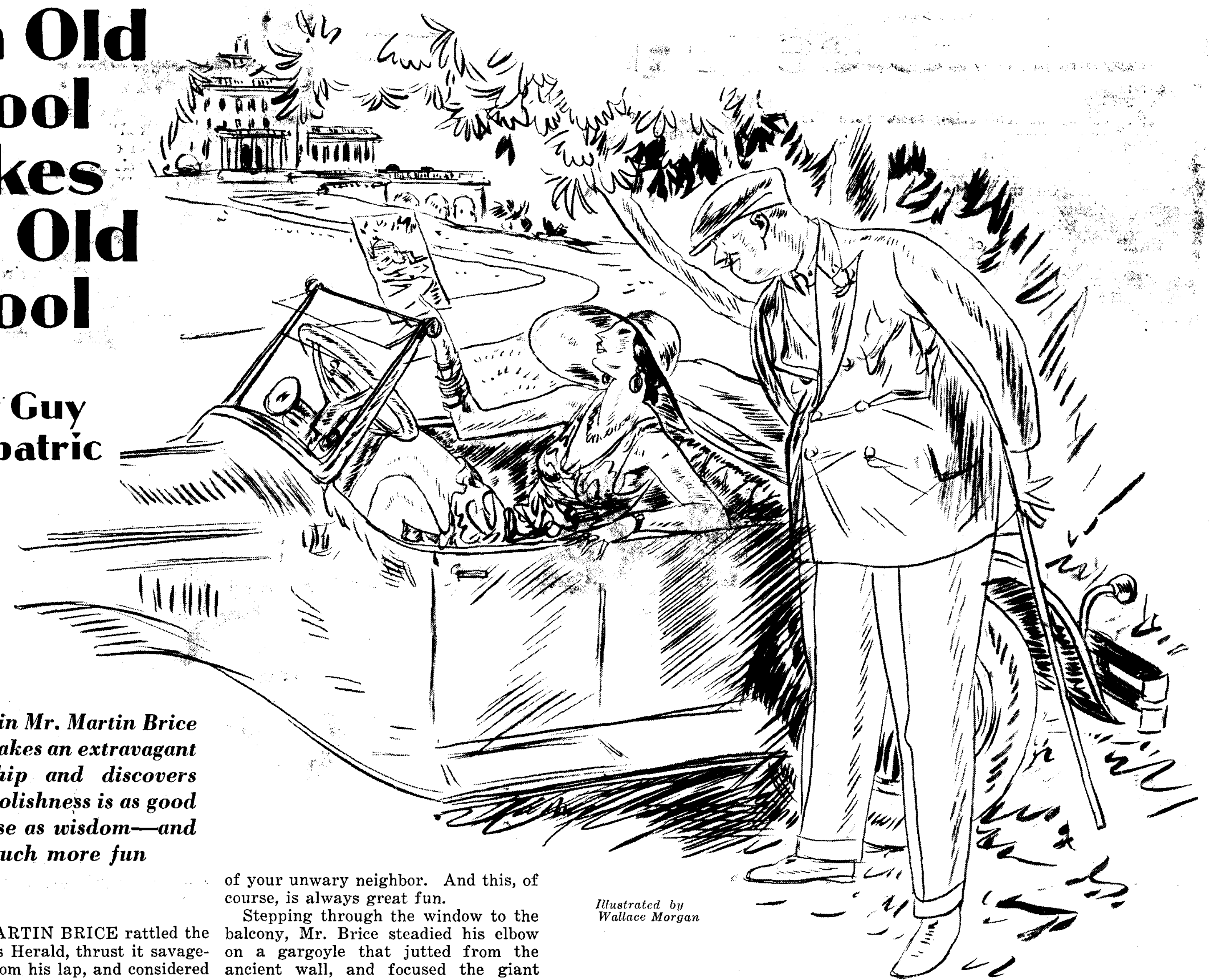
The Indian magician, however, has the advantage of the Occidental, for he squats on the ground and does his palming with the back of his hand to the spectators; whereas the magician of the West is obliged to stand on a stage and show the backs and fronts of his hands, at the same time concealing the object.

The most mystifying of their effects are (*Continued on page 62*)

Bella Hassan, Indian magician and snake charmer, who performed for Thurston in India in 1906

An Old Fool likes an Old Fool

By Guy Gilpatric



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "You appreciate the modern art then! Such taste is rare! Monsieur, you are truly sophisticated!"

Wherein Mr. Martin Brice undertakes an extravagant courtship and discovers that foolishness is as good a course as wisdom—and much more fun

MR. MARTIN BRICE rattled the Paris Herald, thrust it savagely from his lap, and considered the view of Beaulieu, Cap Ferrat and the Mediterranean Sea which sprawled grandly below him. There were miles and miles of it, but Mr. Brice would have sold it to you for a nickel. And he didn't need the nickel.

He rose to his feet, elevated his fists, bent backwards, and stretched. "Oh, ho, *hum!*" he said.

"Don't roar so, Martin!" admonished Mrs. Brice from the far end of the piazza.

"And Father, do tuck in your shirt!" added Miss Barbara Brice, in a way peculiar to recent graduates of the Misses Ely's School.

"And Father, won't you ever learn to wear a *waistcoat?*" inquired Miss Penelope Brice, looking up from an American magazine in which she was trying to find her picture.

"No!" replied Mr. Brice, stamping into the house and up to his room on the second floor.

The sanctuary attained, an air of stealth came over him. He closed and locked the door, tiptoed across to the dresser, and opened the lower drawer. Kneeling, he groped beneath the neat piles of dress shirts and produced what appeared to be a pair of leather-covered quart bottles, joined together. As a matter of fact, they were Chévannes binoculars—glasses so powerful that, though your eyes were dimmed by the scanning of many midnight poker hands and miles of daytime ticker tape, they became, through this optical magic, even as the orb of the eagle, which beholdeth all. For they took your puny eyesight, magnified it full twenty times, and there you were; which is to say, you were within the most private precincts of your unwary neighbor. And this, of course, is always great fun.

Stepping through the window to the balcony, Mr. Brice steadied his elbow on a gargoyle that jutted from the ancient wall, and focused the giant glasses upon the scene below.

At the foot of the gray stone crags of Eze, from which his Château seemed to grow, ran the Corniche Road. Upon it one procession of madmen was headed for Monte Carlo at eighty kilometres an hour, and another was oppositely hell-bent for Nice. They were pursuing Lady Luck in lordly Isottas, sleek Hispanos, baby Renaults and knee-high Citroëns.

"Well," he thought, sweeping his glasses toward the curve in the road and the three hundred feet of precipice below it, "I hope their luck holds till they get there!"

DOWN on the parade grounds behind the Villefranche mole, the 24th Chasseurs Alpin were out drilling. Along the waterfront lay the historic town. Then, as the road panted up the hill, came the villas; and it was here that Mr. Brice usually found reason to bless the name of Chévannes, inventor of the binoculars. Within the glass-toothed walls of the green-and-pink villa, for instance, was a garden with a Byzantine pool on the sunny edge of which sat a large lady as naked as a jay-bird. She was Mrs. Admiral Lionel Cannon-Roberts, R. N., retired; and she dangled her left foot in the water while she pensively plucked out eyebrows as reflected in a mirror balanced upon her ample right knee. "H'mph," said Mr. Brice, adjusting the glasses the fraction of a turn. "She's even fatter'n Mary!"

Next door the Villa Sans Souci was closed, due to Monsieur Seligman, of Brussels, having pinned too much faith in a system to beat roulette the season before.

At the Villa I-Love-Dolly a big black Fiat with a newly crumpled front fender was parked in the exact center of the still-more-crumpled flower bed. The Argentine inmates of the villa weren't up yet—due, doubtless, to hangovers. There was something interesting in the Señora's window on the second floor, but the confounded curtain kept blowing, so he couldn't quite make it out.

Further along the road was the Villa Borghese, but there was nothing to see except young Joe Boyden in his pajamas, plugging away at his novel—and having a tough time, evidently, because the goldfish pool was full of papers.

Next came the Villa Eldora, where usually, between eleven and twelve, S. A. the Prince de Lutoleali could be seen beating the Principessa in the garden. Glancing at his wrist watch Mr. Brice saw with regret that it was twenty minutes past noon.

All in all it was a pretty dull morning. He might just as well tuck the glasses away and go down and get a drink. There was really nothing else to do. The whole thing was a swindle and a bore. Each morning he read the Paris Herald until it was time to look through the binoculars. Then he would think up an excuse for looking through them. Then he would look through them. After that he would drink until he was mildly fried and ready for lunch. After lunch (by special arrangement with Joseph the butler) he would drink coffee-cognacs while the rest of the family drank coffee.

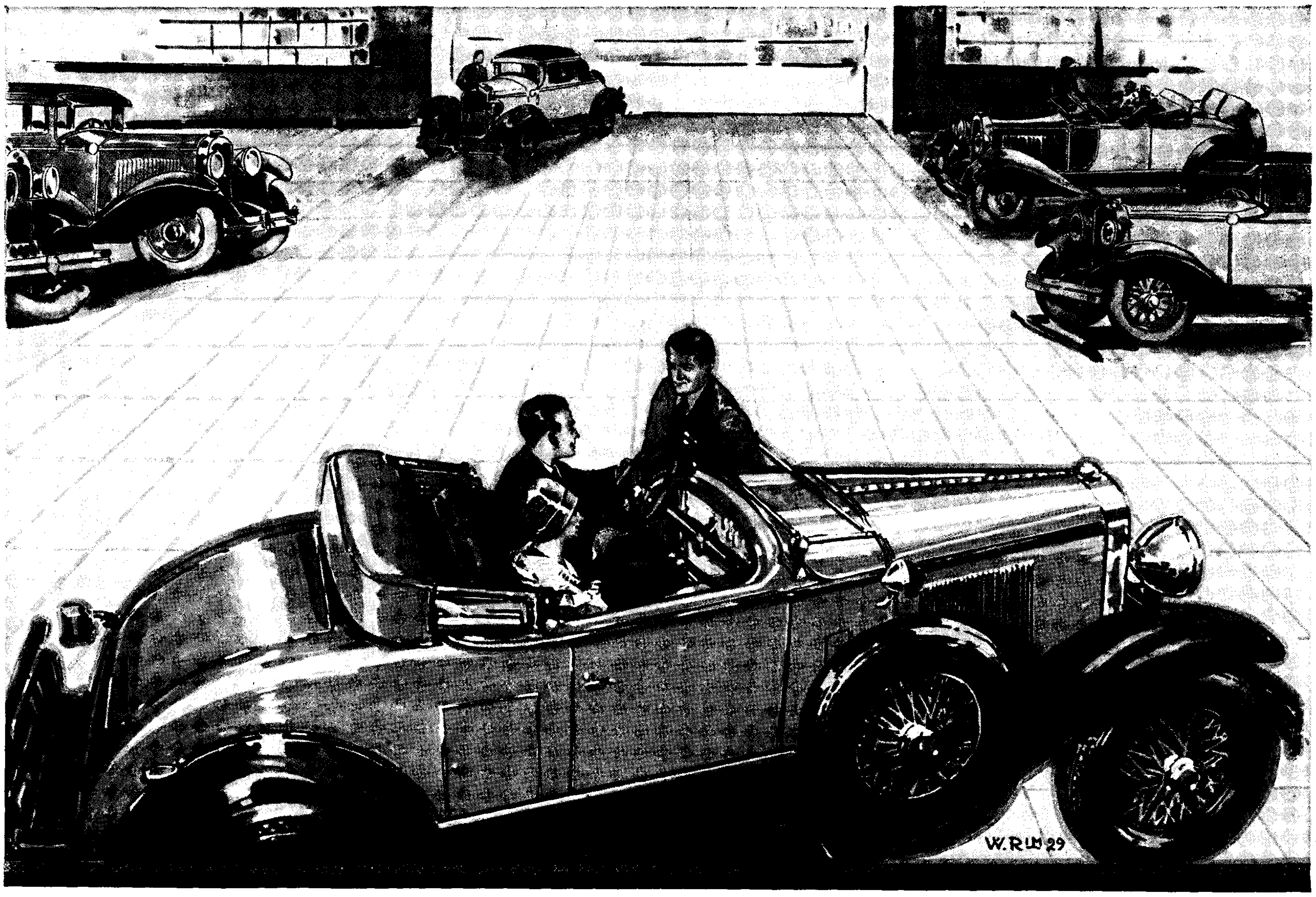
By three o'clock the blinding white sun would have slid sufficiently off the zenith to permit him to go for a drive. Then he would order the Farman around, and cruise down to Cannes, or maybe up to Ventimiglia, on the Italian frontier. Of course, Mary always kicked about his using the Farman, but Jules spoke English, and Mr. Brice had bribed him to slip a daily pint into the pocket on the tonneau door. Thus the rides were at least endurable. . . .

Giving the landscape a final sweep, his gaze became fixed upon a spot of red on the bridge which spanned the ravine a kilometre to the west. The spot of red turned out to be a blouse. The blouse was on a woman with hair of raven black, parted in the middle and slicked down over the ears. She was sitting in a battered little Bugatti car, smoking a cigarette and apparently drawing a picture of the Brice château. Most important of all, she appeared to be pretty.

Remembering the old Rube Goldberg maxim, "they all look good when they're far away," Mr. Brice focused his glasses with the utmost care. The distant beauty withstood the magnification. "Ho!" he chuckled, "maybe this is worth looking into!"

Seizing cap and stick, he went furtively down the back stairs and out through the kitchen. A walk of fifteen minutes brought him to the bridge. She of the red blouse had not yet seen him, but he stuck out his chest, pulled in his rather

(*Continued on page 20*)



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considerable stomach, and strode boyishly toward her, slashing at pebbles with his blackthorn. She was pretty, all right; in fact, in her exotic way, she was a wow. As she looked up, startled, he raised his cap.

"Bonjoor, Madermoselle," he said, *"Vooz-ate arteest, wee?"*

She smiled and shrugged deprecatingly, "I paint—I draw," she said in prettily accented English, "but no, I am not really an *artist*."

"Well, now, say," he said, putting one foot on the running board and looking over her shoulder, "I mean, that's a mighty nice picture of my house you've got there. Really, that is, I mean—it's a mighty nice picture of my house."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "You appreciate the modern art then! Such taste is rare among the Americans! Monsieur, you are truly sophisticated!"

"Well," he admitted, blushing, "I *have* been around a little. . . ." Vaguely he wished that his stomach was in hell and that he was Douglas Fairbanks.

"Yes," she was saying, "each day I drive along this lovely coast in my car, and make the sketches of what I see that is beautiful. Your château is very beautiful."

"Oh well—why, no," he said. "It's just a little place I bought to spend the winters in. You see, I come from New York. Brice is my name."

"Monsieur Brice," she bowed, "I am Carlotta Golivina." She said it in a certain way that made Mr. Brice feel sure he'd heard it before, even though he hadn't.

He had decided that she was thirty years old. Most people guessed thirty-five. As a matter of fact she was fifty-three; and yet, in her company, men felt glowingly grateful that she didn't wear stockings. And this, mind you, in a country where women don't.

So many years had passed since La Golivina, the *prima ballerina*, had packed them into The Imperial in Petersburg, La Scala in Milan, La Perla in Rio, La Nacional in Mexico City and L'Opera in Paris!

"When you finish that picture, I'd like to buy it," said Mr. Brice, who was a fast worker.

Madame Golivina looked pleased.

"And if you've got anything in your studio now," he continued, "I'd like to look at it a lot. I mean, I buy a lot of pictures. I bought a picture off Sir Joseph Duveen last year by a Dutchman named Hals. Maybe you saw about it in the papers. I paid a hundred and thirty thousand dollars for it."

The door of the Bugatti swung open as to a magic *sesame*. Hoisting himself into the seat beside her (Douglas Fairbanks, damn it, would have vaulted over the windshield!) he observed that her skirt was the shortest he'd seen since that night in Paris when the outraged Mrs. Brice had hustled him out of the Folies Bergères in the middle of the first act.

"I live over in Villefranche," she said. "My villa is called Le Nid de la Colombe."

"Oh, The Knight of Columbus," he translated.

"No," she cooed. "It means The Nest of the Dove."

THE Nest of the Dove was a pretty pink villa which clung to the rocks some eighty sheer feet below the Upper Corniche. To get to it, you drove in second speed up the rue Leopold Trois, left your car boiling like a samovar at the foot of a flight of eighty-one stone steps, walked up the steps, sprained your ankle on the way, and had heart failure beneath a plum tree in a shady little garden at the top.

But the steps didn't bother La Golivina. She was fresh as a daisy when she reached the villa, with plenty of breath to call for veesky-soda through the open kitchen window. They sat at a green-painted iron table beneath the plum tree. La Golivina chattered about this and that, while Mr. Brice panted, assumed a ghastly smile, and took surreptitious stock of his brittle arteries. But a few minutes later, as he squirted the sparklet into her glass, he decided that life on the Riviera showed distinct signs of picking up. And after the third drink, the maid brought out the bottle and left it on the table, which saved no end of bother.

Meanwhile, he was oblivious to the inquisitive binoculars focused upon him from some of those same distant points which he himself had earlier scanned.

"Ha!" announced the Visconde de Soto-mayor, in his nasty Portuguese way, "*Voyez donc*, Claudia. La Golivina has hooked the fat American!"

His somewhat-hennaed lady took the glasses. "Sure enough," she nodded, "but I bet she'll hog him for herself."

Elsewhere, a bevy of assorted Russians, a blonde and beautiful Swede, and several people of indeterminate nationality but highly impressive title, were remarking that La Golivina had bagged her man.

"Well, indeed, it's high time, the poor old thing!" observed the fair-haired Olga Lundstrom. "She's been sitting out on that bridge pretending to sketch every day for a week."

"But where did she get the sketch?" asked the sleek young man who hung around the house.

"She found it in her villa. The chap she rented it from is an artist."

"Yes, I remember," said the young man, taking up the glasses. "He's an etcher, and—oh, ho! Do you know what Carlotta's doing now? She's showing the fat American a portfolio of prints!"

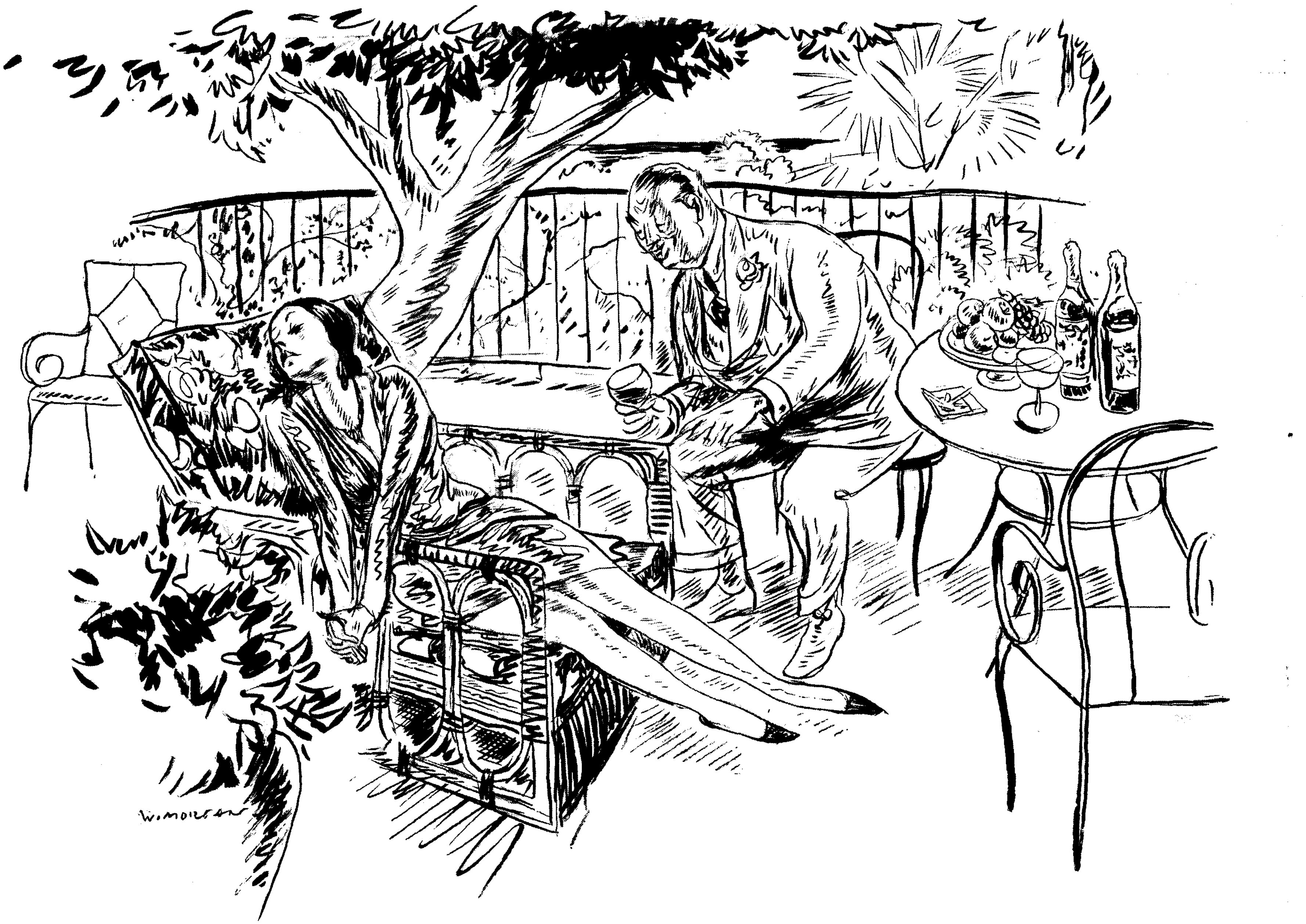
"Well," replied Olga, dabbing some red stuff on her toe-nails, and rubbing them briskly with a buffer. "Carlotta may be old—but, la, la!"

JUST at that moment Mr. Brice was learning that the prints and drawings of the Countess Carlotta Golivina were not for sale. This was confusing, because for many years he had been accustomed to buying whatever he wanted. But it was even more confusing to learn that this Goli-now-what-you-may-call-it was really a countess. In the States, when Mrs. Brice had wanted to entertain a genuine countess, it had cost him seven hundred and fifty dollars, not counting the reporters. Yet here, he was being entertained by a countess at no cost whatsoever. She wouldn't even sell her pictures. Besides, she was black-haired, beautiful, stockingless. And she had a servant with sense enough to leave the bottle on the table.

In the course of time, and it wasn't very long, the bottle was empty. Mr. Brice, as sober as the Supreme Court, consulted his watch and saw that it was three o'clock.

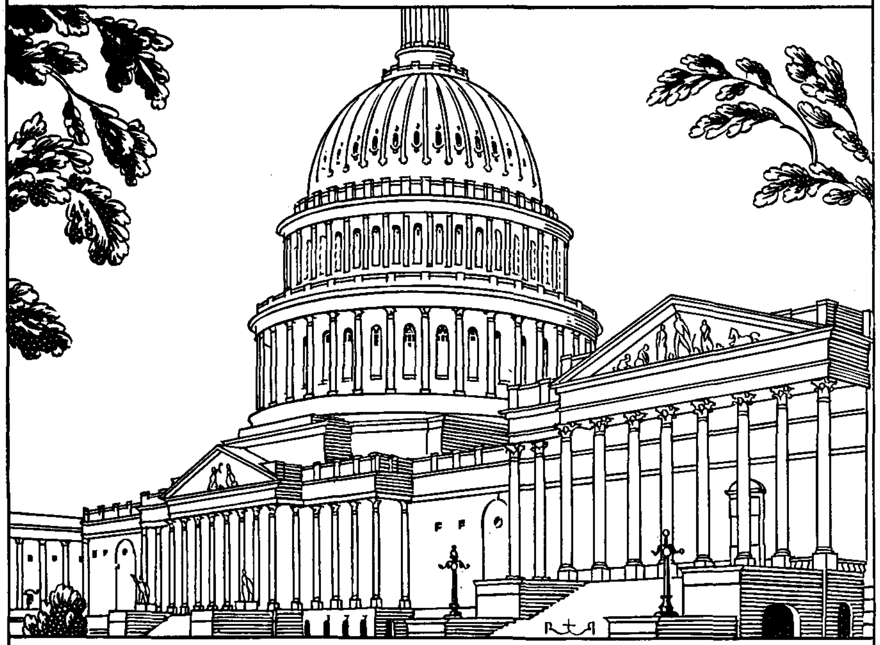
"Gosh!" he said, "I got to get going. My family'll have a search party out after me. But I want to say I'm much obliged to you, Countess. I mean to say, I want to thank you a lot for your hospitality."

(*Continued on page 60*)



"Alas!" she said, in a vibrant and tragic contralto. "Alas what?" inquired Mr. Brice, hitching his chair around to her side of the table

Men buy Buicks and Government Bonds with the same sense of security



The wide gulf between promise and proof—between the nearly good and the good—still confronts motor car buyers. And the preference of the discriminating public for KNOWN VALUE *causes more than twice as many people to choose Buicks as any other fine car*

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One thing of which everyone is sure is the fundamental goodness of Buick automobiles. For that goodness has been proved throughout a quarter of a century, and is accepted everywhere as an established fact.

Not only do people the world over favor Buick . . . not only do they recognize it as the standard of comparison among fine automobiles . . . but they have come to regard its very name as a symbol of reliability.

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"Men buy Buicks . . . and Government bonds . . . with the same sense of security."

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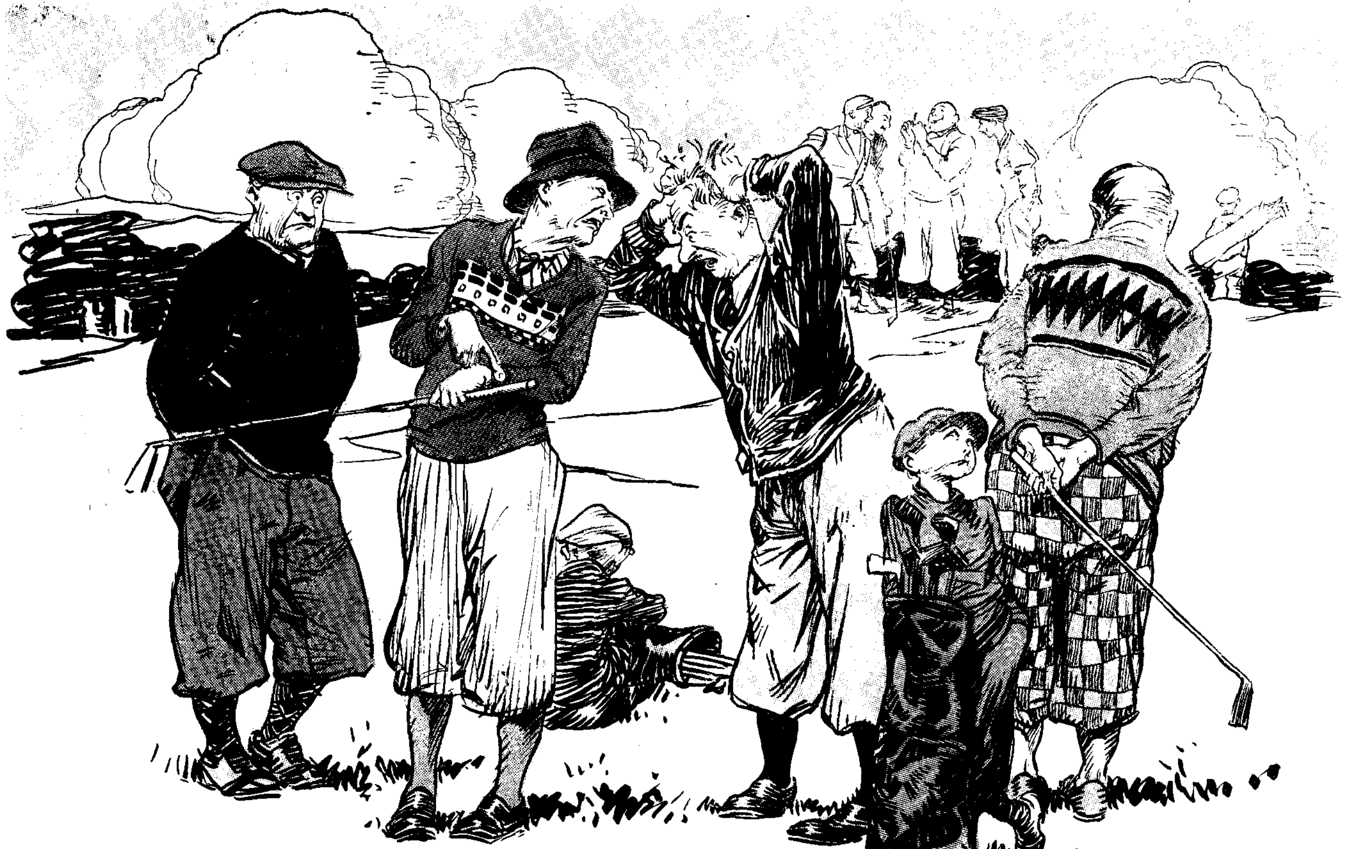

Heavy lunches, handicap argument and a slow foursome ahead cause terrific tension at the first tee

Rounds of Pleasure

By Grantland Rice

Do you play or work golf? If you want to cut down your score and possibly add a few years to your life, don't take the game too seriously. Relax—that's the secret

WE WILL consider Mr. A., an average business man, tired or slightly tired. He decides that he needs a round of golf. He gets into a four-ball match at his club on a certain afternoon.

After a lunch of no slight proportions the four move on to the first tee, usually in a hurry because of time lost at the heavy meal. As the argument concerning the handicap is being settled the four discover a slow four-ball match just ahead and, at this discovery, Mr. A. and his mates start turning purple with indignation as the veins in their necks begin to expand and throb. This means the match starts under more tension than the normal amount, and the normal amount is entirely too much.

In watching this match start from the first tee no one would have any idea that a recreative, nerve-resting pastime was under way. All four bodies assume a taut, fixed, tense position with all the light balance of a post driven into concrete. The leather shaft of the driver is held with the grip of doom.

The swings are usually against the shifting of weight which is no great help to the nervous system or the abdominal muscles. By starting with a seven or an eight the entire afternoon is a total loss and from the eighteenth green four weary, heartsick, morose golfers with tired nerves start for the solace of the nineteenth hole in the locker room.

This is not a universal picture. But it is common enough.

What is a round of golf for? How should it be faced and played? Golf is supposed to be a game for the purpose of physical exercise, mental recreation, nerve rest and friendly companionship.

How can one get the best physical and mental benefits and have a chance to improve his play in a round of golf? That is more important than you might think, not so much from the standpoint of the scoring as from the angle of physical improvement and nerve restoration.

In the first place the lunch should be fairly well in advance of the round's start and should be light. When the process of digestion is taking place over seventy per cent of the body's blood is around the stomach. If this blood is diverted too quickly the effect is not so good for either the digestion or the golf.

Eat Lightly and Relax

With a reasonable delay after a light lunch the golfer on his way to the first tee should speak to himself or think about as follows:

"I am in no hurry. I have the afternoon before me, in case I am held up. I realize there are one or two other things in life as important as my score on the first, second or any other hole. I expect to miss a certain number of shots, for I always have, but if I do I am not going to get sore."

The next move is the get-away from the first tee. Here the main idea is to start with all possible relaxation. This can be helped by taking a few practice swings with a definite purpose in mind—first, a lighter grip; second, the right flow of weight along the lines of ease and balance—which means from left to right on the back-swing—from right to left on the down-swing.

Recently I noticed that over eighty per cent of those starting from a first tee held the major part of their weight on the left foot at the top of the swing, apparently to escape a sway.

This is the surest sign of tension and torsion for it means that the club head must travel against the movement of the body's weight. Being afraid to sway has cost as much trouble in golf as any other one thing. It is practically impossible to let the body turn or pivot correctly with the proper transfer of weight unless there is a hip sway and a slight body sway to the right. Otherwise the body must be twisted around like a corkscrew.

Let these few practice swings have a purpose—and largely the purpose of relaxed pressure in the grip and the body. You might also at this moment unlock the head, neck and spinal cord by simply tilting the chin slightly to the right. No man can keep his head down when his head, neck and body are locked in a solid piece.

The great curse of golf is too much tension. Anything that will help to break this up is an invaluable aid to both the nerves and the score. At the start try to think in terms of Ease and Form and not in terms of Results. Think this over.

Some time ago a certain well-known golfer was four down at the fifth hole, with a big crowd following the match. At this point he said to himself, "Well, if I can't play like a golfer, at least I will try to look like one." He let results go and started swinging easily and smoothly and won his match.

What should the average golfer think about as he addresses the ball? It is too late at that stage to think of feet, elbows, wrists, and other details. I believe the one thing he should think about is ease and smoothness as opposed to effort and results.

The golfer is now on his way. Suppose he starts out slicing?

The chances are he isn't letting his body turn naturally on the back-swing, that he is leaving his left shoulder behind and that on the down-swing he is throwing both hands and body too far ahead of the club head and thereby cutting across the ball.

Suppose his timing feels out of gear? What is timing, anyway? Probably as good a definition of timing as you can get is "taking your time." There is a great tendency on the part of many golfers to start the down-swing before the back-swing is completed. The golf swing is labeled correctly "one smooth flowing motion" but the backward flow must be completed before the forward motion starts.

No Mental Upset

Suppose you get a bad lie? That also happens to be part of golf, an expected part. Suppose you reach a bunker and flop into a heelprint? That also has happened a few million times before.

In a British open championship Walter Hagen hooked his tee shot well off the course. "I'm afraid," remarked a spectator, "that that one's in a tough spot." "Well," replied Hagen, "that's where it ought to be." One of the main reasons for Hagen's long success is that he expects to miss a number of shots every round and when he blows one there is no mental upset.

The average golfer on his way around the course might also turn back to Jerry Travers' old philosophy: "The only stroke I ever think about is the next one to be played. That is the only one that matters. I watch golfers who can't break a hundred brooding and cursing over strokes that champions have missed. The one you have missed is gone forever. Be ready to play the next one."

Having reached the green, what about the short missed putts? The answer here is again too much tension, too much anxiety and stiffness. There are two remedies. The first is an easy, comfortable stance, whatever it may be so long as it feels natural. The second is a lighter grip. The only true secret of good putting is mental and bodily ease, regardless of stance or grip.

A Game—Not a Ritual

It all gets back to the proposition of taking golf as a calamity, a disease, a matter of life and death rather than an afternoon of relaxation and exercise and recreation and fun. I have seen thousands of golfers take an almost perfect practice swing at a dandelion head or something else but who looked entirely different as they addressed and swung at the ball. The answer is they have made the matter of hitting a golf ball a ritual and a religion rather than a game.

The matter of summing up is quite simple:

1. A much lighter lunch than usual and a longer rest after lunch.
2. An absence of rush and hurry starting for the first tee.
3. A feeling of greater ease and relaxation in the knowledge that civilization will not collapse and life will not end if they get a few 7's and 8's.
4. Concentration only on those features that will help to prevent too much tension.

Under these conditions the physical benefits will rise and the scores will drop. Which is supposed to be the main object of an ancient Scotchman's original conception.

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Summer Lightning

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far: In Blandings Castle, England, live Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig; his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece, Millicent; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood; his secretary, Hugo Carmody, secretly engaged to Millicent; and his nephew, Ronald Fish, secretly engaged to Sue Brown, a chorus girl.

Ronnie steals the Empress and hides her in a disused cottage, planning to "find" her later, thus gaining his trustee's gratitude and a share of his own capital.

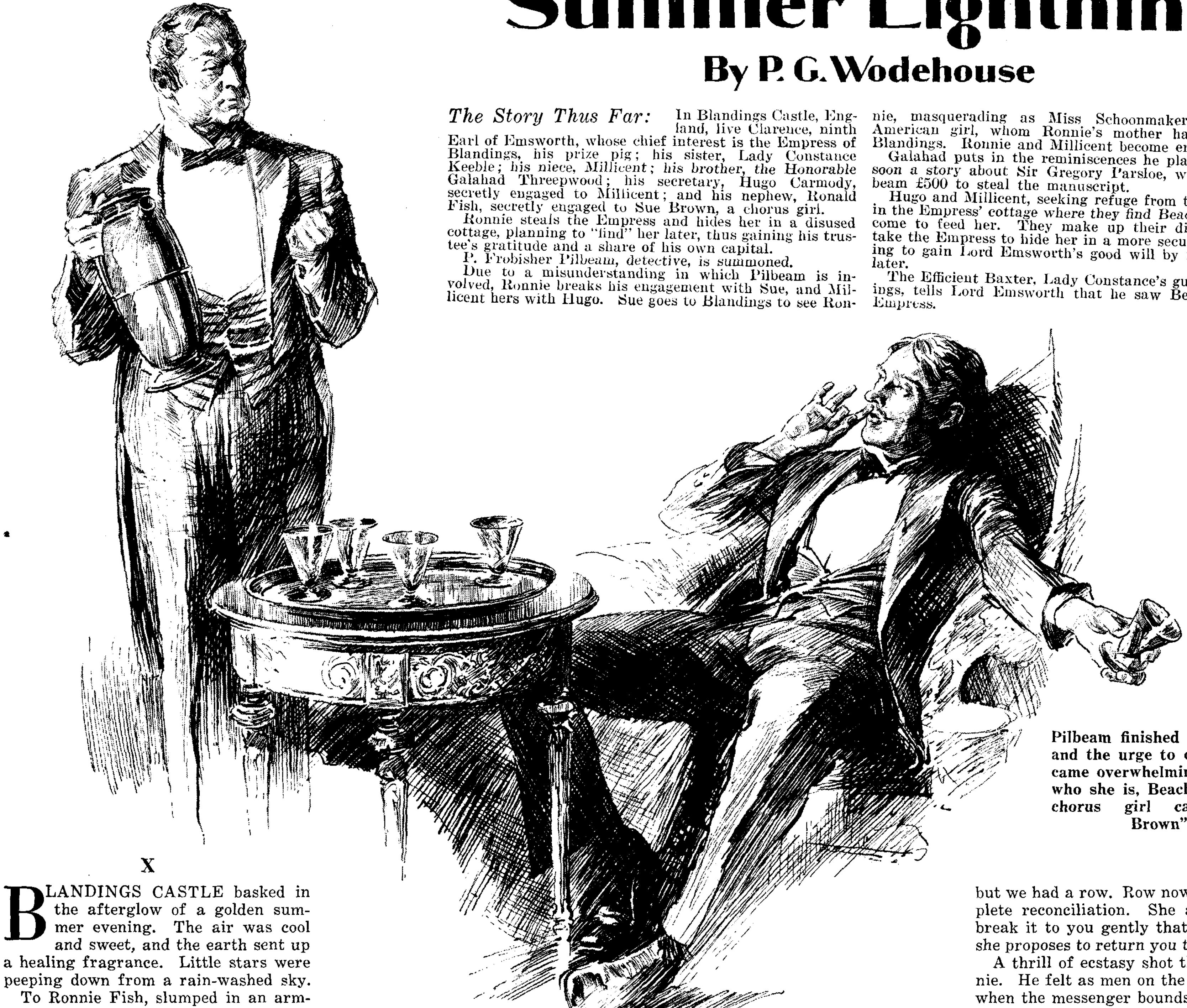
P. Frobisher Pilbeam, detective, is summoned.

Due to a misunderstanding in which Pilbeam is involved, Ronnie breaks his engagement with Sue, and Millicent hers with Hugo. Sue goes to Blandings to see Ronnie, masquerading as Miss Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl, whom Ronnie's mother had invited to Blandings. Ronnie and Millicent become engaged.

Galahad puts in the reminiscences he plans to publish soon a story about Sir Gregory Parsloe, who offers Pilbeam £500 to steal the manuscript.

Hugo and Millicent, seeking refuge from the rain, meet in the Empress' cottage where they find Beach, the butler, come to feed her. They make up their differences and take the Empress to hide her in a more secure place, hoping to gain Lord Emsworth's good will by returning her later.

The Efficient Baxter, Lady Constance's guest at Blandings, tells Lord Emsworth that he saw Beach with the Empress.



Pilbeam finished his fourth and the urge to confide became overwhelming. "That's who she is, Beach. She's a chorus girl called Sue Brown"

X

BLANDINGS CASTLE basked in the afterglow of a golden summer evening. The air was cool and sweet, and the earth sent up a healing fragrance. Little stars were peeping down from a rain-washed sky.

To Ronnie Fish, slumped in an armchair in his bedroom on the second floor, the excellent weather conditions brought no spiritual uplift. He could see the sunset, but it left him cold. He could hear the thrushes calling in the shrubberies, but did not think much of them. It is, in short, in no sunny mood that we reintroduce Ronald Overbury Fish to the reader of this chronicle.

The meditations of a man who has recently proposed to and been accepted by a girl some inches taller than himself, for whom he entertains no warmer sentiment than a casual feeling that, take her for all in all, she isn't a bad sort of egg, must of necessity tend towards the somber: they could hardly, by any stretch of the imagination, be regarded as optimistic. For, if the truth must be told, Ronnie had begun definitely to repent of the impulse which had led him to ask Millicent to be his wife. And now in his bedroom, he was regretting it more than ever.

Like most people who have made a defiant and dramatic gesture and then have leisure to reflect, he was oppressed by a feeling that he had gone considerably farther than was prudent. Samson, as he heard the pillars of the temple begin to crack, must have felt the same. Gestures are all very well while the intoxication lasts. The trouble is that it lasts such a very little while.

In asking Millicent to marry him, he had gone, he now definitely realized, too far. He had overdone it. It was not that he had any objections to Millicent as a wife. He had none whatever—provided she were somebody else's wife. What was so unpleasant was the prospect of being married to her himself.

He groaned in spirit, and became aware that he was no longer alone. The door had opened, and his friend Hugo Carmody was in the room. He noted with a dull surprise that Hugo was in the conventional costume of the English gentleman about to dine. He had not supposed the hour so late.

"Hullo," said Hugo. "Not dressed? The gong's gone."

IT NOW became clear to Ronnie that he simply was not equal to facing his infernal family at the dinner-table. He supposed that Millicent had spread the news of their engagement by this time, and that meant discussion, wearisome congratulations, embraces from his Aunt Constance, chaff of the vintage of 1895 from his Uncle Galahad—in short, fuss and gabble. And he was in no mood for fuss and gabble. Pot-luck with a tableful of Trappist monks he might just have endured, but not a hearty feed with the family.

"I don't want any dinner."

"No dinner?"

"No."

"Ill or something?"

"No."

"But you don't want any dinner? I see. Rummy! However, your affair, of course. It begins to look as if I should have to don the nose-bag alone. Beach tells me that Baxter also will be absent from the trough. He's upset about something, it seems, and has asked for a snort and sandwiches in the smoking-room. And as for the pustule Pilbeam," said Hugo grimly, "I propose to interview him at the earliest possible date. And after that he won't want any dinner, either."

"Where are the rest of them?"

"Didn't you know?" said Hugo, surprised. "They're dining over at Old Parsloe's. Your aunt, Lord Emsworth, old Galahad, and Millicent." He coughed. A moment of some slight embarrassment impended. "I say, Ronnie, old man, while on the subject of Millicent."

"Well?"

"You know that engagement of yours?"

"What about it?"

"It's off."

"Off!"

"Right, off. A wash-out. She's changed her mind."

"What!"

"Yes. She's going to marry me. I may tell you we have been engaged for weeks—one of those secret betrothals—but we had a row. Row now over. Complete reconciliation. She asked me to break it to you gently that in the circs she proposes to return you to store."

A thrill of ecstasy shot through Ronnie. He felt as men on the scaffold feel when the messenger bounds in with the reprieve.

"Well, that's the first bit of good news I've had for a long time," he said.

"You mean you didn't want to marry Millicent?"

"Of course I didn't."

"Not so much of the 'of course', laddie," said Hugo, offended.

"She's an awfully nice girl. . . ."

"An angel. Shropshire's leading seraph."

" . . . but I'm not in love with her any more than she's in love with me."

"IN THAT case," said Hugo, with justifiable censure, "why propose to her? A goofy proceeding, it seems to me." He clicked his tongue. "Of course! I see what happened. You grabbed Millicent to score off Sue, and she grabbed you to score off me. And now, I suppose you've fixed it up with Sue again. Very sound. Couldn't have made a wiser move. She's obviously the girl for you."

Ronnie winced. The words had touched a nerve. He had been trying not to think of Sue, but without success. Her picture insisted on rising before him. Not being able to exclude her from his thoughts, he had tried to think of her bitterly.

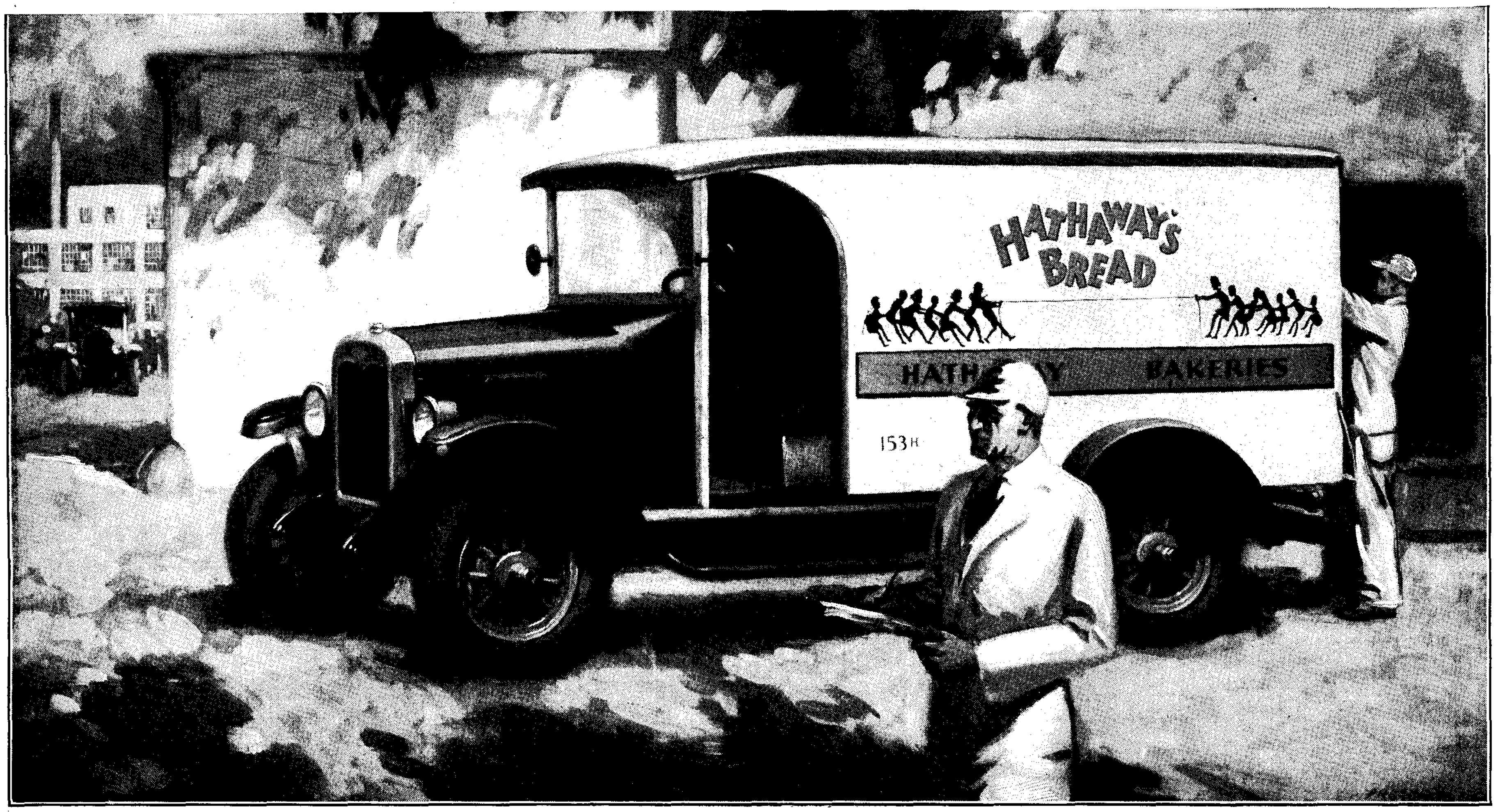
"I haven't," he cried.

Extraordinary how difficult it was, even now, to think bitterly of Sue. Sue was Sue. That was the fundamental fact that hampered him. Try as he might to concentrate it on the tragedy of Mario's

(Continued on page 26)

INTERNATIONAL

EXPERIENCE SPEAKS



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restaurant, his mind insisted on slipping back to earlier scenes of sunshine and happiness.

"You haven't?" said Hugo, damped.

That Ronnie could possibly be in ignorance of Sue's arrival at the castle never occurred to him. Long ere this, he took it for granted, they must have met. And he assumed, from the equanimity with which his friend had received the news of the loss of Millicent, that Sue and he must have had just such another heart-to-heart talk as had taken place in the room above the gamekeeper's cottage. The dour sullenness of Ronnie's face made his kindly heart sink.

"You mean you haven't fixed things up?"

"No."

Ronnie writhed. Sue in his car. Sue up the river. Sue in his arms to the music of sweet saxophones. Sue laughing. Sue smiling. Sue in the Springtime, with the little breezes ruffling her hair. . . .

He forced his mind away from these weakening visions. Sue at Mario's . . . That was better. . . . Sue letting him down. . . . Sue hobnobbing with the blister Pilbeam. . . . That was much better.

"I think you're being very hard on that poor little girl, Ronnie."

"Don't call her a poor little girl."

"I *will* call her a poor little girl," said Hugo firmly. "To me, she is a poor little girl, and I don't care who knows it. I don't mind telling you that my heart bleeds for her. Bleeds profusely. And I must say I should have thought. . . ."

"I don't want to talk about her."

" . . . after her doing what she has done. . . ."

"I don't want to talk about her, I tell you."

Hugo sighed. He gave it up. The situation was what they called an *impassée*. Too bad. His best friend and a dear little girl like that parted forever. Two jolly good eggs sundered for all eternity. Oh, well, that was Life.

"If you want to talk about anything," said Ronnie, "you had much better talk about this engagement of yours."

"Only too glad, old man. Was afraid it might bore you, or would have touched more freely on the subject."

"I suppose you realize the family will squash it flat?"

"Oh, no, they won't."

"You think my Aunt Constance is going to leap about and bang the cymbals?"

"The Keeble, I admit," said Hugo, with a faint shiver, "may make her presence felt to some extent. But I rely on the ninth earl's support and patronage. Before long, I shall be causing the ninth to look on me as a son."

"How?"

FOR a moment Hugo almost yielded to the temptation to confide in this friend of his youth. Then he realized the unwisdom of such a course. By an odd coincidence, he was thinking exactly the same of Ronnie as Ronnie at an earlier stage of this history had thought of him. Ronnie, he considered, though a splendid chap, was not fitted to be a repository of secrets. A babbler. A sieve. The sort of fellow who would spread a secret hither and thither all over the place before nightfall.

"Never mind," he said. "I have my methods."

"What are they?"

"Just methods," said Hugo, "and jolly good ones. Well, I'll be pushing off. I'm late. Sure you won't come down to dinner? Then I'll be going. It is imperative that I get hold of Pilbeam with all possible speed. Don't want the sun to go down on my wrath. All has ended happily in spite of him, but that's no reason why he shouldn't be massacred. I look on myself as a man with a public duty."

For some minutes after the door had closed, Ronnie remained humped up in his chair. Then, in spite of everything, there began to creep upon him a desire for food, too strong to be resisted. Perfect health and a tealess afternoon spent in the open had given him a compelling appetite. He still shrank from the thought of the dining-room. Fond as he was of Hugo, he simply could not stand his conversation tonight. A chop at the Emsworth Arms would meet the case. He could get down there in five minutes in his two-seater.

HE ROSE. His mind, as he moved to the door, was not entirely occupied with thoughts of food. Hugo's parting words had turned it in the direction of Pilbeam again.

What had brought Pilbeam to the castle he did not know. But, now that he was here, let him look out for himself! A couple of minutes alone with P. Frobisher Pilbeam was just the medicine his bruised soul required. Apparently, from what he had said, Hugo also entertained some grievance against the man. It could be nothing compared with his own.

Pilbeam. The cause of all his troubles. Pilbeam! The snake in the grass. Pilbeam! . . . Yes. . . . His heart might be broken, his life a wreck, but he could still enjoy the faint consolation of dealing faithfully with Pilbeam.

He went out into the corridor. And, as he did so, Percy Pilbeam came out of the room opposite.

Pilbeam had dressed for dinner with considerable care. Owing to the fact that Lord Emsworth, in his woolenheaded way, had completely forgotten to inform him of the exodus to Matchingham Hall, he was expecting to meet a gay and glittering company at the meal and had prepared himself accordingly. Looking at the result in the mirror, he had felt a glow of contentment. This glow was still warming him as he passed into the corridor. As his eyes fell on Ronnie, it faded abruptly.

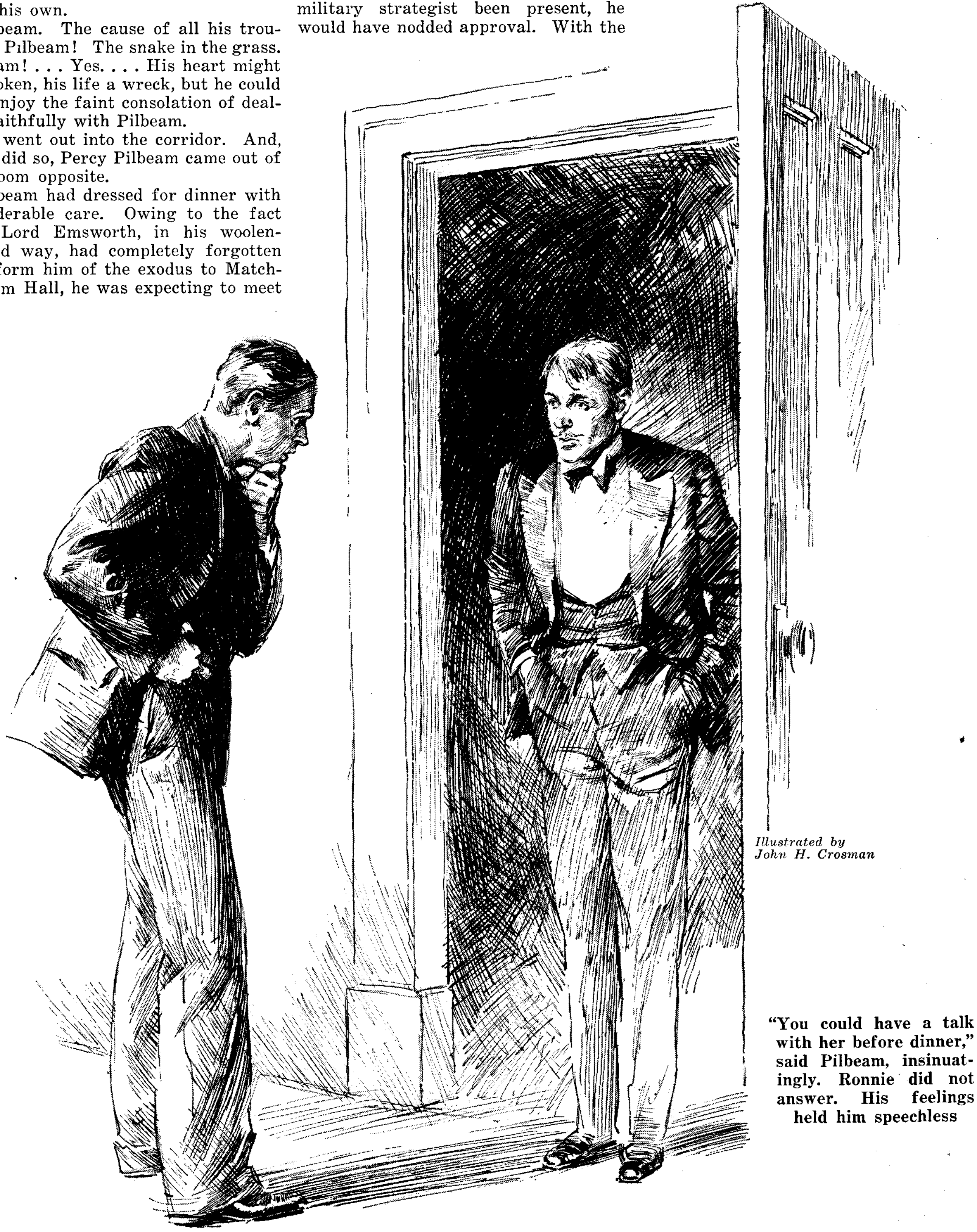
In the days of his editorship of Society Spice, that frank and fearless journal, P. Frobisher Pilbeam had once or twice had personal encounters with people having no cause to wish him well. They had not appealed to him. He was a man who found no pleasure in physical violence. And that physical violence threatened now was only too sickeningly plain. It was foreshadowed in the very manner in which this small but sturdy young man confronting him had began to creep forward. Pilbeam, who was an F. R. Z. S., had seen leopards at the Zoo creep just like that.

Years of conducting a weekly scandalsheet, followed by a long period of activity as a private inquiry agent, undoubtedly train a man well for the exhibition of presence of mind in sudden emergencies. One finds it difficult in the present instance to overpraise Percy Pilbeam's ready resource. Had a great military strategist been present, he would have nodded approval. With the grim menace of Ronnie Fish coming closer and closer, Percy Pilbeam did exactly what Napoleon, Hannibal or the great Duke of Marlborough would have done. Reaching behind him for the handle and twisting it sharply, he slipped through the door of his bedroom, banged it, and was gone. Many an eel has disappeared into the mud with less smoothness and celerity.

If the leopard which he resembled had seen its prey vanish into the undergrowth just before dinner-time, it would probably have expressed its feelings in exactly the same kind of short, rasping cry as proceeded from Ronnie Fish, witnessing this masterly withdrawal. For an instant he was completely taken aback. Then he plunged for the door and plunged into the room.

HE STOOD, baffled. Pilbeam had vanished. To Ronnie's astonished eyes the apartment appeared entirely free from detectives in any shape or form whatever. There was the bed. There were the chairs. There was the carpet, the dressing-table and the book-shelf. But of private inquiry agents there was a complete shortage.

(*Continued on page 54*)



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"You could have a talk with her before dinner," said Pilbeam, insinuatingly. Ronnie did not answer. His feelings held him speechless

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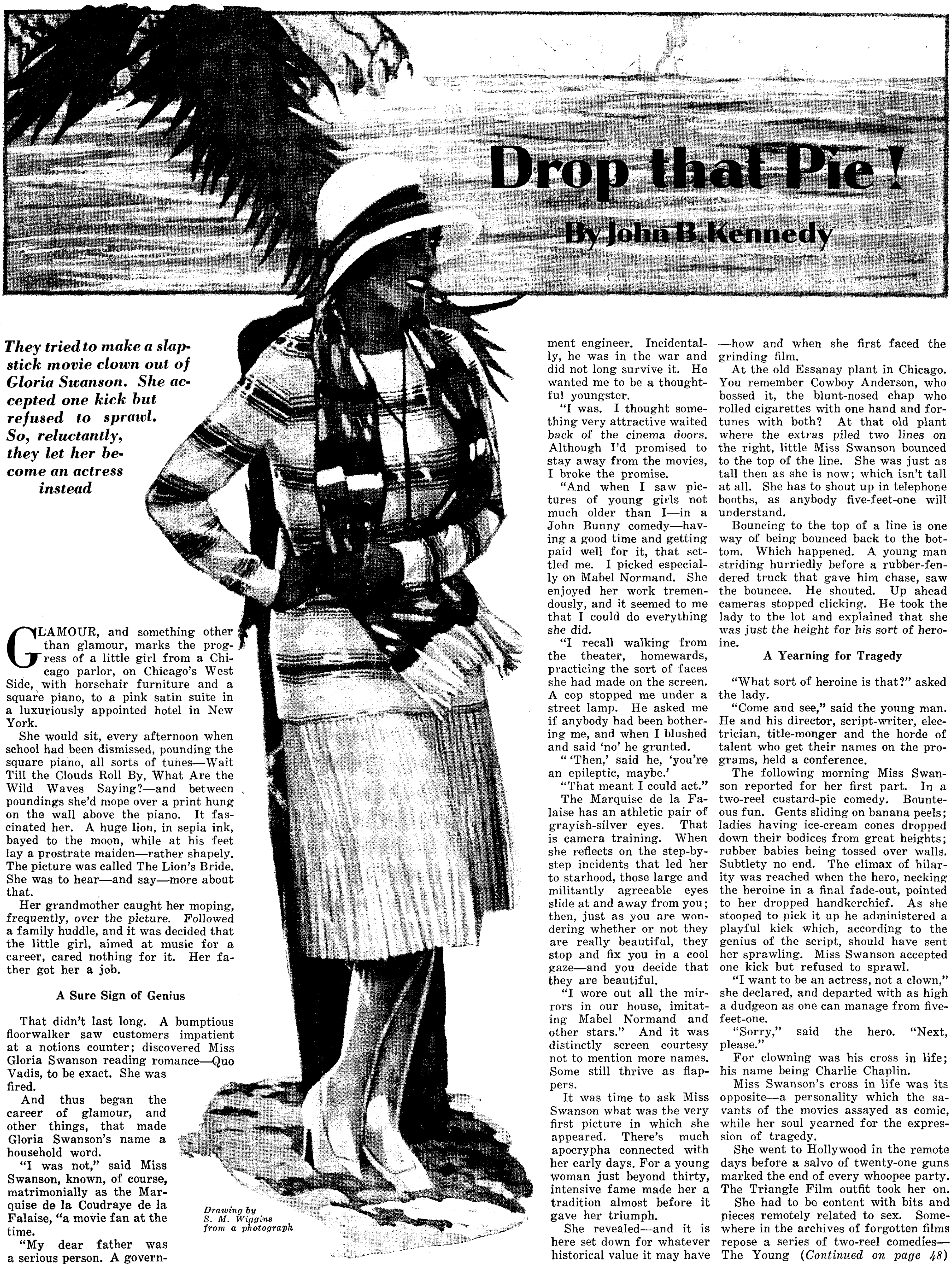


Drop that Pie!

By John B. Kennedy

They tried to make a slapstick movie clown out of Gloria Swanson. She accepted one kick but refused to sprawl. So, reluctantly, they let her become an actress instead

Drawing by S. M. Wiggins from a photograph

GLAMOUR, and something other than glamour, marks the progress of a little girl from a Chicago parlor, on Chicago's West Side, with horsehair furniture and a square piano, to a pink satin suite in a luxuriously appointed hotel in New York.

She would sit, every afternoon when school had been dismissed, pounding the square piano, all sorts of tunes—Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, What Are the Wild Waves Saying?—and between poundings she'd mope over a print hung on the wall above the piano. It fascinated her. A huge lion, in sepia ink, bayed to the moon, while at his feet lay a prostrate maiden—rather shapely. The picture was called The Lion's Bride. She was to hear—and say—more about that.

Her grandmother caught her moping, frequently, over the picture. Followed a family huddle, and it was decided that the little girl, aimed at music for a career, cared nothing for it. Her father got her a job.

A Sure Sign of Genius

That didn't last long. A bumptious floorwalker saw customers impatient at a notions counter; discovered Miss Gloria Swanson reading romance—Quo Vadis, to be exact. She was fired.

And thus began the career of glamour, and other things, that made Gloria Swanson's name a household word.

"I was not," said Miss Swanson, known, of course, matrimonially as the Marquise de la Coudraye de la Falaise, "a movie fan at the time.

"My dear father was a serious person. A government engineer. Incidentally, he was in the war and did not long survive it. He wanted me to be a thoughtful youngster.

"I was. I thought something very attractive waited back of the cinema doors. Although I'd promised to stay away from the movies, I broke the promise.

"And when I saw pictures of young girls not much older than I—in a John Bunny comedy—having a good time and getting paid well for it, that settled me. I picked especially on Mabel Normand. She enjoyed her work tremendously, and it seemed to me that I could do everything she did.

"I recall walking from the theater, homewards, practicing the sort of faces she had made on the screen. A cop stopped me under a street lamp. He asked me if anybody had been bothering me, and when I blushed and said 'no' he grunted.

"'Then,' said he, 'you're an epileptic, maybe.'

"That meant I could act."

The Marquise de la Falaise has an athletic pair of grayish-silver eyes. That is camera training. When she reflects on the step-by-step incidents that led her to starhood, those large and militantly agreeable eyes slide at and away from you; then, just as you are wondering whether or not they are really beautiful, they stop and fix you in a cool gaze—and you decide that they are beautiful.

"I wore out all the mirrors in our house, imitating Mabel Normand and other stars." And it was distinctly screen courtesy not to mention more names. Some still thrive as flappers.

It was time to ask Miss Swanson what was the very first picture in which she appeared. There's much apocrypha connected with her early days. For a young woman just beyond thirty, intensive fame made her a tradition almost before it gave her triumph.

She revealed—and it is here set down for whatever historical value it may have—how and when she first faced the grinding film.

At the old Essanay plant in Chicago. You remember Cowboy Anderson, who bossed it, the blunt-nosed chap who rolled cigarettes with one hand and fortunes with both? At that old plant where the extras piled two lines on the right, little Miss Swanson bounced to the top of the line. She was just as tall then as she is now; which isn't tall at all. She has to shout up in telephone booths, as anybody five-feet-one will understand.

Bouncing to the top of a line is one way of being bounced back to the bottom. Which happened. A young man striding hurriedly before a rubber-fendered truck that gave him chase, saw the bouncee. He shouted. Up ahead cameras stopped clicking. He took the lady to the lot and explained that she was just the height for his sort of heroine.

A Yearning for Tragedy

"What sort of heroine is that?" asked the lady.

"Come and see," said the young man. He and his director, script-writer, electrician, title-monger and the horde of talent who get their names on the programs, held a conference.

The following morning Miss Swanson reported for her first part. In a two-reel custard-pie comedy. Bounteous fun. Gents sliding on banana peels; ladies having ice-cream cones dropped down their bodices from great heights; rubber babies being tossed over walls. Subtlety no end. The climax of hilarity was reached when the hero, necking the heroine in a final fade-out, pointed to her dropped handkerchief. As she stooped to pick it up he administered a playful kick which, according to the genius of the script, should have sent her sprawling. Miss Swanson accepted one kick but refused to sprawl.

"I want to be an actress, not a clown," she declared, and departed with as high a dudgeon as one can manage from five-feet-one.

"Sorry," said the hero. "Next, please."

For clowning was his cross in life; his name being Charlie Chaplin.

Miss Swanson's cross in life was its opposite—a personality which the savants of the movies assayed as comic, while her soul yearned for the expression of tragedy.

She went to Hollywood in the remote days before a salvo of twenty-one guns marked the end of every whoopee party. The Triangle Film outfit took her on.

She had to be content with bits and pieces remotely related to sex. Somewhere in the archives of forgotten films repose a series of two-reel comedies—The Young (*Continued on page 48*)

Mighty Monarch of the Air

SO *SWIFT* and sweeping has been the success of Majestic radio that it is generally regarded as little short of a business miracle.

Never before has such a flood of popular approval greeted any product. It has swept Majestic to absolute leadership in radio!

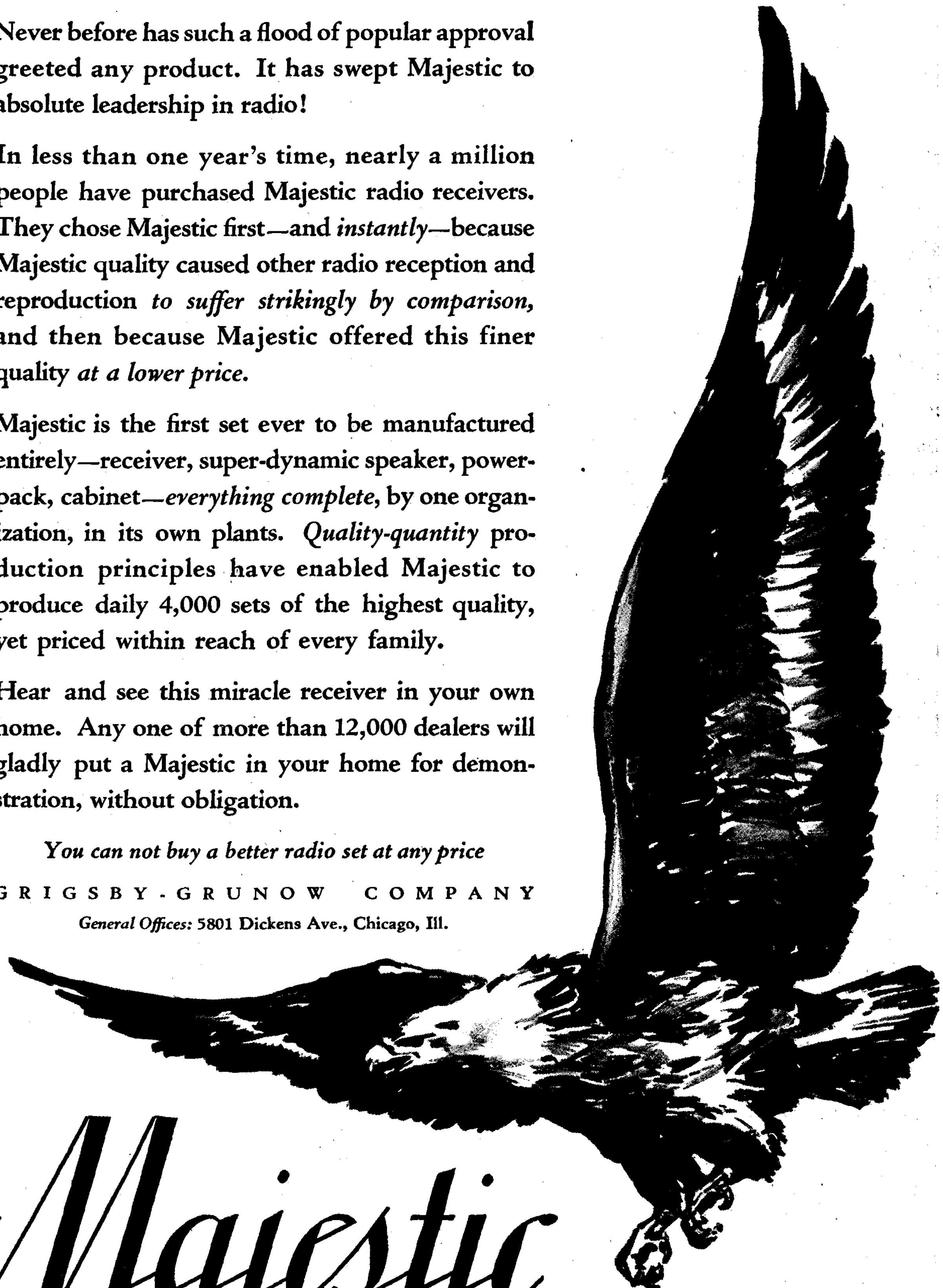
In less than one year's time, nearly a million people have purchased Majestic radio receivers. They chose Majestic first—and *instantly*—because Majestic quality caused other radio reception and reproduction *to suffer strikingly by comparison,* and then because Majestic offered this finer quality *at a lower price.*

Majestic is the first set ever to be manufactured entirely—receiver, super-dynamic speaker, power-pack, cabinet—*everything complete,* by one organization, in its own plants. *Quality-quantity* production principles have enabled Majestic to produce daily 4,000 sets of the highest quality, yet priced within reach of every family.

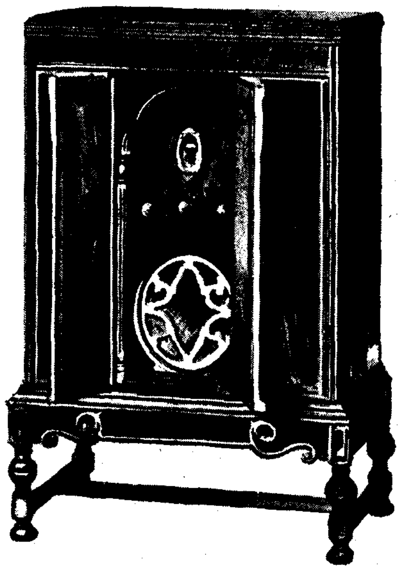
Hear and see this miracle receiver in your own home. Any one of more than 12,000 dealers will gladly put a Majestic in your home for demonstration, without obligation.

You can not buy a better radio set at any price

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY
General Offices: 5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Majestic
ELECTRIC RADIO



MODEL 181

Majestic Radio-Phonograph Combination gives you—at moderate cost—the greatest instrument for musical entertainment the world has ever seen. *Everything* in Radio—an *electric pick-up,* electric motor phonograph—in a cabinet of beautifully matched butt burl walnut.

TUNE IN
MAJESTIC THEATRE
OF THE AIR

Every Sunday evening, from 9 to 10 o'clock Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Majestic presents headliners of the Stage and Screen over a coast to coast hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the American Broadcasting Company.

Licensed under patent and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.

TimePayments in the purchase of Majestic Receivers are financed through the Majestic Plan (owned and controlled by the Grigsby-Grunow Co.) at lowest available rates.

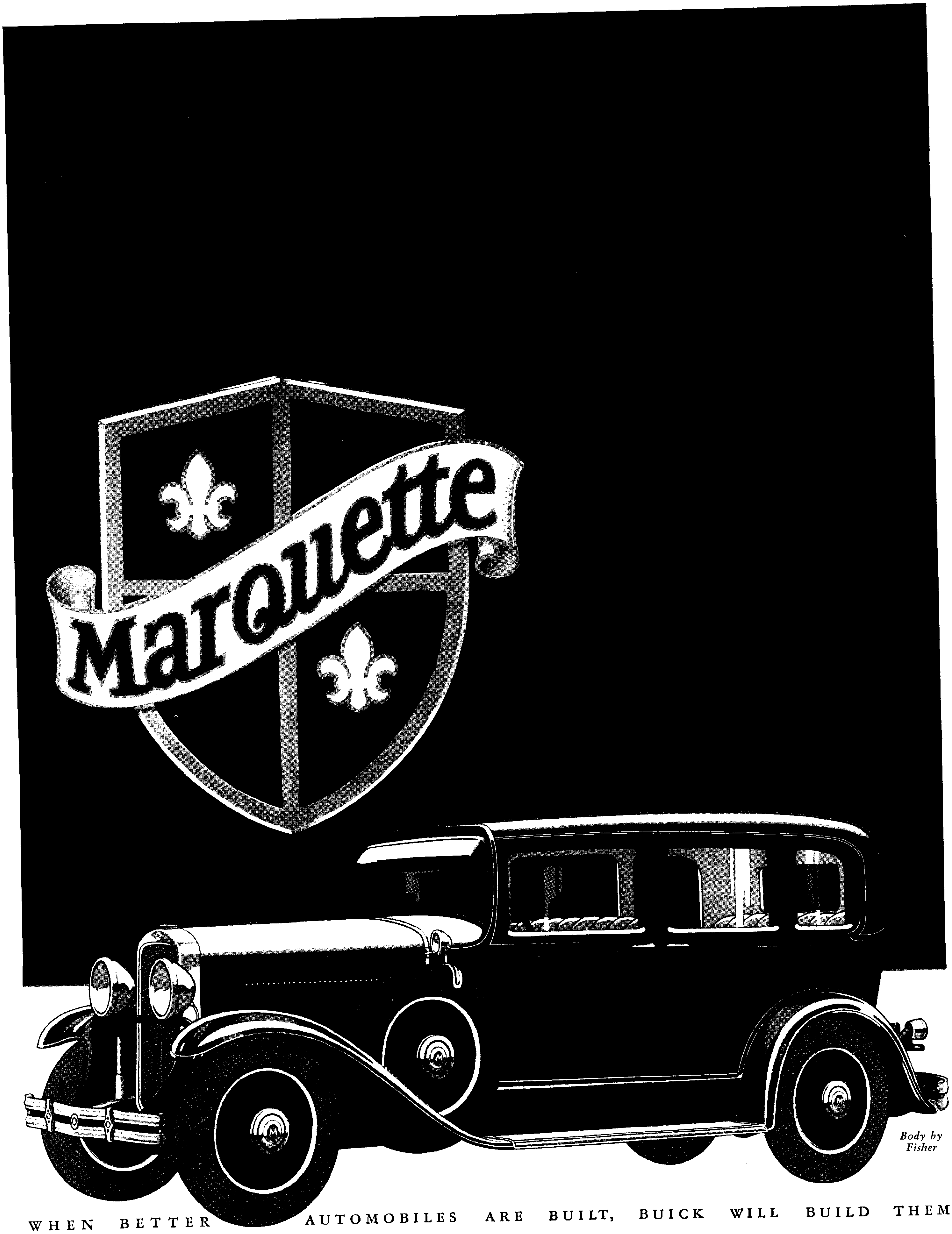
FOR more than twenty-five years the motoring world has paid tribute to Buick engineering, Buick craftsmanship and Buick ideals of enduring value. Now the accumulated experience of these years of leadership has been focused on a new car—the Marquette. And in this new car are offered, at a price within the reach of millions, all the priceless advantages of Buick manufacture.

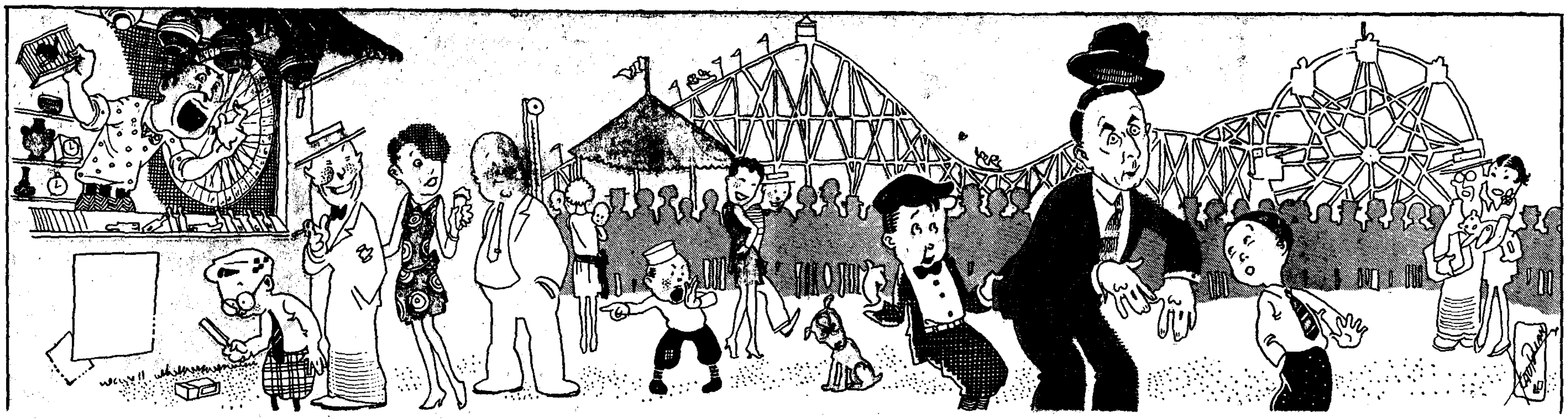
In appearance, the Marquette expresses the tempo of the age without conforming to accepted pattern. In every phase of performance, it demonstrates abilities that set it apart entirely from all cars of comparable price. In basic value, it embodies the added margin that Buick's experienced craftsmanship and great production facilities make possible.

Millions have long wanted such an automobile as the Marquette—many to enjoy Buick ideals of dependability and uninterrupted service in a car priced within their means, many to have a second car in keeping with the standards their Buicks have created for them. Every motorist will realize instinctively that the presentation of the Marquette is an occasion well worth attending. Visit the Buick showroom Saturday, when this eventful new car will be on display.

* * *

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
BUILDERS OF BUICK AND MARQUETTE MOTOR CARS


Marquette
Body by Fisher
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

"Just a minute," called the operator. "One of you had Number Seven. Here."

In One Ear

Odd little bits of chit chat from here and there that came to the ears of Collier's writers in their travels up and down and all around. They might have been lost forever if we hadn't rounded them up on this page for you

OUR own William G. Shepherd is the father of two boys, six and eight years old, and he never misses an opportunity to teach them a Great Moral Lesson. But he flivvered on one, recently, although his intentions were noble.

With the youngsters he was driving past a small carnival when they noticed a crowd around a "wheel" which was spinning industriously.

"That," said Shepherd, when the youngsters inquired about the gayly illuminated booth, "is one of the silliest stores you ever heard of. That's a place where people go and pay their money *for nothing. They just go and put down* their money and walk away and they haven't got anything to show for it."

The boys looked skeptical, so Shepherd decided to teach them the folly of gambling. Each of them had a dime and Shepherd produced one of his own, got out of the car and led them to the booth. He directed each to select a number. They did so, paid their dimes and waited.

"Now you'll see," said the good father. "The man spins the wheel and then you walk away and that's all you get for your ten cents."

The wheel spun and stopped. Shepherd, beaming in the knowledge of a lesson taught, started to lead the somewhat dazed youngsters away.

"Just a minute," called the operator. "One of you had Number Seven. Here."

He reached out to a shelf and took down the cutest canary you ever saw in a little wooden cage and handed it to Shepherd to the amazement and hysterical delight of the boys.

It cost him about ten dollars to house the prize in a worthy cage and lay in a supply of bird seed and cuttlebone. And now every time the canary trills a joyous note, as it does frequently, Bill and Bob look at their father curiously.

A Kiss for the Queen

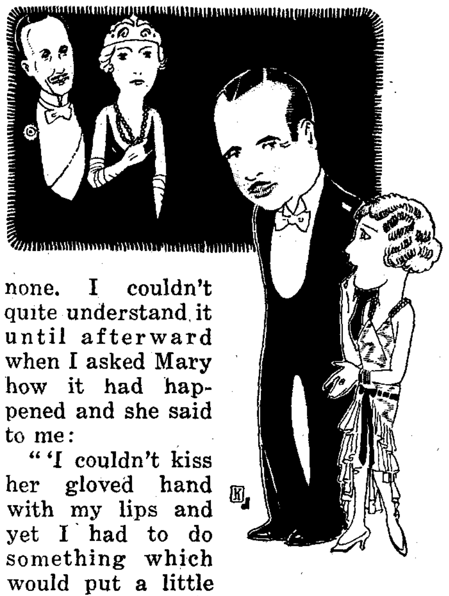
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has delighted his intimates in Hollywood with a story of what happened—or, what almost happened—when he and his wife, Mary Pickford, were presented to the King and Queen of Spain.

"Just as we were walking up to the throne for the formal ceremony," relates Fairbanks, "both of us happened to notice at about the same time the Queen was wearing white gloves. The ceremony called for Mary to kiss the hand of the Queen and Mary had rouge on her lips.

"The kissing ceremony was vital, the rouge was transferrable to white gloves and Mary, momentarily, was in a panic.

"We were close to the throne and we just had to go ahead. Mary seemed to kiss the hand of the Queen and I took a quick look at the white glove for the red imprint of the rouge. There was none. I couldn't quite understand it until afterward when I asked Mary how it had happened and she said to me:

" 'I couldn't kiss her gloved hand with my lips and yet I had to do something which would put a little pressure on that hand to let her feel that I was kissing it. So I just avoided touching the glove with my lips and touched it with my nose.' "



Controlling the Vote

FOUR years ago during a sensational campaign in a western state we asked a prohibition enforcement officer how a certain county was going to go.

"Republican," was the prompt and positive reply.

"But it never has yet."

"It will this time though."

"Why?"

"Humph, it's a cinch. There are thirty-two stills operating in that county. I know where they all are, and who runs 'em, and I've just been down and had the boys together and told 'em that if they didn't turn in a Republican majority that I'd raid every damn' one of 'em the day after election."

That county went Republican.

"Two Other Fellows"

IN THE old easy days of newspaper railroad passes issued "on advertising," but really on suspicion, a conductor on a Kentucky railroad said to a passenger:

"I don't want you to get the impression I am doubting your honesty in presenting this pass issued to the Louisville Courier-Journal; but recently we have been jacked up about these passes and asked to make sure that the presenters are really newspaper men. There has been some abuse of the privilege. It happens that today I can check up, because Mr. Henry Watterson himself is in the parlor-car just behind the coach. If you will please step back there and be identified, I'll be obliged to you."

The young man was inwardly panicky, as he had had his pass from a friend who worked on the Watterson sheet, but had never himself done a day's newspaper work. Yet he dared not refuse. He accompanied the conductor back to the parlor car.

Leading the young man to a gentleman sitting in a chair, the conductor said:

"Mr. Watterson, I am asking you to identify this young man. He works on your paper, does he?"

"Yes, indeed," said the gentleman heartily. "He is one of my best and most trusted reporters."

"Thank you, Mr. Watterson," said the conductor, bowing. "And thank you, too, sir. I am sure you understand why I did this."

After the conductor had hurried on to his duties forward in the train, the young man lingered and said to his benefactor:

"That was certainly sporting of you, Mr. Watterson—"

"Sh-h-h-h-h-h!" said the man. "I'm not Mr. Watterson!"

Those Funny Laws

THE soda fountain clerk turned toward the new customer and asked, in Boston accents, "What'll *you* have?" Boston soda clerks are gentle.

"A glass of milk please."

"Can't sell it," he said curtly. " 'Gainst the law!"

"Can't sell milk?"

" 'Tain't *my* fault," he explained. "I can put just a little syrup in it, though. That won't hurt it."

"Go ahead," said the customer.

The customer had a good drink. "Couldn't even taste the syrup," he announced. "Why can't you sell milk?" he asked the clerk, wiping milk off his lips with a paper napkin.

"Some restaurant law," he said. "All I know is you can't sell it. Have to put a few drops of something in it to make it a fancy drink."

"Here! You can't take *that* taxicab." The decorated doorman of a Washington hotel fairly shouted.

A Washington visitor had hurried from across the street to get the taxi.

"Why not?" he asked.

"It's a law," he said. "This stand is for hotel guests."

"But this is a public street."

"Sure. But you're supposed to be a hotel guest." Just as the visitor gave up and started to go away, he heard the doorman say:

"Go in that swinging door and come out again and it'll be all right."

The visitor did. The taxi took him off without further ado. He had complied with the law by passing out of the hotel door.

A traveler asked for a package of cigarettes in the club car of a certain crack New York-Chicago train.

"Sorry, sir, but I'm not allowed to sell them," said the steward.

"Why not?"

"We're not allowed by law to sell them in the state of Ohio." And he wasn't.

He lent the traveler his own package, until the train passed into Pennsylvania.

Then he unlocked a carefully padlocked drawer and brought out his cigarettes.

SCENE: Newton, Kansas, three years ago.

"Gimme some cigarettes." A tourist who had dropped off a transcontinental train to make connections was speaking at the cigar stand.

"Can't sell cigarettes in Kansas," said the clerk, automatically.

"Good Lord!" groaned the traveler.

"I can sell you cigarette tobacco," said the clerk.

"What good is that without cigarette paper?"

"Here," said the clerk, as he slammed a ten-cent bag of cigarette tobacco on the counter. "Now you go outside and when you come to a shoe-shining stand climb up on the seat and say to the boy, 'I don't want a ten-cent shine. I want a fifteen-cent shine.' And let him see your bag of tobacco."

The traveler followed the advice.

When he handed the shoe shiner fifteen cents he got a little book of cigarette papers in exchange.

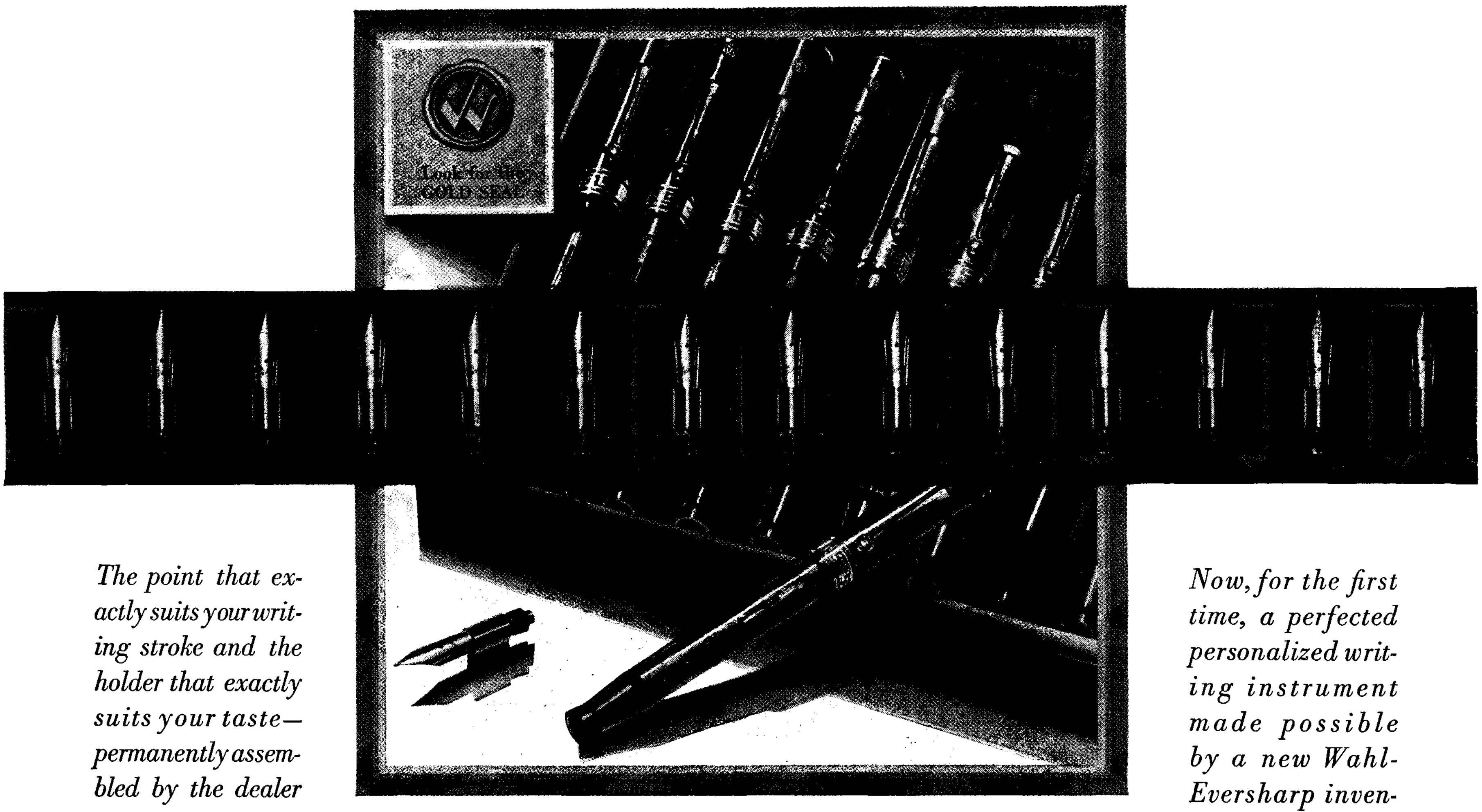
There's always some way around the hundreds of pestiferous little laws and ordinances that keep biting away at the heels of citizens.

Kansas has repealed its anti-cigarette law. One reason given was that it didn't work; neither do lots of other petty laws.

A NEW IDEA IN PENS!

WAHL-EVERSHARP
Personal-Point
FOUNTAIN PENS

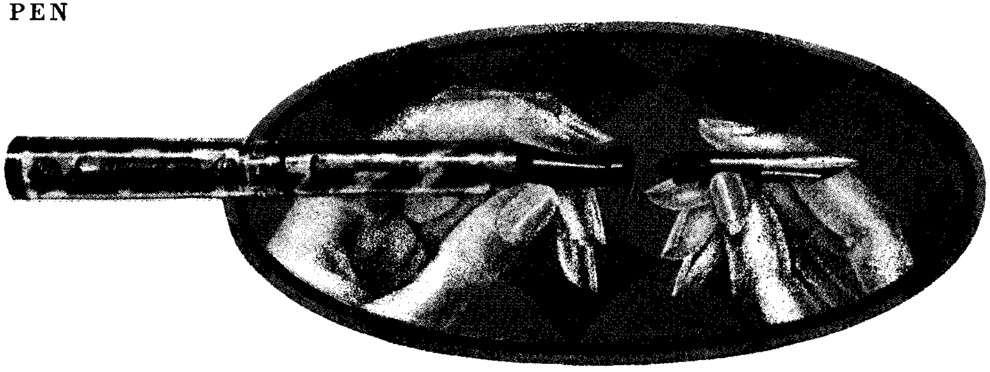
Made possible by a revolutionary invention, *the Interchangeable Nib*



The point that exactly suits your writing stroke and the holder that exactly suits your taste—permanently assembled by the dealer in an instant—YOUR PERSONAL PEN

A point for any hand ··· Fitted instantly to any holder

Now, for the first time, a perfected personalized writing instrument made possible by a new Wahl-Eversharp invention, the INTERCHANGEABLE NIB



Now — a fountain pen with point that writes exactly as you like it to, because you personally select the exact point you want, and *see* it instantly, permanently fitted into a holder of the size, style and color you prefer.

A fountain pen is satisfactory only if it writes like you

Your writing angle, your writing pressure, the flexibility of point, the adjustment of ink flow—all determine whether or not a fountain pen pleases you.

Only the Wahl-Eversharp Personal-Point Pen with its Interchangeable Nibs, in 14 different classifications of points, with many varying degrees of flexibility and variations in ink flow, offers you this wide range in points from which to select your personal pen.

Five to Ten Dollars

And, you may have your personally selected pen point fitted to any size, style or color holder.

Choose from the dealer's entire stock of Wahl-Eversharp Pens—the point, the holder you prefer—the dealer will instantly, permanently assemble your Personal-Point Pen right before your eyes.

Wahl-Eversharp Personal-Point Pens are identified by the Gold Seal of quality, and are unconditionally guaranteed against defects.

Cause

THERE is an old and true saying that quality is remembered long after price is forgotten. The Goodyear reputation has been built by making products of memorable quality at a fair price.

We believe the people can best be served by the efficiency of large scale production with its economies in labor-saving equipment, scientific research in processes and machinery, thorough national distribution with a rapid turnover of standardized high quality at a small profit.

Service in this sense can best be rendered by an organization founded on teamwork rather than on individual stars—an organization single-mindedly devoted to building products of a quality which will protect our good name.

P. W. Litchfield
President

GOOD

Result

Goodyear annual production of motor vehicle pneumatic tires

YEAR	TIRES
1902	4,476
1903	7,781
1904	6,666
1905	12,626
1906	23,712
1907	28,307
1908	35,282
1909	94,200
1910	261,888
1911	420,255
1912	1,084,134
1913	1,281,487
1914	1,788,484
1915	2,656,588
★1916	4,118,399
★1917	5,880,544
★1918	3,790,212
★1919	8,137,353
★1920	6,863,140
★1921	5,152,503
★1922	7,887,243
★1923	9,119,335
★1924	10,056,437
★1925	12,458,144
★1926	13,781,714
★1927	16,002,630
★1928	21,577,491
Total	132,531,031

★ Largest annual production of any rubber company in the world

YEAR

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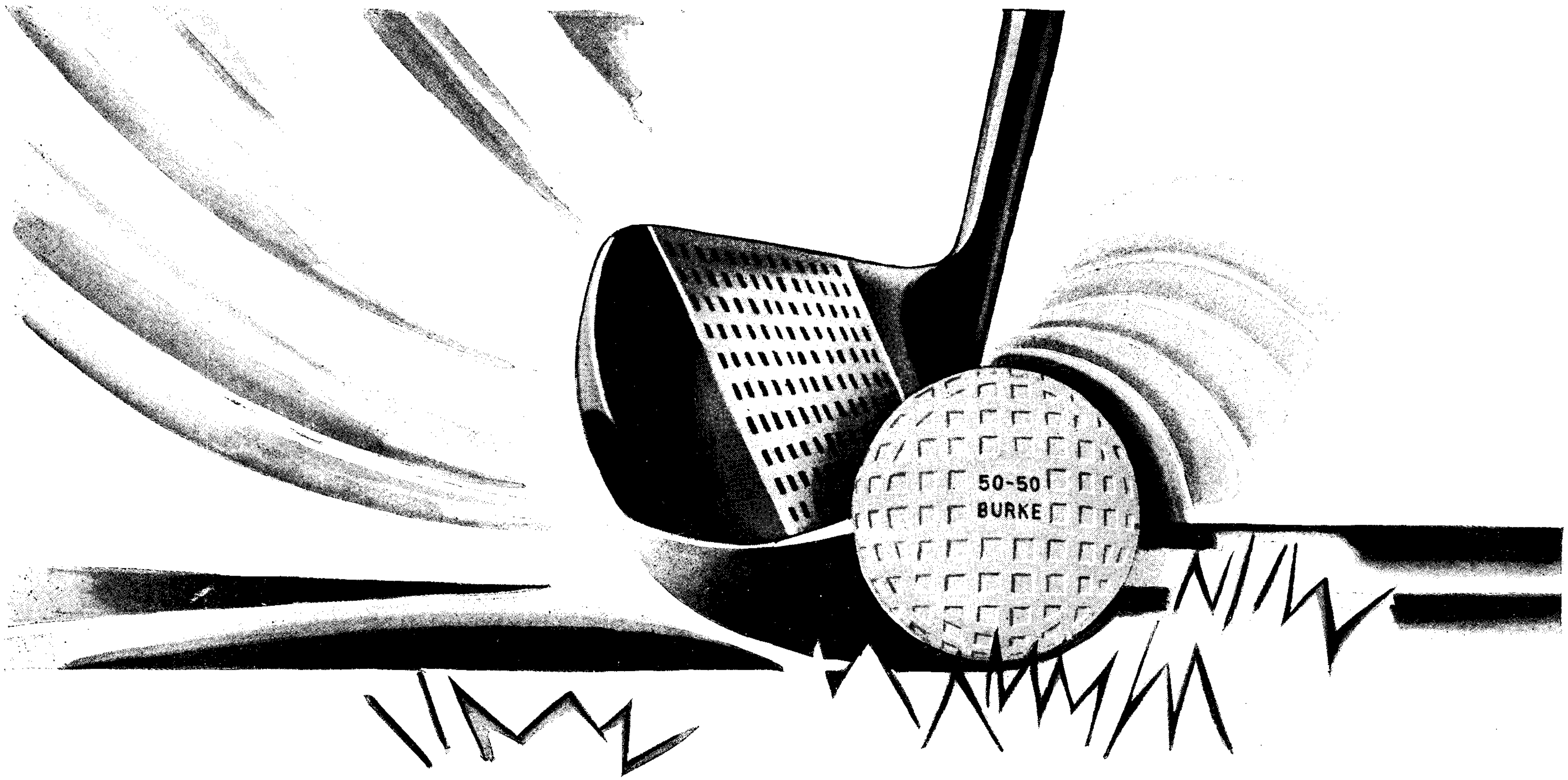


MURDEROUS!

S-W-I-S-H!...and the steel head of your mashie iron slashes into the ball like the axe of an executioner!

Another good ball gone wrong! Another addition to the high cost of golfing...UNLESS ...*unless* the ball happens to be a Burke *Fifty-Fifty.*

This astonishing ball, which sells for 50c, absorbs punishment like a sponge absorbs water. Top it with a mid-iron, chop it with a niblick, slam it with a misplaced mashie—you simply cannot cut through its tough hide.

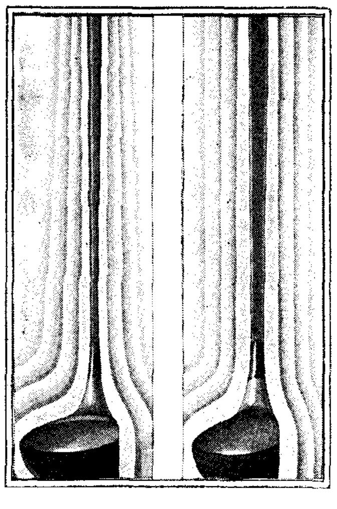
Not just a "manufacturer's boast"—it is a fact you can prove for yourself at our expense if it isn't true. We have such faith in this ball and know its record so well through seasons of play, that we back it with an unconditional guarantee.

If any Burke FIFTY-FIFTY *cuts through, cracks or loses shape in fifty holes of play, we replace it without question!*

It is the first 50c ball to be guaranteed, the first real challenge to the unnecessary high prices of good golf balls, the first real attempt to lower the high cost of golfing. This ball has "got everything,"—long, sustained flight and direction through the fairway and line-hugging trueness on the green. We'll help you prove it yourself!

For Introductory Purposes Only

So convinced are we that once you try the Burke Fifty-Fifty you'll play them for economy as well as for results, we are making a special proposition. Until June 30th, 1929, we will redeem the coupon below and $1.00, with a carton of three Burke Fifty-Fifties. The regular price is $1.50 and since we sell through retailers and Pros only, we make this remarkable offer for introductory purposes only and can send but one carton to an inquirer.



The New Burke True Temper Shafted Clubs (with stainless steel heads) are score reducers. The *reduction offset rings* on the shaft absorb the shocks of poorly timed strokes and transfer the power—*under control*—to the ball. Feel them...and you'll play them.

Does "Distance Lend Enchantment" to your Golf?

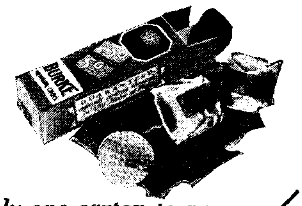
For folks who want extra yardage and will pay an extra quarter for it we offer the new *Long Burke.* This new ball is unusually resilient. Frankly, we have sacrificed durability to gain more distance. It makes par-five holes easier birdies and transforms 400 yard par-fours into a drive and a mashie. Its putting "feel" builds confidence. If you want your opponent to "shoot the odd," take a tip and use the new *Long Burke.*

YOUR TEST IS THE BEST TEST

This introductory carton of three Fifty-Fifties, sent for a dollar bill will show you how to cut your annual golf bill into halves. Just fill in the coupon, pin $1 or your check to it, and mail today.

BURKE
50/50

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Newark, Ohio



Only one carton to an inquirer—coupon good until June 30, 1929

BURKE
GOLF CO.,
Dept. B-3
Newark, Ohio

I will give the Fifty-Fifty and its guarantee a fair trial. Here's my dollar for a carton of three balls.

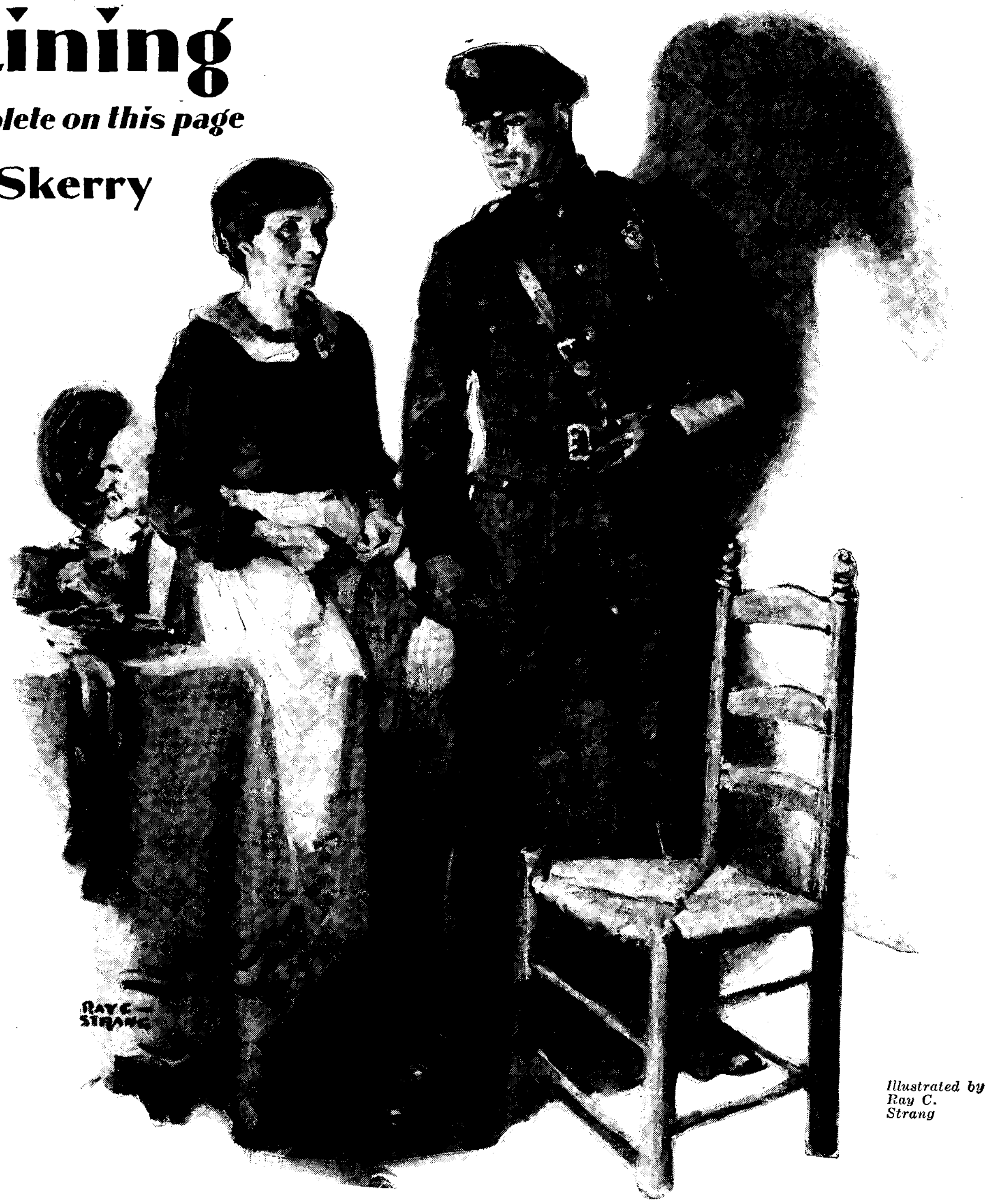
Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Silver Lining

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry



Illustrated by Ray C. Strang

"Sorry to bother you so late, Mrs. Hamlin," the trooper apologized. "Is Eddie home yet?"

IT WAS nearly half past ten—after the bedtime of even semi-rural communities; but a lamp still burned in the Hamlin sitting-room, and Mrs. Hamlin still leaned toward its yellow light and added to the pile of darned socks on the table.

Quiet though this scene was to the eye, the room was filled with sound from a radio in a dim corner, where sat Mrs. Hamlin's father, heedless of his surroundings, his head cocked to one side so his better ear would be close to the loudspeaker.

With loving absorption Mrs. Hamlin worked, turning each gaudy sock inside out, pulling the toes in, and folding the pairs together into compact bundles. She felt rather than heard the three sharp raps at the front door, and a little pucker of wonderment formed between her eyes as she emptied her apron of socks and hurried to answer.

The old man in the corner neither heard nor felt the knocks.

Opening the door, Mrs. Hamlin backed away from the olive-clad figure that loomed formidably in the light from the sitting-room.

A state trooper entered, closing the door behind him. "Sorry to bother you so late, Mrs. Hamlin," he apologized. "Is Eddie home yet?"

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Tucker," she smiled, hastily tucking in a wisp of graying hair and leading the way to the sitting-room. "I couldn't imagine— Why, no, he isn't."

"Well, I'll wait a while," Tucker said, taking a seat by the door. "I didn't find him or any of his crowd down at the Center. And I want to see him. He's usually home by this time, isn't he?"

"Yes. But he's gone to Boston."

"That so? When did he go?"

"This afternoon—about four o'clock, I think it was." Glancing uneasily at the radio, she drew her chair close to the trooper.

"Boston, eh?" he ruminated. "He didn't take the four-fifteen—I happened to be at the station."

"No, he went in somebody's car."

"What did he want to go to Boston for? Do you know?"

"No. He said it was a secret—leastways for the time being. You know Eddie likes to be mysterious."

Tucker nodded. "I heard that he threw up his job at the mill this noon."

"Yes, he told me. He said he had a chance to make more money. But why do you ask me all these questions?" Tucker lowered his eyes under her searching gaze and fiddled with the visor of his cap. "Oh!" she faltered, reading his hesitation correctly. "There's some trouble! I just know there is!"

"I wish there wasn't, Mrs. Hamlin," Tucker assured her. "Honest, I do. I always liked Eddie."

"Why—Eddie's not a bad boy, Mr. Tucker. He's thoughtless, I know, but he isn't bad."

"Bad company'll do lots of things, though."

"I know." Mrs. Hamlin's eyes clouded with the ache that came in her heart. "I never liked that crowd he hangs around with. But Eddie earns his money. He says he's got to have *some* fun. I never thought there was real harm in it. Now— But what *is* it, Mr. Tucker? Why do you want Eddie?" she asked anxiously.

The trooper gazed at her soberly for a moment before replying. She'd have to know sometime. "Well," he told her, reluctantly, "the filling station at the Falls was held up this evening. I'm afraid Eddie'll have to explain something."

Confidence overcame Mrs. Hamlin's slow-forming doubt. "Oh," she declared stoutly, "Eddie wouldn't do anything like that! I just *know* he wouldn't." She shook her head, unbelieving.

Trooper Tucker thrust a hand into his tunic and drew forth a loud plaid cap. He noted Mrs. Hamlin's start when she saw it. "Isn't this his cap? It was dropped in the scrimmage." He knew that nobody else in town wore a cap like that.

"Why—" Mrs. Hamlin stared at the cap. "Eddie had one like that—but he lost it, he told me. And he wore his felt hat today. Oh, there's a mistake somewhere! There must be!"

SHE was quick, Tucker thought. "Maybe," he said, noticing her glance flash to the clock. "Well, perhaps Eddie can explain it."

"Of course he can. Anyway, how could Eddie be mixed up in anything at the Falls when he was in Boston?"

"Well, he couldn't," admitted Tucker. "Not if he *was* in Boston." It was plain to anybody that, if Eddie were in Boston, four hours away, he couldn't have been at the Falls when the filling station was robbed.

"He's never lied to me yet," Mrs. Hamlin said, with obvious pride in her voice.

Nevertheless, the trooper had faith in his evidence. His was the enthusiasm of the policeman on a hot trail.

"Why," Mrs. Hamlin argued earnestly, "anybody as light-hearted as Eddie—singing all the time—just *couldn't* be bad."

"'Twould seem so," said Tucker agreeably. "He certainly can sing, can't he? We always enjoy him at the barracks." And to himself he added, with genuine regret, that the boys would miss Eddie.

They sat in silence. There seemed to be little more to say. The trooper's frowning gaze roved from the radio and the oblivious old man to the simple appointments of the room and back again to Mrs. Hamlin's face, now drawn and tense. Too bad! Too bad to make a mother suffer so! Queer, no matter how crooked a man was, there was generally a mother who believed him straight—or, if she didn't, prayed every night that he be made so.

The minute hand of the clock had passed the half hour. A leisurely tick-tock punctuated a moment of quiet on the radio. Then came the voice of an announcer:

"Now, folks, you're going to hear the newest member of the Serenaders' Family; the songster of the Berkshires; Eddie Hamlin singing Look for the Silver Lining. We know you're going to like him. Come on, Eddie!"

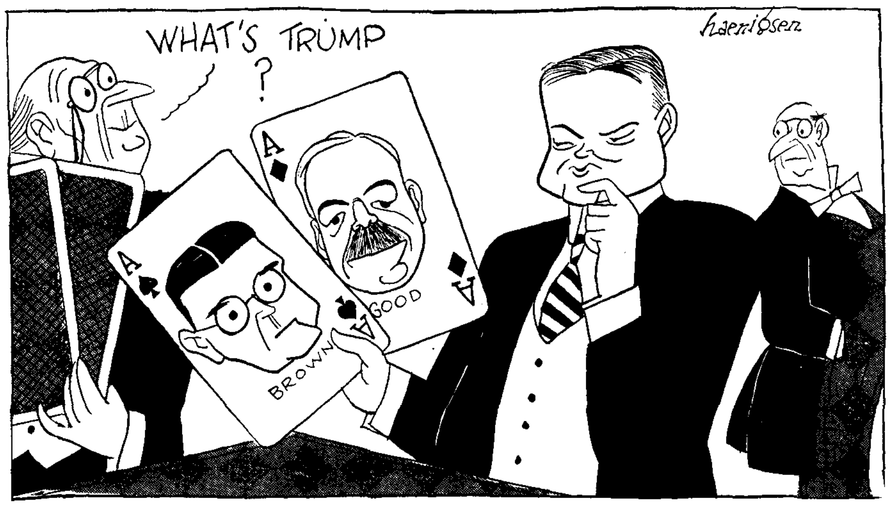
A SHORT piano introduction, and the clear, well-remembered tenor flooded the room.

"God!" muttered Tucker in amazement. "That's an alibi, all right!" The old man's mouth widened in a toothless grin, and his head wagged approval. The others, almost breathless, listened while the refrain neared its end:

"... So always look for the silver lining,
And try to find the sunny side of life."

Stuffing the cap into his tunic, the trooper stood up and turned to the door. "Well, that lets Eddie out! I'm glad too. Honest, I am, Mrs. Hamlin. Sorry I bothered you. Good night!"

But Eddie Hamlin's mother neither saw nor heard him go. Straining forward, her hands clasped tightly in an attitude of thanksgiving, she heard nothing but that clear young voice; saw nothing through the blur of tears but that redeeming radio in the corner.



Odds on Mr. Brown

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WALTER F. BROWN used to be Assistant Secretary of Commerce under Secretary Hoover. That he was promoted to a place in the Cabinet is evidence enough that President Hoover thinks well of him.

In the summer of last year, after Mr. Hoover had been nominated for the Presidency, President Coolidge put Secretary Whiting in his place at the head of the Commerce Department. Mr. Whiting, although he was obviously going to be in the Cabinet only a short time, took his job with great seriousness and decided to improve upon the organization that his predecessor, Mr. Hoover, had handed down to him. After a little while Secretary Whiting went to President Coolidge and told him that, according to his way of looking at it, Mr. Hoover's famous department fell far short of efficiency.

In particular Secretary Whiting told his chief the Department of Commerce would be greatly improved if Assistant Secretary of Commerce Walter Brown and Director of the Division of Foreign and Domestic Commerce Julius Klein should be fired.

"What's the matter with them?" asked President Coolidge.

"They don't do any work," replied Secretary Whiting. "Why, I'd be ashamed to have mills run the way the Department of Commerce is run."

"Well, if you feel that way about it," replied the President, "why don't you fire them? You're the doctor. You're the head of the department."

Mr. Whiting went away from the White House carrying in his bosom one of the best stories that ever came near being told in Washington, the story of how Mr. Hoover's celebrated department had to be reorganized and made efficient by the firing of Mr. Hoover's two pet subordinates, Walter Brown and Dr. Julius Klein.

The Commerce Department is not far from the White House, but Secretary Whiting had not walked the whole way before an idea dawned upon his mind: Mr. Hoover was going to be President anyway, and maybe he would like to see some of his old friends still in office when he arrived in the White House. After all, it might be well to humor Mr. Hoover even at the cost of sacrificing such efficiency as might otherwise be put into the Department of Commerce. He retraced his steps to the White House and told Mr. Coolidge of his new idea.

"Well," said Mr. Coolidge, smiling tightly, "as I said before, you're the doctor. Keep 'em if you want to."

So Walter Brown was not fired, and neither was Dr. Julius Klein. One of them is now Postmaster-General and the other is now Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Probably they would have got these two jobs even if they had been fired. So second thought robbed Washington of one of the best stories in recent years, the story of the gilding of the lily of the Commerce Department by Secretary Whiting.

Mr. Walter Brown, the Postmaster-General, is a Harvard graduate and a city boss. There is nothing unprecedented in this. Mr. Boies Penrose was a Harvard graduate and a city boss. And I want to say right here that no graduate of Harvard ever achieved greater distinction in his chosen line than Mr. Boies Penrose did in his. Mr. Penrose was one of the famous political bosses of all time.

But of Mr. Walter Brown it is to be said that he looks like a Harvard graduate and not at all like a political boss. If among the district leaders of Tammany Hall there had been anyone who looked like Walter Brown, the grave problem recently confronting that organization would have been instantly solved, and the better element in New York would instantly have taken out membership cards in the Tammany district clubs, so pleased would it have been with the successor of Judge Olvaney.

You gather that Mr. Brown is one of the political advisers of Herbert Hoover. Well, that is what they say in Washington. And they are making books on whether in the end it will be Jim Good, Secretary of War, or Walter Brown, Postmaster-General, who will be President Hoover's leading political adviser.

The odds should be in favor of Mr. Brown, considering the length of time he has in which to establish himself. I should say that Mr. Brown's I. Q. is about ten points higher than Mr. Good's, and over several years that should amount to a considerable advantage. Besides, Mr. Brown, like Mr. Hoover, is an ardent fisherman, and one of the best cooks over a camp fire in the world.

Then, too, Mr. Brown has never been in Congress. He has never learned to talk too much. He always seems to know something like ten times as much as he says. And he says what he has to say in the gentlest voice that was ever produced on the Western Reserve. He is never self-assertive. He is content to let you find him out. His smile is like a spring day. Imagine a man of sixty who looks as if he were fifty, as smooth as satin, who looks like an aristocrat even in a Cabinet with Adams, Stimson and Mitchell, and who withal knows his onions in that low-life game of politics. You will observe that the evidence in favor of would-be politicians going to Harvard is very strong.

All Was Ambrosial

Continued from page 9

had been in Hollywood only three weeks so he did not realize that things are always that way in Hollywood.

It required no great mental effort for him to realize that Elerie Byron wasn't anywhere near as anxious to see him as Columbus was to sight land. He shrugged his shoulders. That much was a relief. One of the things that had worried him a little was that her infrequent letters in the last year in no way indicated that she wanted to break off the engagement. Evidently they had just been polite to each other, neither wanting to hurt the other's feelings, which showed plainly that they were not in love.

Eddie had no desire to become the husband of a Passion Girl. To attempt to keep up the pace set by those heroic leading men would be more trouble than it would be worth. When he kissed a girl he kissed her and he felt that day in and day out the Graeco-Roman method which seemed to prevail in Hollywood would turn out to be a good deal of a nuisance.

WHEN Eddie came to Hollywood he had been a little hurt at Elerie's obvious refusals to see him but he met a pain-killer in the lovely person of Celia Brandon who was playing small parts over at the De Luxe studio, where he was working in the publicity department. Next to the prize-winning float in the Tournament of Roses, Celia was the swellest thing in California and nobody short of Graham MacNamee could describe her adequately.

She liked Eddie and when he was in her presence he experienced all the pleasant sensations of a gentleman who has just done away with three New Orleans gin fizzes, hand running. Eddie was just one of the hired hands in the publicity department and she was a Wampus Baby Star getting $75 a week, so they were about in the same social plane and could act natural.

Celia Brandon was her right name and she came from Louisville and she had a low, soft voice that was nothing more nor less than cuddley. If you don't get the idea, that's your tough luck in never having met a girl like Celia. Her big brown eyes were cuddley too, but there possibly is no need to pursue the subject further.

Celia was far different from Elerie Byron, or Minnie Schwartz, as she had been known in Eudora. Minnie had chosen her name with the help of a continuity writer who worked on her first picture, who suggested "Byron" because he said there was a man named Lord Byron who had had unusual talents, and besides it was short and would fit nicely in big letters in the electric signs. "Elerie" was her own suggestion.

Elerie was as hard as a casting director and she showed no more concern for the mob than the wife of a chief of police who is speeding down the boulevard fifteen minutes late for the matinée. She realized her power—or perhaps it was her nuisance value—and when she wanted something she accepted no substitute.

The orchestra stopped, and Elerie's party returned to the table. Eddie rose and as his eyes met hers she did not waver.

"We're going to my house now, Mr. Condon," she said, coldly. "Perhaps you will come and see me at the studio tomorrow."

"I'm sure we'd like to have Mr. Condon come along," blundered the magazine editor, thereby putting himself in good, like a husband who tells the Whiffens, who have come over to play bridge, that he's sure we'll be glad to take care of the two canaries when the Whiffens go away for the summer, won't you, mama?

"He probably has some other engagement," said Harrigan hopefully.

"Oh, no," Eddie assured him. "I'd like to. I want to have a little talk with Miss Byron."

So Elerie marched out of the Grove at the head of her guests and they all piled into limousines and went to Elerie's house.

Elerie and Harrigan were sitting on a couch listening to Elerie talk, while the operator was getting the picture ready, and Eddie horned in.

"I just want a moment," he begged, and sat down beside her. "I've got a story I want you to read—it might make a good picture for you."

If there is anything worse than homemade beer it is an amateur with a story to sell. Elerie groaned and looked in despair at Harrigan.

"The thing for you to do, Mr.—er," he advised, "is to write your story on one side of the paper and mail it in to the scenario department with a stamped envelope for return."

"But this is a story I wrote especially for you," he insisted, looking firmly at Elerie. "You'd be marvelous in it," he added, not realizing that Elerie knew that she'd be marvelous in anything.

She tried to be patient. "Please do as Mr. Harrigan says."

"Are you a writer?" Harrigan asked him.

"You might call me that. I'm in the publicity department over at De Luxe, now."

Elerie couldn't have been more startled and pained if she had broken a tooth on a pit in a cherry pie. A publicity man! Not only a publicity man, but one from a rival studio, here at her party with all these noted people.

One of the butlers approached and bowed stiffly in the Hollywood manner.

"New York is calling Mr. Harrigan," he apologized.

HARRIGAN went into the huge hallway and drew a gold French phone out of a bronze chest. Conversation stopped in the drawing-room so that he, and the guests, could hear better.

"She won't take fifty thousand?" he asked incredulously. "Wait a minute." He called Elerie.

"Mary Dare won't take fifty thousand for Passion Island," he said. "Ziegfeld has made a big offer. The book's going like a house afire—bigger than The Sheik or Flaming Youth."

Elerie already had announced that she was going to make it. If some other star got Passion Island now, Elerie would be a joke in Hollywood, and a Hollywood joke is something fierce.

"Tell them to get it," she demanded.

"But, Elerie—"

"My contract says I can have any story I want. You'll have to pay what she asks. Tell them to get it."

Harrigan turned wearily.

"Get it," he said. He listened a moment and his face fell. "Yes, get it. Yes, I'll go to two hundred thousand, if necessary." He replaced the telephone and the guests in the next room started talking again.

"Of course, you won't mention this," Harrigan said to all of them when he entered the room and they all said, why, of course not. He looked at Eddie Condon and scowled.

(*Continued on page 43*)

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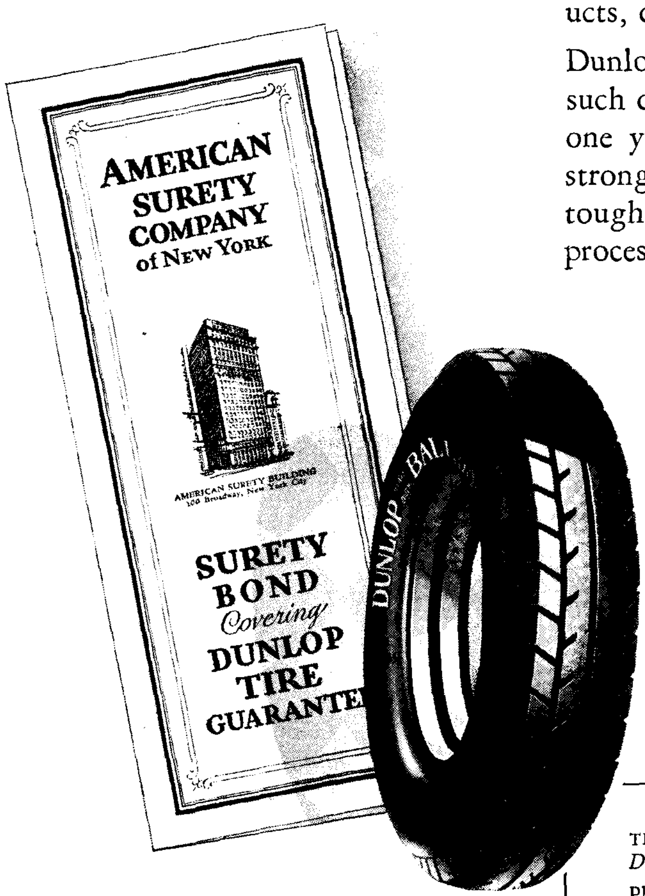
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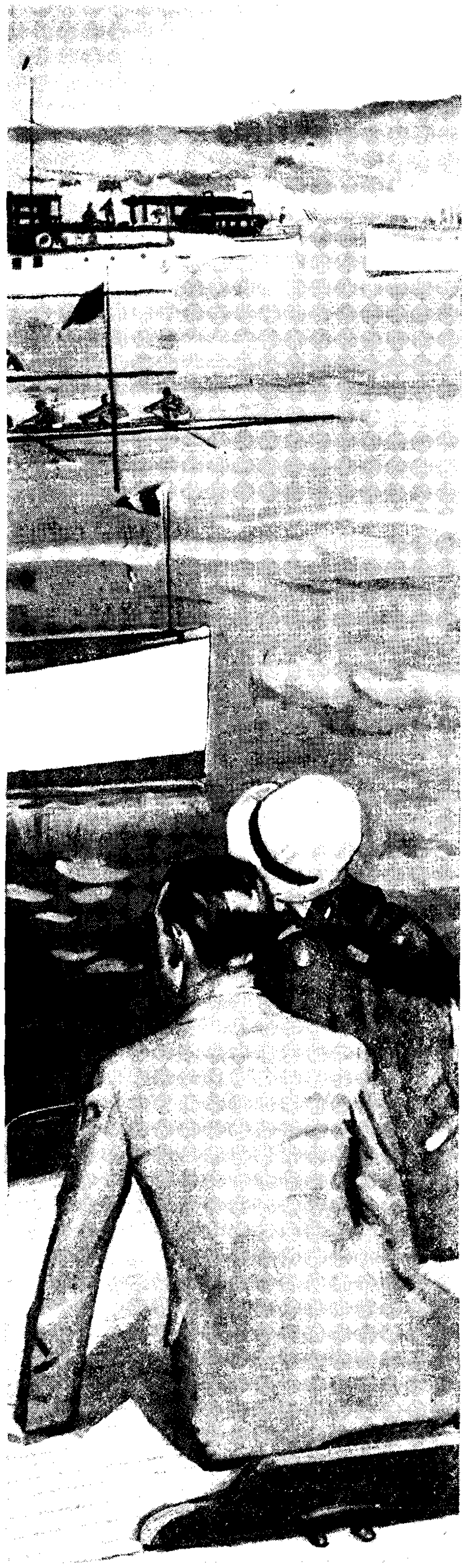
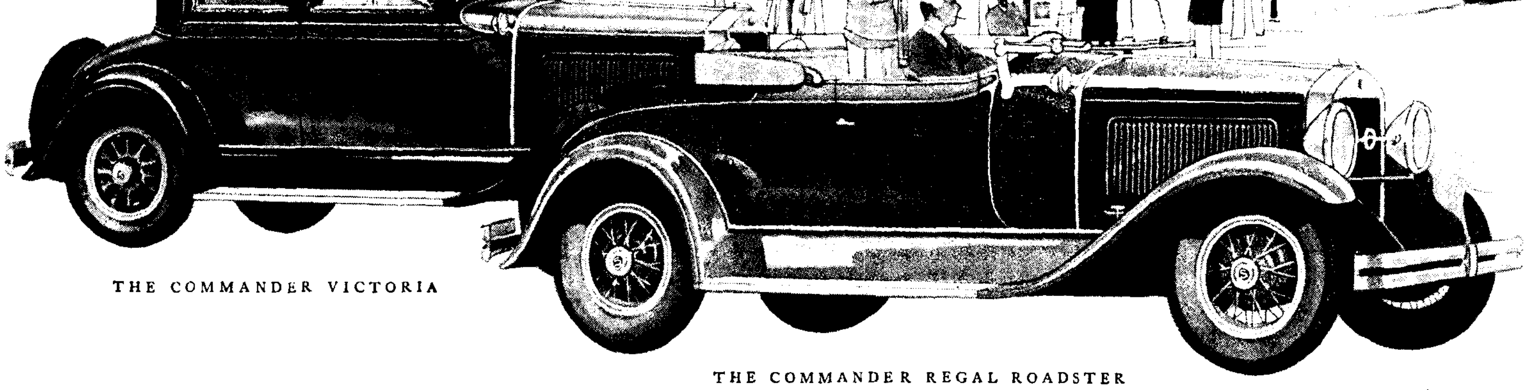


THE YACHT AND MOTOR BOAT GALLERIES AT THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT RACES · NEW LONDON

WHEN stout ash dips and bends to the rhythmic pull of steeled young muscles, then indeed are spirit and stamina weighed for their proper worth! It is significant that here on the crowded Thames, as wherever those of discernment foregather, Studebaker's champion motor cars should enjoy prestige so deservedly high. Holding *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance, these great straight eights and sixes superbly interpret in coachcraft their fleetness and staying power. Low-swung on costlier double-drop frames, these beautiful Studebakers bear the look of untiring speed . . . of comfort unequaled . . . of manners urbane and distinguished. Travel-ease, born of ball bearing spring suspension, pioneered by Studebaker, is enhanced by powerful hydraulic shock absorbers. Public appreciation of the new champion Studebakers, at their One-Profit prices, has been swift and unmistakable. Studebaker now sells more eight-cylinder cars, than any builder on earth.



THE COMMANDER VICTORIA

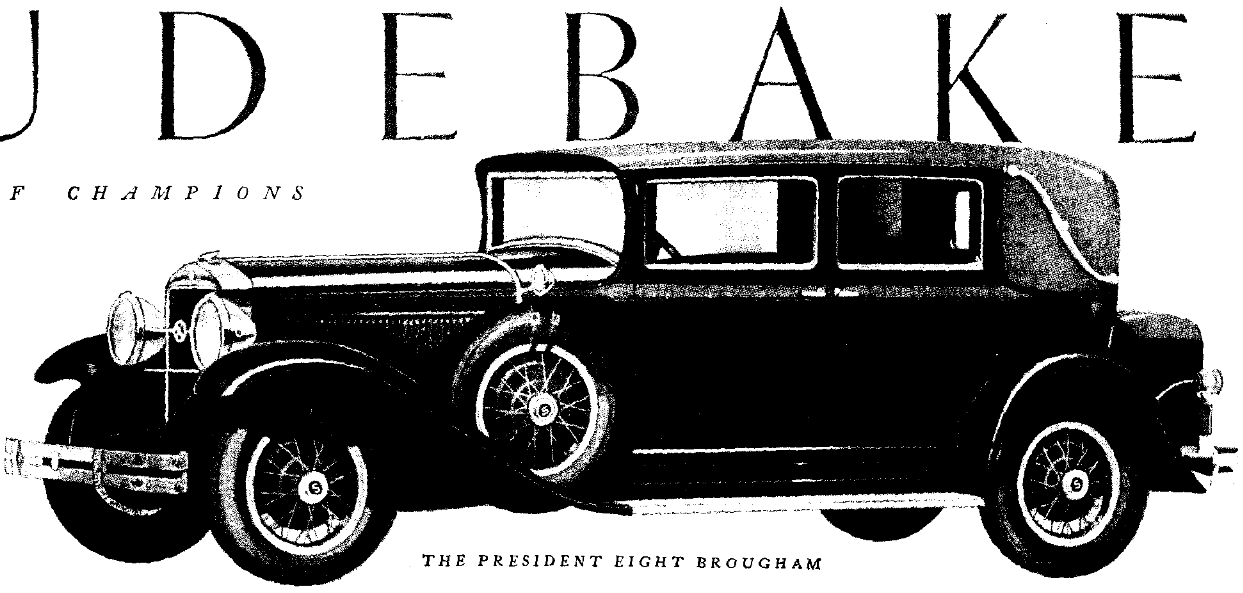
THE COMMANDER REGAL ROADSTER

Below—The President Eight Brougham, bespeaking eloquently the velvet road-mastery of its 115-horsepower world champion chassis. Upholstery is broadcloth in French pillow type, or mohair if desired. Individual hassocks replace foot rests. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Front seat, steering wheel and pedals adjustable. Six wire wheels and trunk standard equipment. Priced $2350, at the factory. Spare tires and bumpers extra.

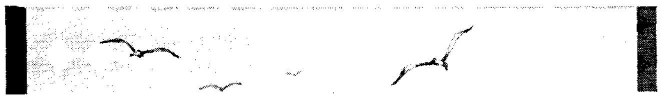
At left—The Commander Regal Roadster and Victoria, both available as Straight Eights or Sixes. The Commander Eight Regal Roadster, $1595; the Six, $1450. Five wire wheels standard equipment. Commander Six Business Roadster (wood wheels), $1375. Commander Eight Victoria, $1525; as a Six, $1375. All prices at the factory. Spare tire and bumpers extra.

STUDEBAKER

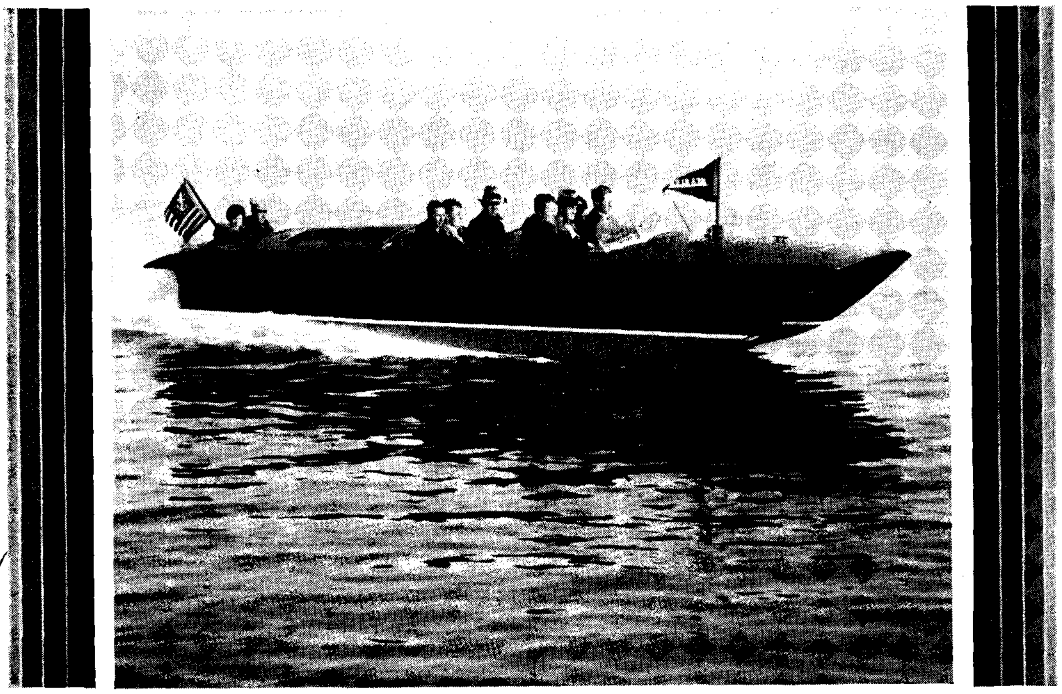
BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS

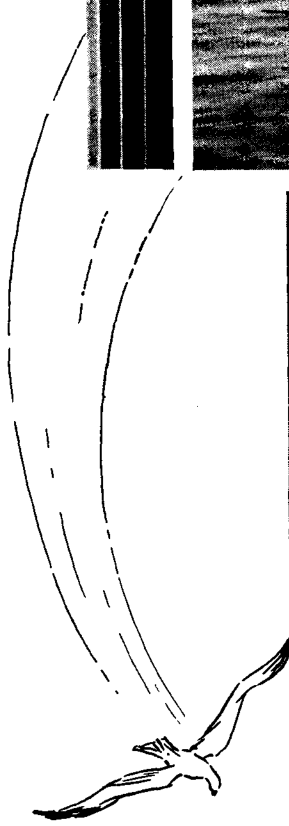


THE PRESIDENT EIGHT BROUGHAM



NEXT DOOR TO FLYING





Sturdy Little Model 13

But for the family at large and the kids, Model 13 is the most competent, fast, safe outboard afloat.

She is not a flimsy racing shell, although she won the two most spectacular long ocean races of the year and will do from 20 to 30 miles an hour easily according to the power.

She is all mahogany, with a regular Sea Sled double planked bottom copper clinched every two and a half inches, not simply screwed to the frames.

You are safe to go almost anywhere in her, and on necessity she will carry an extraordinary load.

For Gay, Exhilarating Speed

SEA Sleds, in sensation, come closer to *flying boats* than anything else in the yachting line.

A Sea Sled will actually make faster footing in a two foot chop than in a flat glassy calm, because a mild chop puts more air under her bottom, thereby lessening skin resistance and sending speed up. As a result the owner gets the sensation of a breathless, exciting burst of speed which is comparable to nothing short of flying.

An Unmatched Sea Sled

The fastest stock Sea Sled in the fleet is the new 26-footer, good for 42 miles an hour. (Speeds range downward from this to twenty something miles an hour for the smallest outboard models powered with Class B motors). This new "26" is from Sea Sled standards, the classiest craft in the fleet. She is of flush deck, stream line design with covering board and king plank laid in darker mahogany than the rest of the deck and hull. Her windshield stanchions, and all deck trimmings, are of special stream line design carried out in solid nickel silver. Her three cockpits seat ten luxuriously, she carries full load with a marvelous turn for speed.

For those who haven't the occasion or the use for one of the larger Sea Sleds, or who are provident enough to want a big Sea Sled for company occasions and a little one to bat around in on their own or run errands, Model 16 furnishes a very swagger fast outboard runabout. She has long flush decks and double cockpits seating four comfortably. Her handsome forward steering wheel carries throttle control and ignition cut-off switch. In addition she is equipped with all requisites for an immediate trip.

Taking into consideration her dominant seaworthiness, she is the best looking and most serviceable craft at anywhere near her price.

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THE SEA SLED CORPORATION
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SEA SLED

SPEED . . . WITH COMFORT AND . . . SAFETY

All Was Ambrosial

Continued from page 38

"Certainly not," said Eddie, agreeably.

Elerie had passed one crisis successfully and, flushed with success, she decided upon a general mopping up.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Condon," she said, and if she was trying to register sorrow it was one of her off days, "we are going to show my newest picture and it wouldn't be good form for a person from the De Luxe Studio to see it in advance. You don't mind going, I'm sure."

An efficient butler delivered Eddie's hat and with a queer look on his face closed the door gently, wondering why the gentleman, instead of being crushed with humiliation, had kissed him on the forehead and skipped down the concrete driveway waving his arms and singing.

John Martin Mortimer, honor guest of the evening, spoke sharply to Bender, which authors should not do to editors. "You seem to know that irritating young man."

"Yes," Harrigan joined in with an air of proprietorship. "Where did you get so friendly with him that you had to invite him to this party?"

"In New York," Bender answered. "His publisher is a friend of mine."

"Publisher?" exclaimed Elerie, who knew what a publisher was.

"That fellow," the editor said slowly, with a gleam in his eye as if taking aim at a sitting rabbit, "that fellow that you just threw out of here is Mary Dare."

"Mary Dare?" Elerie was able to gasp weakly.

"The bird who wrote Passion Island," Bender said.

Whereupon $546.90 worth of party ended with a dull pfutt!—like the last ball in a Roman candle.

EDDIE awoke in his modest hotel room the next morning and vigorously kicked off the blankets that you sleep under all summer in Los Angeles, unless you want to make a liar out of the Tourist Bureau of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. By joining whole-heartedly in the silence at Elerie's he had discovered that he could get at least $200,000 for a story he had been trying for three weeks to sell for anything they wanted to give him.

Perhaps you think that Eddie felt that it all had been a dream, but he well knew what had happened, which is proved by the fact that he gave a dollar to the bell boy who brought him four telegrams.

The first was from his publisher in New York City who related news, some of which was no news to Eddie:

PASSION ISLAND SALES MAY REACH SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND PERIOD ZIEGFELD WANTS IT FOR MUSICAL SHOW PERIOD THIS MORNING RED STAR OFFERED TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND WHICH I REJECTED AND THIS AFTERNOON WENT TO FIFTY PERIOD HELD OUT BELIEVE THEY WILL PAY SIXTY SHALL I SELL THAT PRICE ANSWER QUICK EXCLAMATION POINT SAMUEL SIMONSON

"Good old Sammy," he said, after examining the telegram.

Then came words, from Elerie Byron, whose fiancé he had no desire to be, and they gave him considerable concern. He read:

DEAREST EDDIE YOU ARE A DEAR SWEET BOY AND I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING AND BE SURE TO KEEP YOUR PROMISE TO HAVE LUNCHEON WITH ME AT THE STUDIO TOMORROW WEDNESDAY BUSHELS OF LOVE YOUR OWN MINNIE

He was unsuccessfully trying to solve the mystery of the sudden heating up of The Passion Girl when he opened the next one which was from Harrigan:

IT WOULD GIVE ME GREAT HONOR IF YOU COULD JOIN ME IN A SIMPLE DINNER AT MY HOME TOMORROW NIGHT PARENTHESIS WEDNESDAY PARENTHESIS STOP I WANT SO MUCH TO INVITE A FEW FRIENDS IN TO MEET YOU STOP WILL PHONE YOU AT YOUR OFFICE TOMORROW PARENTHESIS WEDNESDAY PARENTHESIS MORNING STOP HOPE YOU CAN SPARE ME AN EVENING STOP IT WAS A GREAT PLEASURE TO HAVE MET YOU STOP KINDEST REGARDS AND BEST WISHES STOP TOM HARRIGAN

The next message explained all to a bewildered young man who was just about to go crazy:

PLEASE FORGIVE ME BUT I COULD NOT RESIST TELLING THOSE STUFFED SHIRTS THE SECRET ABOUT PASSION ISLAND WATCH YOUR STEP AND DONT LET THEM PUT ANYTHING OVER ON YOU DONT SIGN ANY PAPERS TILL YOU SEE ME YOU ARE IN A LIONS DEN AND YOURE NO DANIEL BENDER

Eddie ordered breakfast served in his room. He asked the hotel operator to call his office, Miss Byron's secretary and Mr. Harrigan's secretary and to tell them all that he was sick in bed.

The hotel operator called back to say that Miss Byron's secretary said Miss Byron wanted her to ask the hotel operator to find out the nature of Mr. Condon's sickness and Mr. Condon told the hotel operator to tell Miss Byron's secretary to tell Miss Byron that he had a severe pain in the neck.

By eleven o'clock Elerie's guests had managed to spread the news of Passion Island and its author all over Hollywood. Joe Stone, production manager at De Luxe, was in possession of all the details, and took off his coat and started to work. He found Passion Island in a pile of books on an onyx table in one corner of his pompous office. It had been sent out by his New York scenario department with a recommendation that it be bought for Carmen Del Oyres, but he hadn't paid any attention to it, since he was beginning to figure that sex stuff was losing its kick at the box-office. Mr. Stone did not realize that any man who figures that sex stuff is losing its kick at the box-office is getting a little bit balmy in his old age.

If Red Star was willing to pay $200,000 for it, Passion Island must be good. It had a snappy cover and a good title. He glanced through a few pages and decided to buy it for Carmen Del Oyres. How, he hadn't the slightest idea. Not with money alone, for his budget wouldn't allow him to pay more than $50,000. But he might be able to think up a trick or two.

FROM his Publicity Director, Stone learned that Condon was an Easterner from Kansas who had come out to get material for a novel on the movies and that his only weakness seemed to be Celia Brandon.

"Ho, ho!" said Joe Stone and sent for Celia Brandon, who was playing a Pierrette in a carnival scene out on Stage 3.

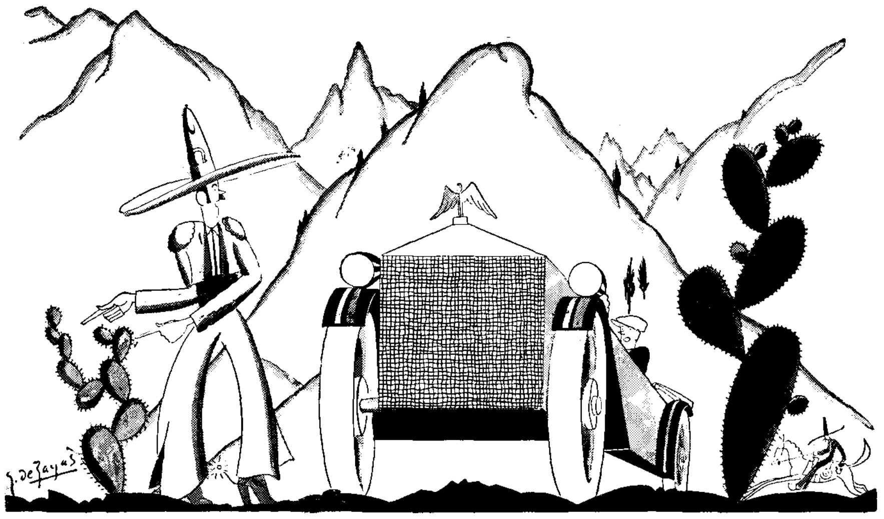
Beautiful legs and handsome faces are not rare in Hollywood, but Joe Stone was forced to murmur appreciation as Celia entered his office.

"You got a sweetie named Eddie Condon," he began. "Nice feller. I like him. I want to help you and he, Celia."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Stone," said Celia warmly.

He held up his copy of Passion Island, dramatically, like a magician with a rabbit.

(*Continued on page 44*)



Catching up with the World

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

No Road but the Skyway

A MAN writes in to inquire: "What is the best road for an auto trip to Panama?" He will be surprised to learn that there isn't any "best." No auto road. No railroad. No road at all, good or bad.

One man, A. F. Tschiffely, has succeeded in riding by horseback from Buenos Aires to Washington, but it took him nearly nine hundred days, and three times he had to take to transportation by boat for lack of even practicable horse trails.

Any adventurous automobilist starting from the Texas border will find a good road leading south as far into Mexico as Monterey or Villagran. If his courage and good luck continue, he may even make his way by a rough and sandy road to the Mexican capital. From Mexico City he can drive eastward as far as Puebla, but from here he will have nothing to go on except the promise of the Mexican government that eventually the road will be extended to Vera Cruz. Southward he will find a road leading to Acapulco on the Pacific.

In Central America there is a stretch of rough road leading from Guatemala City to San Salvador. In South America there are no good roads except those radiating outward from the larger cities but not connecting the various nations.

We read in the papers every few years about the proposed Pan-American railway system that is designed to traverse the continents from north to south, but there are many missing links in the chain. Some 350 miles will have to be built before we can take a train to the Canal Zone; and beyond that there are gaps of 1,500 miles or more before connection is made with the Peruvian railroads, which lead to Chile and Argentina. Through most of the unspanned spaces it would be expensive and unprofitable to build and run railroads, for they would get little support from local traffic and would be paralleled by steamer lines. So for the present the best chance of short-circuiting North and South America is by airplane.

But eventually auto tourists can follow literally the injunction to "see America first!" Though the highway is not yet open, arrangements are being made for their convenience. The Pan-American Union has prepared for the program of the Second Pan-American Congress of Highways, meeting in Rio de Janeiro next August, a draft of a plan for uniform vehicle regulations for the internal direction of traffic within the various countries. It will be wise to have an agreement on all points among the American republics before the roads are open and the tourist tide sets southward. Any automobilist who has tried driving abroad knows that there are disconcerting differences between the European and American rules. He has to keep saying over to himself:

The rule of the road is a paradox quite;
If you go right, you are wrong;
If you go left you are right.

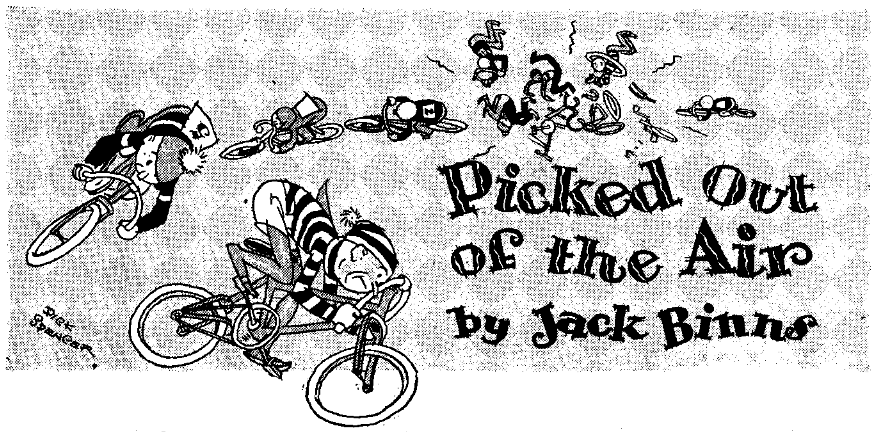
The European code gives the vehicle the right of way over the pedestrian. The American specifically provides that, except at policed intersections, the vehicle shall yield the right of way to the pedestrian. But even in this country the pedestrian will frequently find it to his advantage to yield his right without contest and without delay. As the familiar epitaph reminds us:

Here lies the body of poor Tom Gray,
Who died defending his right of way.
He was right, dead right, as he sped
along,
But he couldn't be deader if he'd been
dead wrong.

England's Old Age

THE number of school children in England is declining at the rate of 100,000 a year. The problem of overpopulation and unemployment is settling itself by the decline in birth rate, which is now lower than in any other country except Sweden. In 1926 the birth rate was 17.8 per thousand, in 1927 it dropped to 16.6. By 1932 it is estimated that the number of workers will be reduced by 2,000,000.

Since the death rate is falling like the birth rate, there will be more old people as well as fewer children in the future. By 1931 there will be about 1,999,000 persons over 70 years of age. Ten years later the number of septuagenarians will number 2,400,000 and by 1951 there will be over 3,000,000.



Picked Out of the Air

by Jack Binns

MAYBE there are some fans who tire of all-musical programs over their loudspeakers, and even feel bored with vocal drama. Around the metropolitan area this can be taken for a fact, otherwise there would be little excuse for station WMSG peddling a pedal by pedal description of the annual six-day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden.

Each year the task of reporting this event falls to the lot of Willie Rattner. Despite the monotonous character of the six-day grind, Willie has made an art of it. To that extent the broadcast may be considered a success, although to me it is much like the race itself—rushing along like the very devil but never getting anywhere.

We Agree on Mustaches

Garrulousness:—Idle, empty talkativeness!

That's the definition of the term contained in the dictionary I borrowed from a long-suffering neighbor.

I had to get it in order to see what was wrong with the following statement: "The radio announcer's mustache is almost as legendary as his garrulousness. Both characteristics are scarce in the announcerial staff of the NBC."

He's Too Humane

"Do be polite to announcers, some of them are human, others may be vindictive."

Such is one of the ten commandments laid down by Walter Preston, an operatic baritone of the NBC studios. Walter issued his decalogue of "Do's" for the benefit of aspiring radio artists. Another commandment reads: "Do be on time, or in sight, before the announcer runs out of wisecracks."

Of course the latter should read: "Do be on time so that the listeners will be spared the announcer's wisecracks."

Walter may have uttered a world of wisdom in his other eight commands, but the two I have quoted seem to be "much ado about nothing."

Schoolgirl Olive

Can "radio technique" be acquired by singers or is it a natural gift? There is an interesting speculation! It may contain the explanation of why so many internationally famous artists have failed to register successfully in loudspeakers. Whatever the real answer may be there is no doubt that both have contributed to the crystal-clear voice with which Olive Palmer charms us each week.

Olive—who is better known as Virginia down in Old Kentucky—very appropriately got her first chance in grand opera through the medium of a long-distance audition over the telephone wires between Louisville and New York. That was the occasion when William Wade Hinshaw was planning a revival of twenty operas in New York City. In the telephone discussion Mr. Hinshaw was doubtful, so Olive suggested that she sing to him over the phone. He agreed, and she promptly sang the Bell Song from Lakme into the mouthpiece. Her success then clearly foreshadowed her natural gift for radio broadcasting.

It is trite to say that opinions differ. I mention it merely because there are probably some who do not share my belief that Olive is possessed of one of the most perfect natural loudspeaker voices on the radio. But it is not all gift. A lot of hard work was expended between that first audition and the success of today.

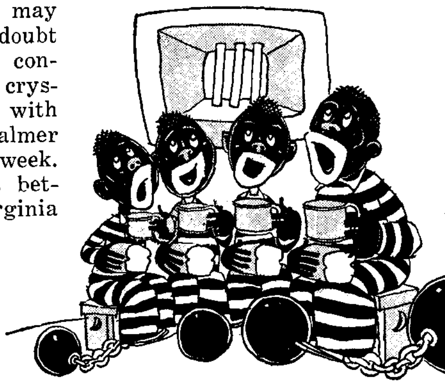
"When I first began my radio career," she said, "I realized that all of my operatic training would be of little avail. By that I mean that in broadcasting I should not have the inspiration which comes from scenery, lights and the visible presence of an audience. Then, too, what might be termed the acoustics of the microphone and of the air itself are, of course, vastly different."

So Olive set out to study the new technique. For every hour she has put in on the air she has spent three in rehearsing. If by chance you do not know what success she has achieved, just tune in some Wednesday night to one of the chain stations and listen. Any old-fashioned ideas you may have about radio sopranos will be quickly dispelled.

The Drinking Song

Station WPTF of Raleigh, N. C., placed its microphone in the local hoosegow and its listeners were entertained by the "Jail House Quartette." Inquiries by fans brought out the fact that the quartette was really made up of temporary residents in the "cooler." They were four unfortunate colored brethren who were careless enough to get caught in the act of purveying those stimulating beverages forbidden by Mr. Volstead. In due course one of them was released, but just to show he was as genial as the wares he peddled he went back to the "pen" so that the radio quartette should not be broken up.

This may be the only radio quartette actually in jail, but judging from letters that reach me a lot of readers are thoroughly in favor of extending the idea.



(*Continued from page 43*)

"Who d'ya think wrote that?"

Celia had understood that Mary Dare wrote it but she suspected that the politic thing was to let Joe Stone answer his own riddle so she said she didn't know.

"Eddie Condon!" he shouted.

Celia jumped, and stammered words that had no sense to them so there's no use writing them down.

"I'm going t' star you in Passion Island, the biggest story of the year—whatta ya thinka that?"

Celia was utterly flabbergasted and panted something that sounded like "Oh, Mr. Stone!"

"I'll pay Condon fifty thousand dollars for the picture rights. It will put you over like Flaming Youth put over Colleen Moore. How about it?"

She nervously intertwined her fingers and took a deep breath.

"Why, yes—yes. Certainly." And for fear he might not understand thoroughly she added, "Of course. Sure."

"All right. You see Condon and fix it and we'll sign him up and start getting your clothes and building the sets and shooting the publicity."

"You want *me* to see him?"

"Sure. You tell him about your big chance. It's a big thing for him, too. Fifty thousand dollars. That's a lot of money."

"I'll say," breathed Celia, and she thought of how surprised and delighted he, too, would be when she brought him the good news about both of them.

Eddie's surprise would not be a marker to Celia's if it all turned out the way Joe Stone planned. He had no intention of wasting a great story on an unknown. He intended to make a few tests, which would prove that Celia would not do, and then turn the story over to be torridly translated into celluloid by Carmen Del Oyres.

AFTER a luxurious day at the beach with Bender, Eddie called upon Celia that evening and before you could say "Camera!" they found themselves in a taxicab riding around.

He put his arm around her and she snuggled up.

"Eddie," she giggled nervously, "I have marvelous news for you. Mr. Stone will give you $50,000 for Passion Island and star me in it."

Eddie was beaten to the punch. He had hired this taxicab at great expense just to tell her that he was Mary Dare and that Red Star would give him $250,000 for his story.

"How did you know I wrote it?" he demanded.

She laughed. "Mr. Stone told me today. Isn't it wonderful! Fifty thousand dollars and I'll star in your story and it will make me famous and—"

He held her tight. "Celia, will you marry me?" he begged. Her warm mouth met his and clung—which is a line from Passion Island.

"And I'll star in your story, darling boy?" she whispered finally.

"Anything you want, sweetheart," he promised softly. "Let's get married tomorrow, will you, honey?"

"You darling, darling, darling," she cried happily. "I'll make them let me off at three o'clock."

Before Eddie left her that night, just to prove how much he loved her, he had signed a paper that Stone had given her. This paper was an agreement to sell Passion Island to De Luxe for $50,000.

Bender was waiting for him at the hotel with another paper, an agreement whereby Red Star promised to pay $250,000 for the motion picture rights to Passion Island. It lacked only Eddie Condon's signature to make it a bargain.

Eddie exploded with the joyous tale about what had happened, punched Bender in the chest, pulled his hat down over his eyes and made himself generally obnoxious, as young men often do when they are to be married the next day at three o'clock.

Bender sputtered profanely. "You told me to get this, you blithering idiot. Two hundred and fifty thousand they'll pay—and you're going to kick away two hundred thousand for a dame."

"It's worth two hundred *million* dollars to get Celia," he declared, and he meant it, and of course it was. "She'll be a star and be famous and give parties for authors and editors and maybe she'll invite us and hot diggety dog ain't this a swell climate? Hand me that $250,000 contract and let's give a fire."

Bender tucked it safely in his pocket. "Nothing doing, you dumb hop-toad," which expression Bender felt was far from adequate but it was the best he could do at the moment. On his way home he thought of much more expressive wise cracks, but it was too late then.

BENDER put in half a dozen telephone calls the next morning before he caught Celia Brandon at the studio.

"Have you given that paper to Stone?" he demanded.

"You bet," she answered gayly. "I'm to have my tests this morning. Isn't it grand? Are you coming to the wedding?"

"Yes, but listen. Do you know that Red Star is ready to pay Eddie $250,000 for that story and that you're doing him out of $200,000 just so you—"

"Say that again," she broke in.

He repeated it three times and she hung up without saying good-by, or mind your own business, or anything like that, which he had coming to him.

A bitter best man and a jubilant groom sat in an expensive limousine outside the De Luxe Studio at three o'clock. The groom sang merrily and it was plain to see that he didn't give two hoots about the profane abuse that Bender had thought up overnight.

"Here she comes!" he yelled, as if it was a parade, and leaped out of the car and met Celia at the studio gate. He seized her arm and they danced over to the car.

"Here's an old grouch that's going with us," Eddie said. "Pay no attention to him. Chauffeur, on to the Rev. Neal Dodd's church, and don't get pinched."

"Be serious a minute," Celia said, as the car started. She took a paper out of her handbag and gave it to him.

"What's that?" Bender asked.

"The contract with De Luxe for Passion Island." She smiled in triumph. "Now, Eddie, you can sell it to Red Star."

"You did this!" he accused Bender.

"No, I did it, darling." Celia kissed him.

"But you wanted to star—"

"Not that way," she asserted. "Do you think I would marry a man worth $50,000 when I could get one worth $250,000?"

Bender drew the $50,000 contract from Eddie's trembling fingers and tore it up. He took the Red Star contract out of his pocket and gave it to Celia. "A wedding present," he grinned. "How did you gyp Stone?"

"I told him that I knew something about him that he didn't want his wife to know and that Eddie would write a novel about it if Stone didn't give me back the contract."

"What did you know?" Bender asked.

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

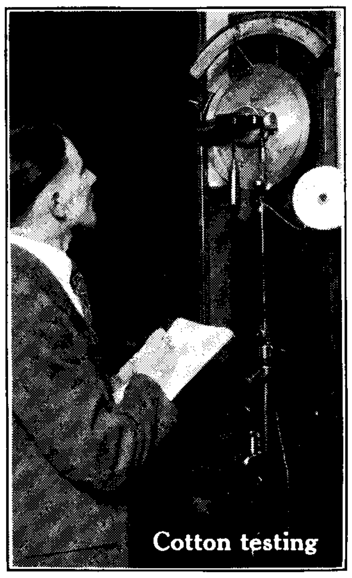
"But Celia—" Eddie began.

"Shut up," ordered Bender. "You're just the groom, you lucky stiff."

Only a telephone cord..

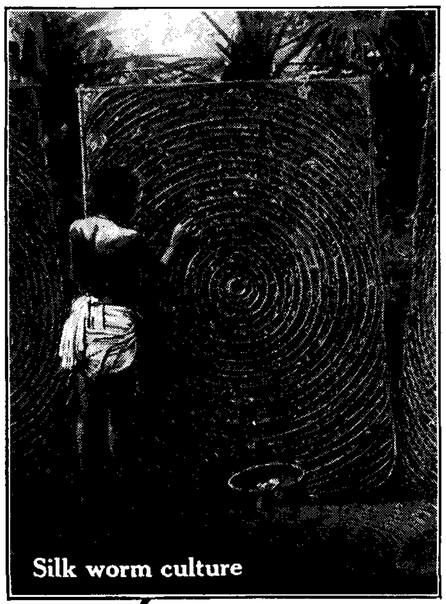
... *but see what's behind it!*

Cotton picking

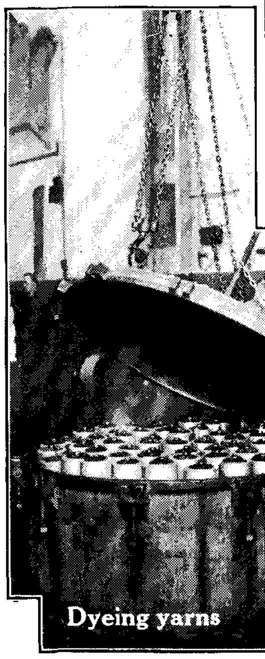


Cotton testing

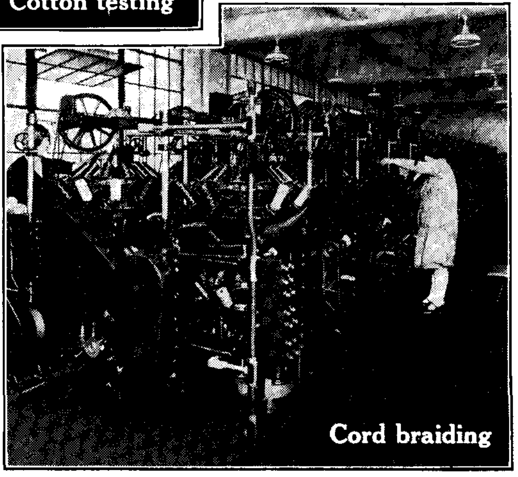
Tinsel making



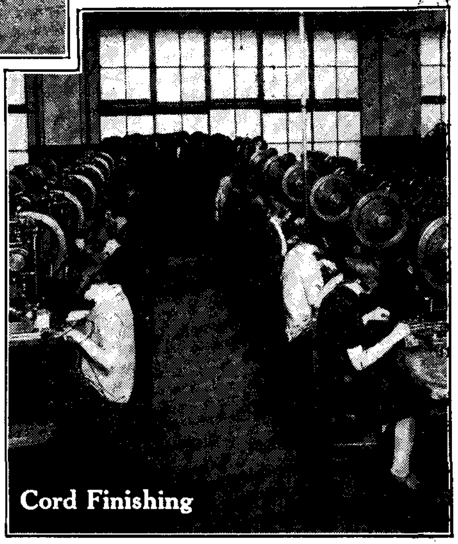
Silk worm culture



Dyeing yarns



Cord braiding



Cord Finishing

JUST a few feet of insulated wire leading from your telephone to the bell-box — but back of it is a long story of careful workmanship and alert inspection.

Cotton was grown and silk was spun to make that insulation. Wire was drawn into the finest tinsel, covered with the dyed threads, and twisted and braided. It was all done right, because the cord must be rugged enough to take a good many pinchings by desk drawers and still keep on playing its part in a telephone conversation.

This cord is a little thing. But it is just as important to good telephone service as is a fifty position switchboard or a thousand mile cable. And Western Electric makes it with the same care.

Western Electric

MAKERS OF YOUR TELEPHONE

MR. J. PIERPONT OODLES LOSES HALF A MILLION IN THE STOCK MARKET—
OH WELL! IT'S ALL IN THE GAME! CANT WIN ALL THE TIME!

Don't let Contract scare you

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

DETERMINING when to jump partner's suit-bid is possibly the most complicated part of Contract bidding. It is easy enough to say: "When your partner bids three of a major, jump to four with one probable trick!" but when the partner bids one or two of a major, the jumping problem is more difficult because there are four different types of assets that have to be considered in valuing a hand for jumping purposes. They are:

1. High cards.
2. The ability to ruff (trump) some other suit.
3. More than normal length (that is, more than three cards) in partner's suit.
4. Length in some other strong suit.

In order to jump accurately, valuations have to be assigned to each factor in each of these classes of assets, so that all of them can be combined in valuing the hand. Each factor is given a count and a player is justified in jumping his partner's suit-bid of one or two as follows:

From one to two with a count of 13, to three with a count of 17, to four with a count of 21; from two to three with a count of 8, to four with a count of 12.

In addition to these counts, the jumper must have normal support in the suit. Normal support is three cards of the partner's suit or two when one of them is the Ace or King, or when they are the Queen and Jack.

Having seen the count needed, we next note how it should be applied. The value of a high card depends upon two things: whether it is the top card of the suit or is accompanied by a higher card; or when it is in the bid suit, how many cards there are of the suit. The following tables give all high card values:

	When the jumping hand holds two cards of the suit	*When the jumping hand holds three or more of the suit*
Ace	3	5
King	2	4
Queen	1	3
Jack-Ten	0	1
Jack	0	0

In the somewhat unusual case in which two face cards are held in partner's suit, the value of the higher would be as above; the lower would be rated as follows:

With higher honor	*Two cards in suit*	*Suit of three or more*
King	5	5
Queen	2	4
Jack	1	1

High cards in any suit not named by partner are valued as follows:

	With highest card of suit	*With higher honor*
Ace	5	..
King	3	5
Queen	1	3
Jack	0	1

The valuations created by short suits are:

A blank suit	8
A singleton	4
A doubleton	1
Two doubletons	3

Length in partner's suit counts:

For holding four cards	2
For holding more than four cards	3

Length in a long, strong suit counts:

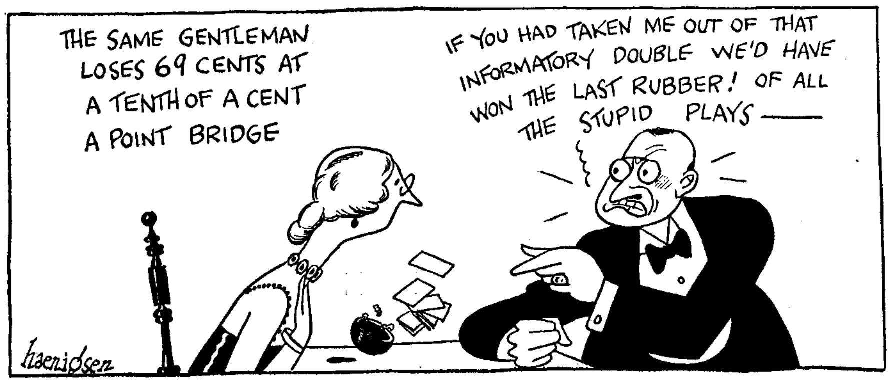
Five-card suit headed by	
Ace or King and Queen	1
Ace and King	2
Ace, King and Queen	3

Using these counts shows when to jump and how far. At first it seems difficult, but it soon proves to be both simple and dependable. Two illustrations follow:

(1)	(2)
Partner	*Partner*
S. x-x-x-x	S. x-x-x
H. A-K	H. A-x-x-x
D. A-x-x-x-x	D. A-x
C. x-x	C. x-x-x-x
Dealer	*Dealer*
S. A-K-x-x-x	S. A-K-x-x-x
H. x-x-x	H. x-x-x
D. x	D. x-x
C. x-x-x-x	C. x-x-x

In No. 1 a dealer would bid a minimum one Spade. The partner would count: four cards of the suit originally bid, 2; Ace and King of Hearts (the King accompanied by a higher honor counts 5), 10; Ace of Diamonds, 5; Five-card Diamond suit, 1; two doubletons, 3; total, 21; enough to jump partner's one to four. It will be noted that the combined hands would take at least four-odd; they would lose two Clubs and one trump if the adverse trumps are not evenly divided.

The system works satisfactorily in almost every hand. In No. 2 dealer bids a minimum one Spade. Partner counts 11: Heart Ace, 5; Diamond Ace, 5; Diamond doubleton, 1. Partner is just short of jumping strength and passes; fortunately, because dealer probably cannot make one-odd, let alone two.


THE SAME GENTLEMAN LOSES 69 CENTS AT A TENTH OF A CENT A POINT BRIDGE
IF YOU HAD TAKEN ME OUT OF THAT INFORMATORY DOUBLE WE'D HAVE WON THE LAST RUBBER! OF ALL THE STUPID PLAYS——

Speak Up or Dry Up

Continued from page 6

assumed from these facts that no violations of liquor laws ever took place except under this law? The whole question is: What are we going to do, admitting all these things that are now charged to be true?

Let us go back somewhat. The first parricidal hand ever raised against this government was that of the liquor interests. They openly defied the law and started a rebellion rather than pay a reasonable excise tax.

They have violated and defied every law and every system ever enacted or supported by the American people in regard to this subject. The saloon forces and their cohorts debased and corrupted American politics for fifty years, bribing juries and corrupting public officials and protecting crime. From the whisky ring under Grant to the last political convention of which they were the ringmasters, they have an unbroken record. When Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York he declared that "the officers of the law and the saloonkeepers become inextricably tangled in crime and connivance in crime. The most powerful saloonkeepers control the politicians and the police, while the latter in turn terrorize and blackmail all the other saloonkeepers." The saloon was a lawless, demoralizing, law-defying influence undermining the very foundations of society. There had to be something in its place.

If, instead of the saloon system, you consider government ownership and control, we meet with the same ruthless disregard of the law. Some facts in regard to this system await us gathered by equally capable and enterprising newspaper men. We quote briefly from official reports, newspaper reports, and statements of public officials.

Liquor's Economic Aspects

The Montreal Gazette, in a March issue, speaking of blind pigs, said: "The police and the courts are unable to cope with the situation. . . . The court-house corridors are crowded, the accused with prosecution have to wait months for trial. . . ."

Other lines of interest: "Drunkenness among women increased fifty-three per cent." "Our greatest problem is moonshine in country districts." "Bootlegging increased 111% in the first year." "As much liquor is sold by the bootleggers as is sold in government stores." "Gunmen, thugs, and all the parasites which thrive on the miasma of the underworld are fostered by the policy now in force. . . ."

Similar statements might be quoted ad infinitum. There is not an element of disorder, not a form of vice, not an incentive to crime, not a crime charged under prohibition that is not duplicated in any country and under any system designed to control the liquor traffic.

In countries where there have been efforts to prohibit and control the traffic the money expended theretofore on liquor has brought economic distress; and the extent to which the habit has fastened itself upon the people has aroused the public to call for relief.

Only a few days ago, figures were printed in press dispatches from abroad to the effect that in one country the amount expended for alcoholic beverages last year exceeded the cost of the "whole administration of the country." A great nation had, last year, a liquor bill of $1,500,000,000.

The conditions therefore thus related by the press so far as our country is concerned mean this to me: It is immaterial what your law is or what your policy may be, there will be violation of the law and defiance of the policy. Secondly: these conditions present the same century-old question in a little different form: Are the liquor interests more powerful than the expressed will of the people? Can this interest, through mere defiance of the law and through the advertising of how bad conditions are, discourage and demoralize the people and bring about the nullification of the policy the people chose to declare?

One thing is fairly certain. There is going to be a real battle before the abandonment takes place. There is going to be a test of strength between those who would uphold the law or repeal it in an orderly way and those who would break it down and trample it under foot. So long as the amendment remains in the Constitution and stands under challenge (I am not now speaking of an orderly effort to repeal it) there will be found plenty of men and women to carry on without ceasing. In the end law and order will prevail. The people will ultimately live up to the law and maintain it until such time as they may fix upon another course and thus in an orderly fashion repeal it. About that I entertain no doubt. It may be, and likely will be, a long and costly contest. But the principle of government involved is worth all it will cost.

Not in a spirit of bravado, not really in a spirit of challenge, but that the issue may be defined, I ask those who are opposed to the present program, those who are unwilling to live up to and maintain the law, those who are unwilling to support the President in his effort to enforce the law: What is your program?

What would you have the President of the United States do so long as it is the law? What would you have the people do by way of changing the law? What system would you have them adopt?

Long before the 18th Amendment was adopted, now Chief Justice Taft said: "I grieve for my country to say that the administration of the criminal law in all the states of the Union—there may be one or two exceptions—is a disgrace to our civilization."

Long before the adoption of the 18th Amendment, there were twelve murders in the city of New York to one in London. There were twenty robberies in Chicago for one robbery in all England and Wales combined.

The Real Problem

The problem we have to wrestle with is not the wet and dry problem alone. That is only an incident accentuating the real problem. The real problem is: What effect shall we as a people, as a nation, give to the law because it is the law?

Take your daily press one day after another and note the crimes, from corruption in high places to the most revolting crimes ever recorded at any time or place, and cut out of the list all that it is possible to attribute to prohibition, and you will have a record left which will tell us all what the problem is.

This problem the President has assigned himself the task of solving if it is possible to do so. It must be that all good citizens want to see him succeed, not for the sake of Herbert Hoover, but for the sake of the country.

He cannot succeed without their assistance.

April 15, 1929.

The Steuben Club

...Chicago's beautiful tribute ~ to a German friend of American liberty

THE STEUBEN CLUB
CHICAGO, ILL.

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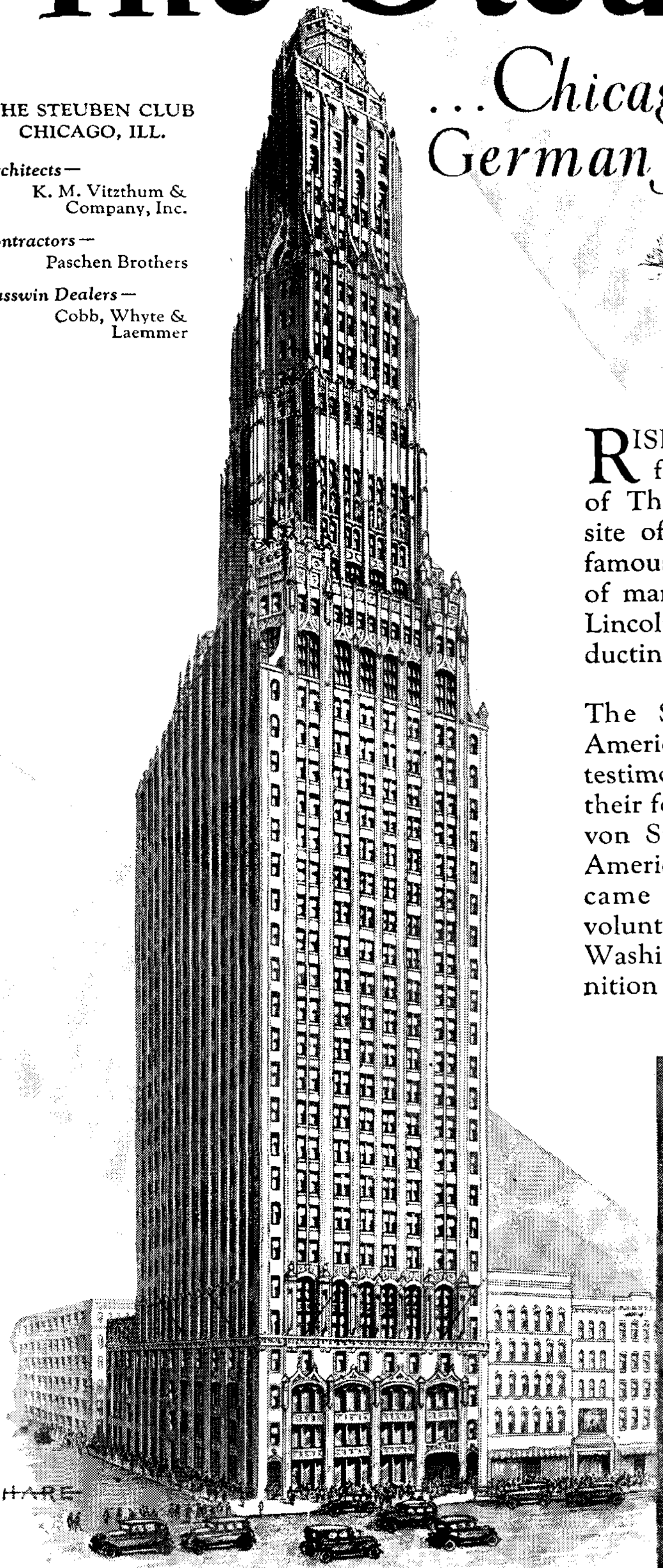
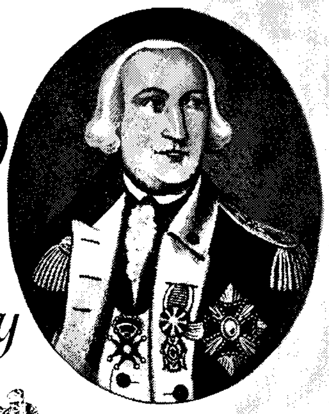




Baron Friederich Wilhelm von Steuben

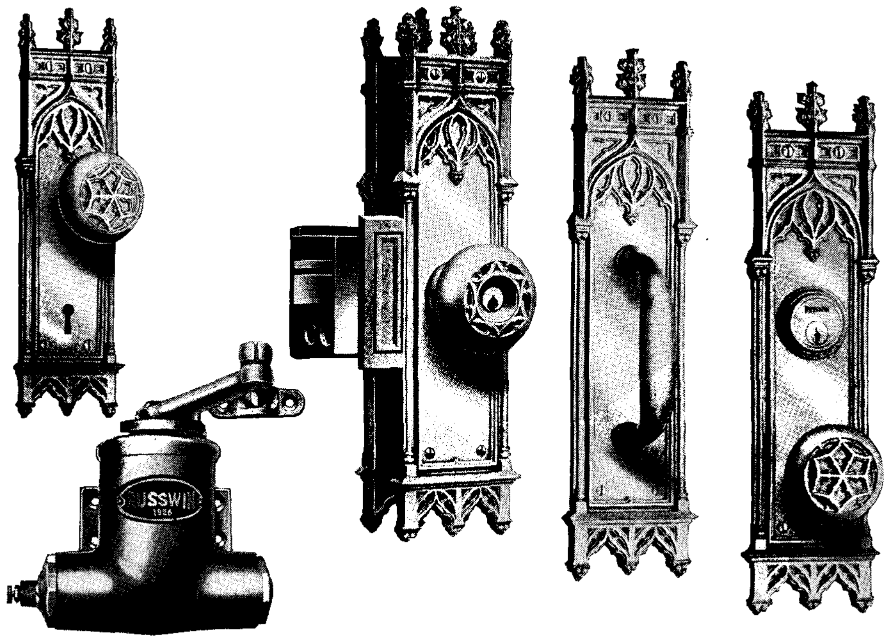
RISING majestically to a height of forty-eight stories, the new home of The Steuben Club stands on the site of the historic old Briggs House, famous as the Chicago dwelling place of many notables, including Abraham Lincoln who lived there while conducting his campaign for the Presidency.

The Steuben Club, founded by Americans of German descent as a testimonial to the illustrious deeds of their forefathers, was named for Baron von Steuben, who won fame in the American Revolution. Von Steuben came to this country in 1777 and volunteered his services to General Washington at Valley Forge. In recognition of his genius as an organizer of troops and as the author of the first manual of arms used by the United States Army, von Steuben was made Instructor General of the Continental Army with the rank of Major General.

The Steuben Building is one of the largest and most beautiful of its type in the world. The architecture is Modified Gothic, accentuated by a high receding tower with turret-like buttresses at the 27th, 34th, 38th and 43rd floors.

As is true of so many distinctive buildings — large and small — Russwin Hardware equipment was chosen because of its well-known reputation for quality, beauty of design and trouble-free service.

A FEW RUSSWIN CREATIONS



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Hardware that lasts ~ Base Metals of Bronze or Brass

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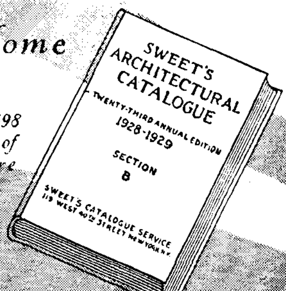
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Drop that Pie!

Continued from page 28

Fellow, Teddy at the Throttle, The Nick-of-Time Baby. Miss Swanson was the light love relief in these matters—the star, a celebrity named Bobby Vernon.

Miss Swanson sought the first opportunity to meet Mr. Cecil B. DeMille. DeMille sized her up, and that was no long-distance operation.

"You're the comedy type," he said, quite directly. And her face, of course, fell. "Your nose is ultra-retroussé, you are small, you are nimble. And I don't make knockabout films."

"What's in a Name?"

She frowned on the master. It didn't help any.

"Your name," he added, "is against dramatic fame."

"And that poor name of mine," she adds, "that name, which everybody thinks is assumed, is the most natural thing I brought to the movies."

The Swanson is Swedish—an Americanization of the original Svenson. The Gloria is not a devout beginning to a prayer, but the romantic end of a mood. Her father was a Hall Caine fan. Hall Caine, you will recall, is the Manx author who is usually photographed in a dressing gown and with pale gray whiskers. He wrote The Christian. And you remember that the heroine of The Christian, who seduced a gentleman of the cloth from his cloth and his gentlemanliness, was called Gloria Quayle. The lady became less seductive as time wore on, became, indeed, something of a saint, which accounts for Father Swanson's decision to start his little girl out in life as Gloria.

It was Cecil DeMille, however, who finally gave her a chance at the serious stuff, a sensationally melodramatic picture, Her Runaway Husband, in which the heroine had to leap into a swirling river to save her man's life.

At the time DeMille cast her for the rôle there occurred, for the first time in or out of print, the classic gag query, aimed at hordes of eager actors applying for jobs.

"Can you swim?" Miss Swanson was asked.

"Yes," Miss Swanson lied.

On a January night, by the wharves of San Pedro, they took her for the water "shot."

"It was nasty and cold," she uttered a bold heresy against California climate. "I kept up my pretense of being a swimmer even when some of the cameramen commented freely on the dangerous currents in the river.

"A husky sailor was watching our crew set up arc lights for the scene. I told this lad there was fifty dollars in it for him if he would look after me closely, and the minute he saw me dive in camera range, he was to dive out of camera range.

"They called the shot. Shivering, I saw a man fall off a piece of flotsam or jetsam, or both. He was my hero. Quailing, I dashed under the lights and with a whooping prayer dived head-first into the water. The vision of vanishing lights through frozen blackness will be mine for life.

"I struggled up through icy slime, and was spluttering in the water, yelling, I imagine, at the top of my voice, when strong arms grabbed me. My sailor, I thought, had earned his fifty. Numb, I was just conscious of being taken in tow when two other strong arms grabbed me, and I awoke to a fine row over who was really rescuing me.

"On the dock I discovered that a sturdy woman swimmer had been engaged to double for me in case I balked at the dive; that she had shot out to rescue me when she saw me floundering and that the sailor, outraged, had determined to earn the fifty I promised him by snatching me from my savior! He got the money."

This brave dash of the diminutive Miss Swanson into grim, threatening waters gave rise to a reputation for personal bravery which she disavows.

There came another occasion: Promoted to co-star with Thomas Meighan, then at the height of his heroic fame, Miss Swanson was cast as the heroine in Male and Female, the gaudy picturization of James M. Barrie's The Admirable Crichton. She found Mr. DeMille depended on her nerve for the pivotal scene of the piece.

Lions entered—a score of them—amid a scene of barbaric splendor. A tropical isle; the butler (Meighan), become overnight lord of all he surveyed when his master's yacht foundered on strange shores, was testing the courage of his master's daughter, Miss Swanson.

AN EAGLE FLIES

Would you be afraid to meet eternity alone? This is the story of one man who braved the awful face of solitary death—while millions soared to bear him company

By William Dudley Pelley

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

And that young woman's mind flew back to a picture on the wall of her grandmother's parlor in Chicago, the picture called The Lion's Bride.

"I suggested to Mr. DeMille," she recounts, "that we could get a splendid effect by reproducing the picture of The Lion's Bride. Of course, I made mental reservations. In the picture the lion's bride was a dead bride."

In the Lion's Embrace

In the moving picture a moment arrived when the demise of the bride was almost as certain.

"The scene was arranged," Miss Swanson reports, "to suit the sonorous caption—'When you were a king in Babylon and I was a Christian slave.' I was the slave. The script called for me to dare to be a Daniel—and stalk through a lion's den.

"On a platform one hundred feet away the cameras were erected to shoot my stroll down to a pool where a huge lion lay sleeping. His trainer was to stand near by, but out of camera range. When I reached the lion the cameras were to stop while the lion was reared to embrace me.

"The beast was doped a bit. The walk down to the lion went through without a hitch, although if you want a little lesson in nerve-control try walking toward a sleeping lion, with help yards away.

"The trainer, for some reason or other, was not on the job. The lion stirred, lifted his head, saw me and roared. I stood paralyzed. He lifted his huge carcass. His paws dropped on my neck. I felt his hot breath along my spine, and heard, faintly, the click of cameras. Then I saw his trainer level his rifle—and the voice of DeMille cracked: 'Don't shoot!'

"Even in that tense moment I was grateful. It would have been just my luck for the trainer to miss the lion and hit me.

"Perhaps it was my stiff unresponsiveness—through sheer fright; but the lion took his huge weight off me and quietly slunk away. Then came a harder test—to walk away, conscious of the beast behind me, without betraying panic. I started for the cameras, slowly. It was as much as I could do to move my legs. When I made it there was wild applause from everybody—cameramen and actors. They said I'd mesmerized the lion. Why, I'd been too scared to look in its face."

When a doctor warned her that strenuous work might affect her heart, Miss Swanson took to the tennis courts and within a year became a fury at the game.

And so, perhaps, the nervous breakdown that lurks as a threat to all those thoroughly self-controlled beings who seem to be without nerves, overtook her.

"Well," she dismisses a long period of incapacitation, "I took up reading."

Statistics fresh in her entirely adequate memory have it that she read mixtures of poetry and biography: no fiction whatever. But one biography predominated—that of the Duchess of Dantzig, Madame Sans-Gène, Bonaparte's ex-laundress, who rose to nobility on a sea of soapsuds.

From top to bottom of the Famous Players outfit there were objections. "I'm going to do it," said Miss Swanson. Finally, she won.

About $300,000 was budgeted for the picture. With a vast retinue Miss Swanson sailed for France. The plan was to make the picture against the real, historical settings.

A suave young Frenchman served as her interpreter. He was a young nobleman who spoke four or five languages. When Miss Swanson, grappling with French conventions, which oddly held that historic places were maintained for the ages and not for the movies, found obstacles galore, this young man escorted her to powerful persons.

In a vigorous argument with a sub-minister of fine arts who flatly refused to permit use of ancient palaces and parks, Miss Swanson grew impatient.

"Neither he nor you understand me," she pouted at her interpreter.

"He may not," replied the Marquis de la Falaise. "I do."

To prove it, he married her.

While that short-order romance held interest, it couldn't interfere with business.

"My job," said Miss Swanson, sitting for three weeks in an unheated hotel at Versailles, "is to get this picture made—soon."

Made in France

The Marquis and others stirred themselves. New York was cabling that expense of waiting was ghastly—with actors eating up large salaries doing nothing, and box-offices eager to book the forthcoming Swanson film.

"I grew desperate," Miss Swanson reports. "I went to the sub-minister and, in an inspirational flash, I warned him that if the picture was not made in France it would be made in Germany. Which settled it."

But every picture, she reveals, carries troubles in train. Her recent best bet, called Rain, which the curiously moral Mr. Hays made her change to Sadie Thompson, almost cost her double pneumonia. She had a bad cold, anyhow. It was arranged that the waterfall in the opening scene should be warm, or, at least, tepid. When she stepped into it, ice-cold liquid sheets dropped on her.

"Ah," she adds with a wise turn of white, unwrinkled brow. "One comes to take everything that comes.

"The 'talkies' will change things. They'll prolong the box-office life of the star, for two reasons: people who have been your screen fans want to hear your voice. Again, many of the up-and-coming youngsters have no voices worth hearing. Sour grapes? I admit my own is no silvery bell; but it gets over in the talkies: it has the right vibrancy.

"I'm going to pick my pictures with care, and they'll all be naturals: American types I know.

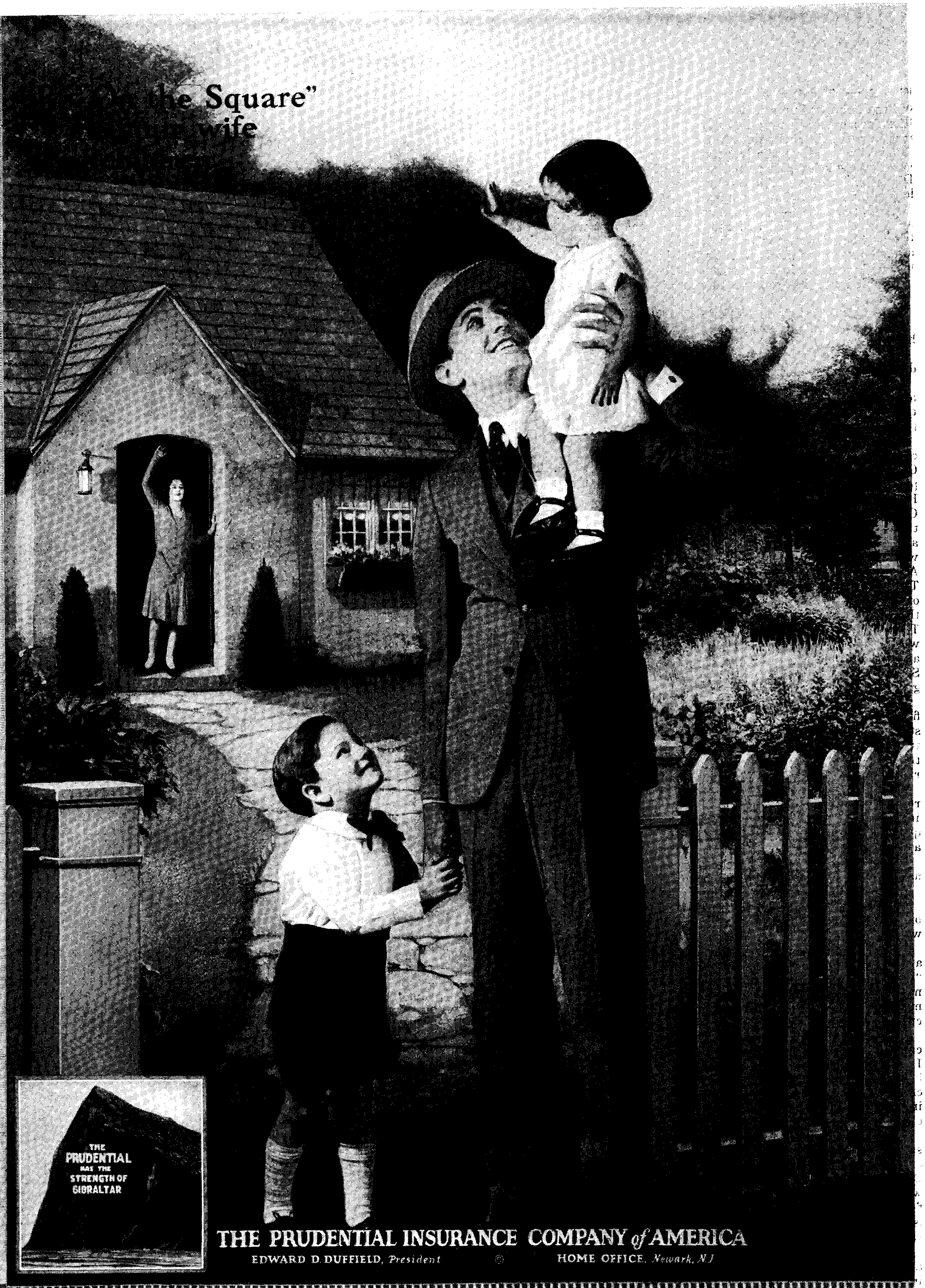
"That has always been the curse of letting others try to make your fame. I've never yet done the picture I want to do. What it is, I don't know. But I'm determined, some day, to do it."

I asked whether it might be that Gloria from The Christian, after whom she was named. But the telephone rang, and it was a lawyer talking about contracts and sums that were merely figures to reportorial ears. She hung up the receiver, plainly bored.

"I might do Gloria Quayle," she said. "Reclamation themes are sure-fire."

The telephone rang again. A long-distance call from Hollywood. Her daughter Gloria lisping vigorously into the receiver.

Miss Swanson was by no means bored.


the Square"
wife
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

Lest We Forget

Continued from page 7

line from Flanders to the Alps; the miles of churned-up soil, bare of life as the face of the moon; the geysers of earth where the shells were hitting; the lumbering crawl of the transports, the ambulances laden with pain, the stain of blood on bandages. All this, and then beyond, not more than a hundred yards beyond, the enemy—thousands of guns, hidden, cleaned, oiled and ready; millions of bullets lying in pouches; countless Germans crouched, waiting for the order, breathless in the moment of intolerable quiet that comes before an attack.

Then, as the curtain fell for the last time, the lights in the house came up, and out we all went, blinking and blundering, into the shrill, preposterous streets of New York. . . .

I only hoped no one would stop me to ask if Journey's End were well-written. It would have been like asking some one in the milling, dusty crowd at Gettysburg whether Lincoln had been in good voice, like asking whether Paul's message to the Corinthians should or should not be included in a letter-writer's manual.

Strange Material for a Play

If you must know, Journey's End had enough theatrical guile in it to make a dozen thrillers. It had been fashioned with uncanny judgment, put together with the same felicity of selection that keeps a poem like Gray's Elegy alive from generation to generation. That alone would account for the clutch it takes and keeps on each playgoer's attention.

But that alone would not account for the far-away look in the eyes of the silent and dispersing audience, such a look as one had not seen since that day when the cables reported that an unknown youngster named Lindbergh had come down out of the skies and landed in a field near Paris.

Journey's End is as British as Piccadilly, but it has something to say to all the world. And I think I know why the world takes it as parched earth takes the rain. Quietly, almost abstractedly, in the manner of a man who says one thing while he is thinking of something else, this play is a reminder to a starved generation that now and again certain members of the human race can and do behave so gallantly that one is not ashamed, after all, to belong to it.

Already legends are forming around Journey's End. You will hear that R. C. Sheriff put his play together not out of things he had imagined, or as most dramatists do, out of things he had seen tested in a hundred other thumb-marked plays, but out of the odds and ends of the courage and cowardice, sorrow and laughter, meanness and magnificence he found recorded in a yellowing packet of letters which he himself had written home from those same trenches a dozen years before.

Seemingly those letters contained no reference to the trenches ever being visited by ravishing French peasant girls with high heels, sheer stockings, and a disposition to say "Ooh, la la" at appropriate intervals. So, like the intermezzo of our own superb What Price Glory, his play is made out of the dramatic stuff of the front itself. Made, for instance, out of the horror of this young nerve-rasped captain who must order his adoring schoolmate of yesteryear on a raid that is almost certain death. Made, for instance, out of the wonder of that scene when an old granny of an officer, who must go with him on this raid, keeps the youngster's mind off the ordeal they both must face by talking furiously to him, while the remaining eight minutes tick off into eternity, of shoes and ships and sealing wax and of the Roman road that ran through the village where he lived in England. Made out of the pregnant moment when the boy, in the midst of all this high-pitched chatter, sees suddenly that the older man has taken off his ring to leave behind in the dugout, and knows as suddenly, from that mute tale-bearer, what manner of mission will take the two of them across the parapet a minute later. Knows and goes white and sick. And does not flinch.

A Sane Perspective

The sheer authenticity of Journey's End must have had its origin in the author's deep respect for the memory of the things he had seen. That authenticity is guarded now by the men who stage and play it. The man whom Gilbert Miller engaged to direct the American performance was a British captain, captured during just such a raid as the play chronicles. As a matter of fact he learned his present craft by putting on the amateur performances which the British prisoners gave in a German camp.

This Colin Keith-Johnston, who so admirably plays the captain, wears the same uniform he wore when he was shot down near the ruins of Albert during the Spring of 1918. Indeed, all of the New York company saw service, save the one who plays the youngest lieutenant. I am sure he, too, would have been adequately military and alarming were it not for the fact that the Germans elected to cross the Belgian frontier when he was only six.

Probably I need not add that, just as Mr. Sheriff was able to fill his play to the brim with the emotion of those half-forgotten days, so, by the interval of a decade that had run since those days marched into history, he was also able to impart to it something of history's perspective. Therefore, there is no moment in all its scenes so filled with a cathedral hush as that one in which Osborne, the older captain, and Raleigh, the youngster newly arrived from England, talk to each other about the Germans.

"The Germans are really quite decent, aren't they?" Raleigh asks. "I mean, outside the newspapers?"

The older man nods an affirmative, pauses a minute, and then says:

"I remember up at Wipers we had a man shot when he was out on patrol. Just at dawn. We couldn't get him in that night. He lay out there groaning all day. Next night three of our men crawled out to get him in. It was so near the German trenches that they could have shot our fellows one by one. But, when our men began dragging the wounded man back over the rough ground, a big German officer stood up in their trenches and called out: 'Carry him!'—and our fellows stood up and carried the man back, and the German officer fired some lights for them to see by."

Young Raleigh's eyes are big as saucers.

"The next day," says the older man, "we blew each other's trenches to blazes."

"It all seems rather—*silly*, doesn't it?"

Osborne nods his head.

Recalling to us all, I think, that there was no episode in all the hubbub and excitement of The Big Parade so moving and so momentous as that one when the terrified young doughboy gives a cigarette to the German kid dying in the shell-hole beside him.

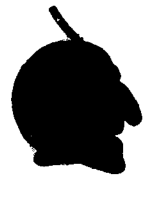
The Implicit Problem

From the fraternity of that scene, however, you cannot safely advance to the conclusion that those who call themselves pacifists will find much aid and comfort in Journey's End. I think they will find it less an indictment of war than a finger of accusation pointed steadily at the shambles of slack and selfish and silly living which we have the effrontery to call peace.

After all one can ask of no fine play—even of one so nobly conceived and so modestly presented as Journey's End—that it do more than enlarge the heart and quicken the imagination of those who see it. Yet—who knows?—here and there in the world men may come away from this play newly critical of the dubious structure of civilization for the saving of which all this blood was shed, and—who knows?—newly and highly resolved that these men shall not have died in vain.

One out of Five

SEE if you can make one head or one flower or one animal out of five pieces of black. It's not a question of mathematics. It's a chance to make portraits without the bother of drawing them. The shape of the pieces will give the proportions of the skull: you add the features—and the expression.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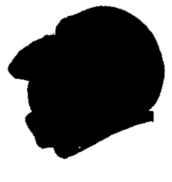
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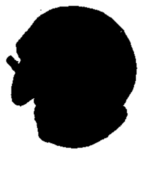
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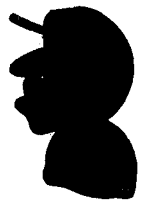
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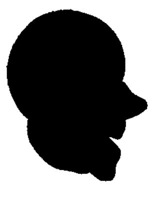
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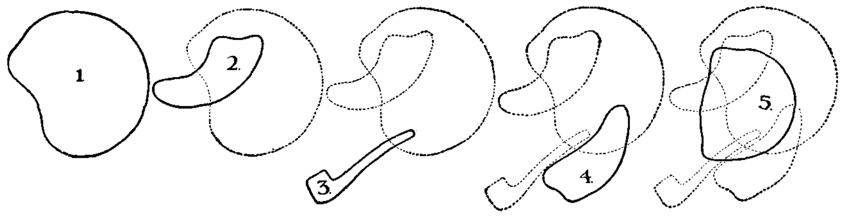
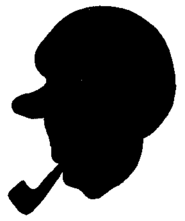
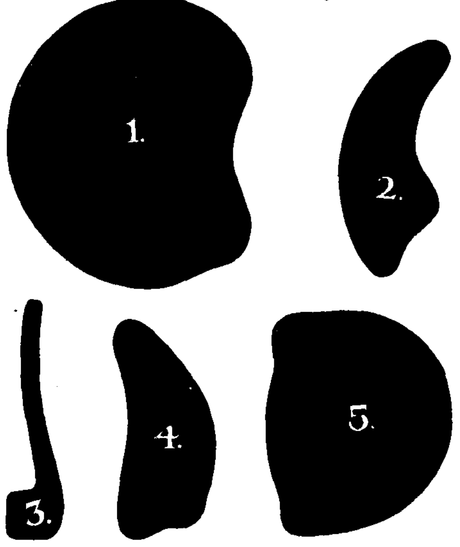


How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another, shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.



Here are the pieces—cut them out



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When you have achieved a good Colliergraph send it to Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York. Remember you must send in all the pieces pasted together on paper to show how the outline of your Colliergraph was achieved.

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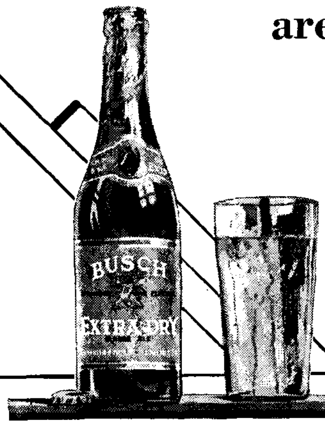
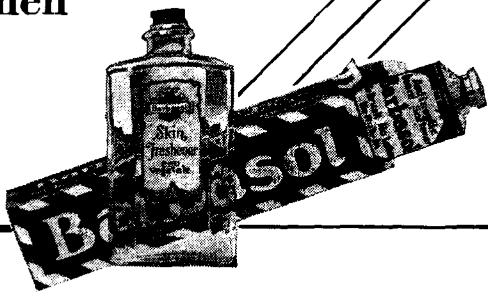
"Increases Value for Druggists"

"We chose Collier's—for ACTION! because it gives our advertising and our product a direct hook-up at the point of sale"—Anheuser-Busch and The Barbasol Company say. Both companies are large distributors of products through drug stores—and they endorse Collier's quick advertising action to their salesmen and dealers in these words—





"We are introducing the idea of buying ginger ale in an easy-to-carry, easy-to-handle package at a special price for home consumption.

"Our greatest outlet on this product is the retail drug store. Collier's is sold at more than 20,700 drug stores—and this large distribution through our chief channel of trade naturally gives us an unusually effective hook-up between our advertising and our product at the point of sale.

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—ANHEUSER-BUSCH

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"We have a wide distribution through the drug trade, and Collier's own large distribution through druggists greatly increases the value of our advertising to our dealers."

—THE BARBASOL COMPANY

Collier's—for Action!

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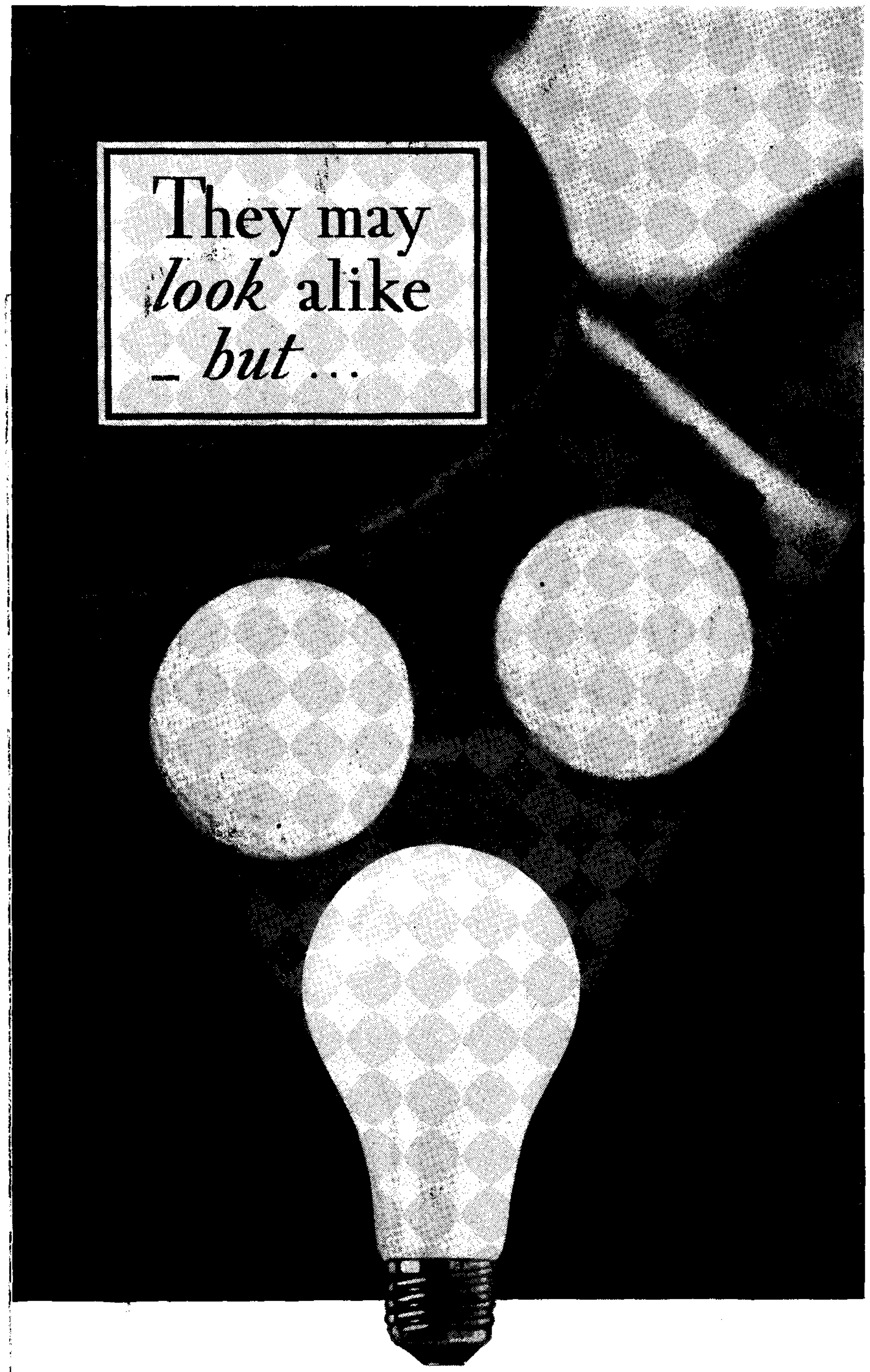

GOLFERS know that there may be great differences in quality between golf balls, *although they may look alike* from the outside. For this reason, once a ball has proved itself, golfers usually stick to that brand.

Similarly, lamps that look alike may be different in quality. All Edison MAZDA Lamps have the mark MAZDA stamped on the bulb. This guarantees that they are made of the finest materials, and with skill, facilities and care that insure high quality. Because of this quality, *they give the full value of the current consumed.*

For your convenience, Edison MAZDA Lamps are safely packed in cartons of six . . . to prevent breakage and to assure you an extra supply on the shelf whenever sockets need refilling. Keep sockets filled. Where they are empty, there is likely to be *dangerous eyestrain.*

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*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Be Yourself

Continued from page 11

"All set?" howled Wales in his ear. "Just drop us, Mister. . . ."

For some minutes Mr. Wales and his crew, cocklofting in the whistling waste ten yards from the Elizabeth, had been holding the North Atlantic Ocean to a draw. To seas which in their time had crushed concrete blocks to rubble, and robbed liners of their most-prized wrought-steel stanchions, the mate opposed his wits, and the men their puny muscles; and, slowly but safely, the boat crept nearer to the ship.

Mr. Wales, his sou'wester long since overboard, his low-growing hair plastered down by the wet, his eyes three-quarters shut against the knife-like wind, was on to the rhythm of the waves. It did not disconcert him that at one moment he was ten feet above the Elizabeth's flying bridge, and the next a yard or so below her water-line. Nor was he deceived by the racing illusion of hills and valleys of green water, which from instant to instant varied by yards the seeming distance of his objective. His hoarse bull voice fought the wind on its own ground, and his men, backing and giving to its orders, gained slow but continual inches on the storm.

The bow-oar became sea-sick.

He had swallowed much blood, and he was frightened, and he was a steamboat man, not used to cockleshells; so he was very sick indeed. He dropped his oar; and the sea, instead of removing it cleanly, chose to pick it up and fling it inboard, stunning one of the middle-aged men and hurling him forward against the stroke-oar's back. So that the next wave had no difficulty in picking up the boat, poising it for a moment amid the spray-spitting fury of its crest, and landing it bodily in the Elizabeth's after-well deck.

"My leg!" shrieked a man's voice above the roar of the departing sea.

THE boat was stove wide open, and somebody's ankle was caught between two planks. Mr. Wales, leaping from the stern-sheets to the deck—firm planks where a moment before had been two thousand fathoms of water—rushed forward to help. Other figures appeared from other sides; among them the astonishing apparition of a man bigger than Wales himself; completely without oilskins, and bearing a double-bitted ax.

"Stand away!" roared this giant; and with two blows, each of which drew a yell of dismay from the bow-oar, drove the imprisoning planks asunder.

Then, catching his ax near the head, and hitching up the drenched trousers that formed half of his costume, he turned to Mr. Wales.

"If you'd smashed my new hatch-cover," he roared, "I'd have chucked you over the side. Whatta hell you think you're playin' at?"

The Chief Officer gagged at him.

"Who," he said slowly and fatally, "is in command here?"

"I am! Larssen's my name. Why the hell can't you stay aboard your own ship?" demanded the big man. "Who wants you damn' brass-bounders nosing around? Tryin' to save a life, I suppose! When I've put in twenty-four hours—"

Mr. Wales experienced a sudden return of the voice.

"Why, you drunken bum, don't you know you're flyin' a distress signal?"

Simultaneously, the two men glanced aloft.

"It's a lie!" bellowed Larssen. "Why should I run up a distress signal? Just had a hatch stove, an' that was all fixed until you come, you damn' soldier, landing your boat on my deck plates—"

"You weren't flyin' your ensign upside down?" roared Mr. Wales. "You tell me that?"

"Yes!"

"Well, you—" said the Chief Officer; and, just as another sea came into the well-deck, launched everything he possessed at the other man's jaw.

The ax, falling from Larssen's hand, had not time to reach the deck before the water took it and tossed it over the side; and the Swede himself, toppling backward, was joined in declension by his adversary. They found themselves, some seconds later, inextricably entangled with each other in the lee scuppers; and Larssen at once celebrated his escape from drowning with a left to Mr. Wales' eye. Throat-gripping was then indulged in—unfairly, because Wales was protected by his oilskin collar; but with a wrench and a struggle, the Elizabeth man worked free to stand up once more on the heaving deck.

"I'll show you," said the Chief Officer rising, whereupon, throwing off his stiff and heavy coat, he dived forward with both fists going.

THE Elizabeth's captain, though he did not know it, had been appointed fiscal agent for Fate. The right jab which rocked his head to one side was, properly understood, merely Mr. Wales' attempt to collect the ten years he had wasted with the Gold Funnel Line; the left to the ribs, simply a demand-note for a revival of trade between England and her colonies, so that a poor sailorman might get anyhow some kind of job afloat. The hammering of Larssen's head on the deck-plates when a backward step had caused him to trip over the hatch-cover, was a procedure in the case of Miss Mary Lancaster, with some reference to a certain small house in the Northbrook Road. She'd decided to have blue curtains at the front windows, and now—

"I'll show you how to fly—ens'ns—for fun!" gasped Mr. Wales sincerely; but ceased as an enormous fist took him full in the mouth. Another fist of supernatural size and weight seemed to smite him in the middle of the back; it could not be that of his opponent, for he was clinching him with both hands, holding his threshing arms away and watching a chance to land one just to the point of the jaw. Now he seemed to be floating—still in company with Larssen, whom he could not see for a strange white mist that roared but in whose direction he unleashed a final despairing punch. The punch moved with a strange slowness—as if something were holding it back; and then suddenly there came a crash, and all was as it had been.

Except that someone had him by the back of the neck and was trying to pull him away.

"Quit it, won't you, for God's sake?" came a faint voice—the bow-oar again, that pest. "You've been washed over the side an' back again. What more do you want?"

Somebody else was dragging Larssen out of reach.

"I'll show him how to fly distress signals," said the Chief Officer, rising and struggling in the hands of three men. "Lemme go, you—"

Larssen was up; at the challenge, he wrenched himself free. He was not, perhaps, so extensively cut and torn as Mr. Wales, but he was a great deal more shaken; and his swearing was gaspy and ineffective. Yet he retained a punch, which took his visitor in the

Adam's apple and made him feel very sick.

"Agh!" said Mr. Wales, and loosed a turning blow with all his weight behind it. Right on the button!

The three men sprang on him again.

"Look out!" yelled one of them; and, still holding the Chief Officer, they flung themselves unreservedly on the deck.

Another sea boiled over.

So Mr. Wales awoke in a bunk in a cabin; and immediately knew only too well where he was. He was aboard the Elizabeth Wakelin, which by the lift and sway of her was under way and running out of the storm; he was completely naked, save for a red-and-black checked blanket and a large turban; and present in his mind was a complete panorama of his past and of his probable future.

He arose to investigate his headgear with the aid of a mirror at the far side of the cabin, and suddenly sat down again. His head felt as though it were actually about to burst; converging circles of darkness embarrassed his eyesight; and the panorama developed footnotes. Why, Mr. Wales demanded mutely of himself, hadn't he learned to play golf; why hadn't he been goo-goo with the lady passengers; why, in short, had he been the stubborn and sanguinary fool he now saw himself? No job; this rescue business a dirty joke and what a headache!

As though through reversed binoculars he saw the door open and admit Captain Larssen.

"Hey!" came the bull voice as though from interstellar space. "You can't sit up like that! Lie down! Take it easy!"

"You go to hell," said Mr. Wales; but he lay down and felt better. His late foe seated himself and produced an encrusted black clay pipe.

"Too bad," he rumbled, loading it. "A four-by-six fetched adrift and walloped you over the skull. Four-inch cut, but no fracture. I'm a bit of a doctor myself."

The patient opened one smoldering eye.

"I'm glad you're something," he said. "I'll tell the cockeyed world you're no sailor."

Strengthened by the memory of wrong, he sat up.

"You goin' to stick to it you hadn't your ens'n flyin' upside down?"

THE Captain took the clay pipe from his mouth.

"Well, look here," he said. "The rag'd been hoisted before I took over; I didn't know it was there; an' you saw for yourself it'd blown away when—"

"What you mean, 'before you took over?' "

"Before I took over from the Captain. I knocked him out farther than you knocked me. Lie down again."

Mr. Wales obeyed without docility.

"It isn't everybody," said his host, "that can say he's given Swede Larssen a trimming. You've done enough for today."

The guest got up again.

"Done enough for today! You're right I have! Quit my ship against regulations, an' then find your signal a bloody joke; shanghaied a boat's crew, stove the boat, and nothing to show for it. I was fired before, but now I'll be blacklisted. Ship's gone on without me—"

There was a silence, during which Wales struggled with the unspeakable, and Larssen inspected the bowl of the black clay pipe.

"You like passenger work?"

"No, I don't like passenger work! All I like is a job an' a chance to get fed an' earn some money."

"You've got a master's ticket, of course," said Larssen calmly. "How'd you like this ship?"

"Uh?"

"I mean, you can have this ship if you want her," said Larssen. "I'd give you the Mary Harvey, only her captain's behaved himself so far. But he won't last long. Too refined. She's new. Eight thousand tons. Nice boat."

"What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

From under beetling red brows, a pair of blue eyes regarded Wales with amused approval.

"I'm Sigmund Larssen, and I own this line and the Red Arrow and the Green Band Lines. But I'm a sailor, an' so I don't get on so good with what they call sailors nowadays. My God, look at this fellow today. Suppose I hadn't happened to be aboard! Got a hatch smashed and the engine-room a bit flooded, and hoists a distress signal. He'd have taken a tow in, and how much would that have been up my shirt? Damn' cigarette-smokin', book-readin', bridge-playin'— Sat there an' told me he didn't get any pleasure out of euchre!"

Mr. Wales sat with his mouth open.

"Here, you lie down and pull that blanket around you," said Larssen. "You've been chilled, an' I'm goin' to give you some pneumonia medicine. I invented it—better than whisky. I'll be back in a minute."

THE Chief Officer of the Fortunio—now fifty miles away and preparing to serve caviar to such passengers as could eat—lay back and stared at the ceiling. Mr. Wales was staring—without meditation—into the face of Providence; upon which, being human, he first of all noticed the pock-marks. The main proposition of having a berth—nay, more, a command—was quite beyond him; his past experience had endowed him with no agile faith in miracles. He saw that the job would pay less than he had earned on the Fortunio; that he would be away for months at a time; and that Miss Lancaster and the house in the Northbrook Road were still far away.

Larssen returned. He was carrying a blue bottle of most inauspicious appearance; which, seating himself, he regarded fondly.

"I learned doctoring when you couldn't wireless the Berengaria if somebody got a tummy-ache," he said. "This'll fix you up in short order. Here!"

Mr. Wales took the bottle and smelled it. The mixture gave off a distinct odor of alcohol, but on the other hand it emitted even more distinct aromas of ipecacuanha, fish-oil, and old boots.

"I've forgotten a glass," said Larssen, rising hastily. "You need a good tumblerful."

"Hold your horses! Here it goes," said the patient. "Santy!"

He put the bottle to his mouth and took several large gulps.

"I've drunk out of bottles before," he remarked, wiping his mouth and indulging a violent involuntary shudder. "Is that enough?"

Larssen, regarding him steadfastly, nodded; took the bottle, and sat down.

"You like it?" he inquired.

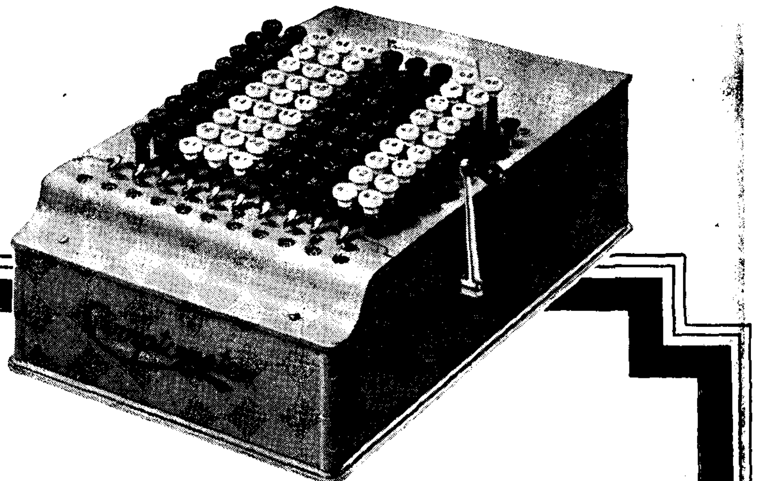
"Well, I can drink it," said Mr. Wales. "I've drunk worse."

Larssen nodded again.

"When I gave some to my port captain in Liverpool," he said thoughtfully, "he had to have a glass—an' a *thin* glass—and then he spat it all over my office. Another time he told me—that he thought tattooing was vulgar. That's a nice piece you've got on your chest."

Seized by a sudden idea, Mr. Larssen put the bottle down and leaned forward. He laid a hairy paw on Mr. Wales' knee.

"I'm firing that port captain soon's I get home," he said eagerly. "I suppose you wouldn't care for a job like that, ashore?"



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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 26

How long this miracle would have continued to afflict him, one cannot say. His mind was still dealing dazedly with it, when there came to his ears a sharp click, as of a key being turned in the lock. It seemed to proceed from a cupboard at the other side of the room.

Old Miles Fish, Ronnie's father, might, as Lord Emsworth asserted, have been the biggest fool in the Brigade of Guards, but his son could reason and deduce. Springing forward, he tugged at the handle of the cupboard door. The door stood fast.

At the same moment there filtered through it the sound of muffled breathing.

RONNIE was already looking grim. He now looked grimmer. He placed his lips to the panel.

"Come out of that!"

The breathing stopped.

"All right," said Ronnie, with a hideous calm. "Right jolly ho! I can wait."

For some moments there was silence. Then from the beyond a voice spoke in reply.

"Be reasonable!" said the voice.

"Reasonable?" said Ronnie thickly. "Reasonable, eh?" He choked. "Come out! I only want to pull your head off," he added, with a note of appeal.

The voice became conciliatory.

"I know what you're upset about," it said.

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, I quite understand. But I can explain everything."

"What?"

"I say I can explain everything."

"You can, can you?"

"Quite," said the voice.

Up till now Ronnie had been pulling. It now occurred to him that pushing might possibly produce more satisfactory results. So he pushed. Nothing, however, happened. Blandings Castle was a house which rather prided itself on its solidity. Its walls were walls and it doors doors. No jimcrack work here. The cupboard creaked, but did not yield.

"I say!"

"Well?"

"I wish you'd listen. I tell you I can explain everything. About that night at Mario's, I mean. I know exactly how it is. You think Miss Brown is fond of me. I give you my solemn word she can't stand the sight of me. She told me so herself."

A pleasing thought came to Ronnie.

"You can't stay in there all night," he said.

"I don't want to stay in here all night."

"Well, come on out, then."

The voice became plaintive.

"I tell you she had never set eyes on me before that night at Mario's. She was dining with that fellow Carmody, and he went out and I came over and introduced myself. No harm in that, was there?"

Ronnie wondered if kicking would do any good. A tender feeling for his toes, coupled with the reflection that his uncle Clarence might have something to say if he started breaking up cupboard doors, caused him to abandon the scheme. He stood, breathing tensely.

"Just a friendly word, that's all I came over to say. Why shouldn't a fellow introduce himself to a girl and say a friendly word?"

"I wish I'd got there earlier."

"I'd have been glad to see you," said Pilbeam courteously.

"Would you?"

"Quite."

"I shall be glad to see you," said Ronnie, "when I can get this damned door open."

Pilbeam began to fear asphyxiation. The air inside the cupboard was growing closer. Peril lent him the inspiration which it so often does.

"Look here," he said, "are you Ronnie?"

Ronnie turned pinker.

"I don't want any of your dashed cheek."

"No, but listen. Is your name Ronnie?"

Silence without.

"Because, if it is," said Pilbeam, "you're the fellow she's come here to see."

More silence.

"She told me so. In the garden this evening. She came here calling herself Miss Shoemaker or some such name, just to see you. That ought to show you that I am not the man she's keen on."

The silence was broken by a sharp exclamation.

"What's that?"

Pilbeam repeated his remark. A growing hopefulness lent an almost finicky clearness to his diction.

"Come out!" cried Ronnie.

"That's all very well, but—"

"Come out, I want to talk to you."

"You are talking to me."

"I don't want to bellow this through a door. Come on out. I swear I won't touch you."

It was not so much Pilbeam's faith in the knightly word of the Fishes that caused him to obey the request as a feeling that, if he stayed cooped up in this cupboard much longer, he would get a rush of blood to the head. Already he was beginning to feel as if he were breathing a solution of dust and mothballs. He emerged. His hair was rumpled, and he regarded his companion warily. He had the air of a man who has taken his life in his hands. But the word of the Fishes held good. As far as Ronnie was concerned, the war appeared to be over.

"What did you say? She's here?"

"Quite."

"What do you mean, quite?"

"Certainly. Quite. She got here just before I did. Haven't you seen her?"

"No."

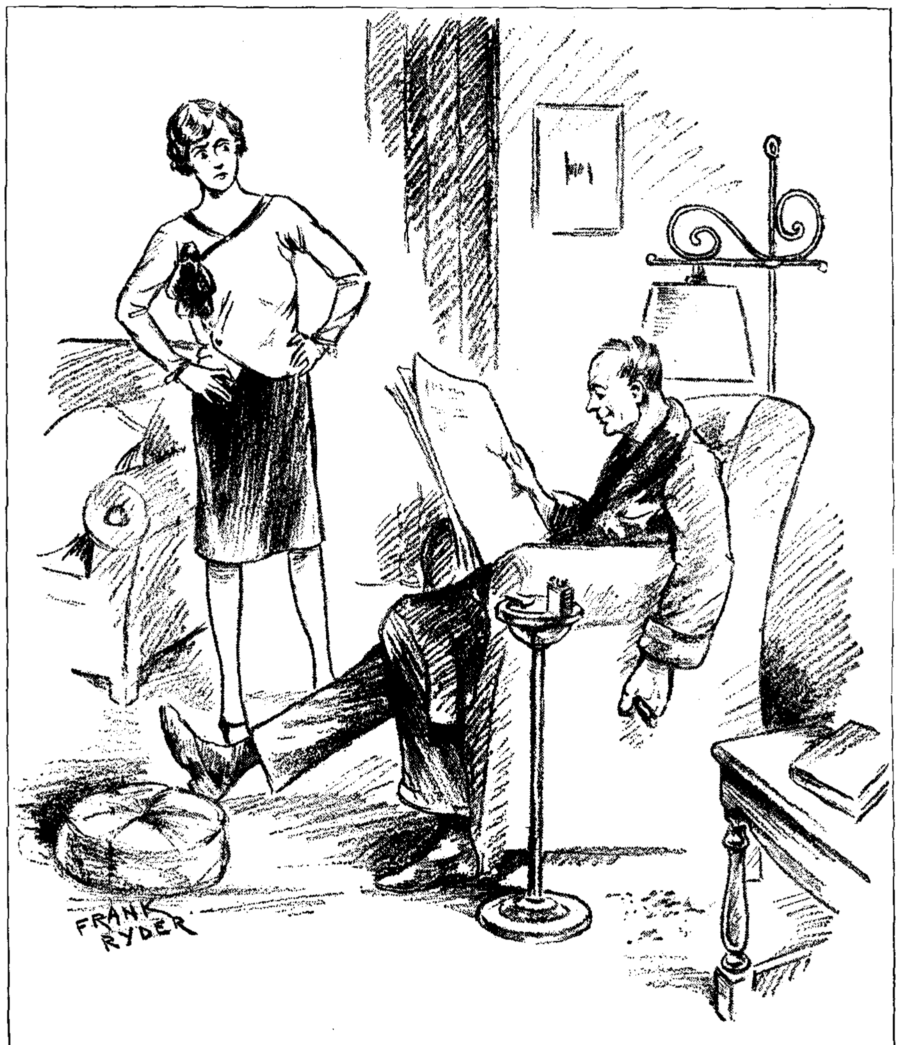
"Well, she's here. She's in the room they call the Garden Room. I heard her tell that old bird Galahad so. If you go there now," said Pilbeam insinuatingly, "you could have a quiet word with her before she goes down to dinner."

"And she said she had come here to see me?"

"Yes. To explain about that night at Mario's. And what I say," proceeded Pilbeam warmly, "is, if a girl didn't love a fellow, would she come to a place like this, calling herself Miss Shoolbred or something, simply to see him? I ask you!" said Pilbeam.

RONNIE did not answer. His feelings held him speechless. He was too deep in a morass of remorse to be able to articulate. Indeed, he was in a frame of mind so abashed that he almost asked Pilbeam to kick him. The thought of how he had wronged his blameless Sue was almost too bitter to be borne. It bit like a serpent and stung like an adder.

From the surge and riot of his re-



Angry Wife: "John, how many times must I ask you not to drop your ashes on the carpet?"
Hubby (absently): "As many times as you like, dear."

flections one thought now emerged clearly, shining like a beacon on a dark night. The Garden Room!

Turning without a word, he shot out of the door as quickly as Percy Pilbeam a short while ago had shot in. And Percy Pilbeam, with a deep sigh, went to the dressing-table, took up the brush, and began to restore his hair to a state fit for the eyes of the nobility and gentry. This done, he smoothed his mustache and went downstairs to the drawing-room.

THE drawing-room was empty. And to Pilbeam's surprise it continued to be empty for quite a considerable time. He felt puzzled. He had expected to meet a reproachful host with an eye on the clock and a haughty hostess clicking her tongue. As the minutes crept by and his solitude remained unbroken, he began to grow restless.

He wandered about the room, staring at the pictures, straightening his tie and examining the photographs on the little tables. The last of these was one of Lord Emsworth, taken apparently at about the age of thirty, in long whiskers and the uniform of the Shropshire Yeomanry. He was gazing at this with the fascinated horror which it induced in anyone who saw it suddenly for the first time, when the door at last opened and with a sinking sensation of apprehension Pilbeam beheld the majestic form of Beach.

For an instant he stood eyeing the butler with that natural alarm which comes to all of us when in the presence of a man who a few short hours earlier has given us one look and made us feel like a condemned food product. Then his tension relaxed.

It has been well said that for every evil in this world Nature supplies an antidote. If butlers come, can cocktails be far behind? Beach was carrying a tray with glasses and a massive shaker on it, and Pilbeam, seeing these, found himself regarding their formidable bearer almost with equanimity.

"A cocktail, sir?"

"Thanks."

He drained the glass. His whole outlook on life was now magically different. Quite suddenly he had begun to feel equal to a dozen butlers, however glazed their eyes might be.

And it might have been an illusion caused by gin and vermouth, but this butler seemed to have changed considerably for the better since their last meeting. His eye, though still glassy, had lost the old basilisk quality. There appeared now, in fact, to be something so positively lighthearted about Beach's whole demeanor that the proprietor of the Argus Inquiry Agency was emboldened to plunge into conversation.

"Nice evening."

"Yes, sir."

"Nice after the storm."

"Yes, sir."

"Came down a bit, didn't it?"

"The rain was undoubtedly extremely heavy, sir. Another cocktail?"

"Thanks."

The relighting of the beacons had the effect of removing from Pilbeam the last trace of diffidence and shyness. He saw now that he had been entirely mistaken in this butler. Encountering him in the hall at the moment of his arrival, he had supposed him supercilious and hostile. He now perceived that he was a butler and a brother. More like Old King Cole, that jolly old soul, indeed, than anybody Pilbeam had met for months.

"I got caught in it," he said affably.

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes; Lord Emsworth had been showing me some photographs of that pig of his. . . . By the way, in strict confidence . . . what's your name?"

"Beach, sir."

"In strict confidence, Beach, I know something about that pig."

"Indeed, sir."

"Yes. Well, after I had seen the photographs, I went for a walk in the park and it rained a bit and I got pretty wet. In fact I don't mind telling you I had to get under cover and take my trousers off to dry."

He laughed merrily.

"Another cocktail, sir?"

"Making three in all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps you're right," said Pilbeam.

For some moments he sat, pensive and distrait, listening to the strains of a brass band which seemed to have started playing somewhere in the vicinity. Then his floating thoughts drifted back to the mystery which had been vexing him before this delightful butler's entry.

"Where is everybody?" he asked.

"His lordship and her ladyship and Mr. Galahad and Miss Threepwood are dining at Matchingham Hall."

"What! With old Pop Parsloe?"

"With Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, yes, sir."

Pilbeam chuckled.

"Well, well, well! Quick worker, old Parsloe. Don't you think so, Beach? I mean, you advise him to do a thing, to act in a certain way, to adopt a certain course of action, and he does it right away. You agree with me, Beach?"

"I fear my limited acquaintance with Sir Gregory scarcely entitles me to offer an opinion, sir."

"Talking of old Parsloe, Beach . . . you did say your name was Beach?"

"Yes, sir."

"With a capital B?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, talking of old Parsloe, Beach, I could tell you something about him. Something he's up to."

"Indeed, sir?"

"But I'm not going to. Respect client's confidence. Lips sealed. Professional secret."

"Yes, sir?"

"As you rightly say, yes. Any more of that stuff in the shaker, Beach?"

"A little, sir, if you consider it judicious."

"That's just what I do consider it. Start pouring."

THE detective sipped luxuriously, fuller and fuller every moment of an unlifting sense of well-being. If the friendship which had sprung up between himself and the butler was possibly a little one-sided, on the one side on which it did exist it was warm, even fervent. It seemed to Pilbeam that for the first time since he had arrived at Blandings Castle he had found a real chum, a kindred soul in whom he might confide. And he was filled with an overwhelming desire to confide in somebody.

"As a matter of fact, Beach," he said, "I could tell you all sorts of things about all sorts of people. Practically everybody in this house I could tell you something about. What's the name of that chap with the light hair, for instance? The old boy's secretary."

"Mr. Carmody, sir?"

"Carmody! That's the name. I've been trying to remember it. Well, I could tell you something about Carmody."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. Something about Carmody that would interest you very much. I saw Carmody this afternoon when Carmody didn't see me."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. Where is Carmody?"

"I imagine he will be down shortly, sir. Mr. Ronald also."

"Ronald!" Pilbeam drew in his breath sharply. "There's a tough baby, Beach. That Ronnie. Do you know what he wanted to do just now? Murder me!"

(*Continued on page 56*)

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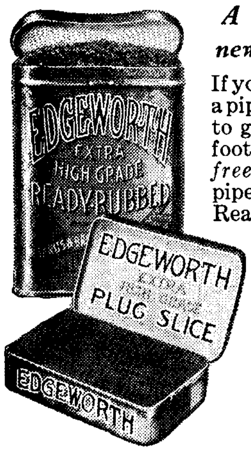

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(*Continued from page 55*)

In Beach's opinion, for he did not look on Percy Pilbeam as a very necessary member of society, this would have been a commendable act, and he regretted that its consummation had been prevented. He was also feeling that the conscientious butler he had always prided himself on being would long ere this have withdrawn and left this man to talk to himself. But even the best of butlers have human emotions, and the magic of Pilbeam's small-talk held Beach like a spell. It reminded him of the Gossip page of Society Spice, a paper to which he was a regular subscriber. He was piqued and curious. So far, it was true, his companion had merely hinted, but something seemed to tell him that, if he lingered on, a really sensational news item would shortly emerge.

HE HAD never been more right in his life. Pilbeam by this time had finished the fourth cocktail and the urge to confide had become overpowering. He looked at Beach, and it nearly made him cry to think that he was holding anything back from such a splendid fellow.

"And do you know why he wanted to murder me, Beach?"

It scarcely seemed to the butler that the action required anything in the nature of a reasoned explanation, but he murmured the necessary response:

"I could not say, sir."

"Of course you couldn't. How could you? You don't know. That's why I'm telling you. Well, listen. He's in love with a girl in the chorus at the Regal, a girl named Sue Brown, and he thought I had been taking her out to dinner. That's why he wanted to murder me, Beach."

"Indeed, sir?"

The butler spoke calmly, but he was deeply stirred. He had always flattered himself that the inmates of Blandings Castle kept few secrets from him, but this was something new.

"Yes. That was why. I had the dickens of a job holding him off, I can tell you. Do you know what saved me, Beach?"

"No, sir."

"Presence of mind. I put it to him—to Ronnie—I put it to Ronnie as a reasonable man that, if this girl loved me, would she have come to this place, pretending to be Miss Shoemaker, simply so as to see him?"

"Sir!"

"Yes, that's who Miss Shoemaker is, Beach. She's a chorus girl called Sue Brown, and she's come here to see Ronnie."

Beach stood transfixed. His eyes swelled bulbously from their sockets. He was incapable of even an "Indeed, sir?"

He was still endeavoring to assimilate this extraordinary revelation when Hugo Carmody entered the room.

"Ah!" said Hugo, his eye falling on Pilbeam. He stiffened. He stood looking at the detective like Schopenhauer's butcher at the selected lamb.

"Leave us, Beach," he said, in a grave, deep voice.

The butler came out of his trance.

"Sir?"

"Pop off."

"Very good, sir."

The door closed.

"I've been looking for you, viper," said Hugo.

"Have you, Carmody?" said Percy Pilbeam effervescently. "I've been looking for you, too. Got something I want to talk to you about. Each looking for each. Or am I thinking of a couple of other fellows? Come right in, Carmody, and sit down. Good old Carmody! Jolly old Carmody! Splendid old Carmody! Well, well, well, well, well!"

If the lamb mentioned above had suddenly accosted the above-mentioned butcher in a similar strain of hearty camaraderie, it could have hardly disconcerted him more than Pilbeam with these cheery words disconcerted Hugo. His stern, set gaze became a gaping stare.

Then he pulled himself together. What did words matter? He had no time to bother about words. Action was what he was after. Action!

"I don't know if you're aware of it, worm," he said, "but you came jolly near to blighting my life."

"Doing what, Carmody?"

"Blighting my life."

"List to me while I tell you of the Spaniard who blighted my life," sang Percy Pilbeam, letting it go like a lark in the springtime. He had never felt happier or in more congenial society. "How did I blight your life, Carmody?"

"You didn't."

"You said I did."

"I said you tried to."

"Make up your mind, Carmody."

"Don't keep calling me Carmody."

"But, Carmody," protested Pilbeam, "it's your name, isn't it? Certainly it is. Then why try to hush it up, Carmody? Be frank and open. I don't mind people knowing my name. I glory in it. It's Pilbeam—Pilbeam—Pilbeam—that's what it is—Pilbeam!"

"In about thirty seconds," said Hugo, "it will be Mud."

It struck Percy Pilbeam for the first time that in his companion's manner there was a certain peevishness.

"Something the matter?" he asked, concerned.

"I'll tell you what's the matter."

"Do, Carmody, do," said Pilbeam. "Do, do, do. Confide in me. I like your face."

He settled himself in a deep armchair and, putting the tips of his fingers together, after a little preliminary difficulty in making them meet, leaned back, all readiness to listen to whatever trouble it was that was disturbing this new friend of his.

"Some days ago, insect," began Hugo.

Pilbeam opened his eyes.

"Speak up, Carmody," he said. "Don't mumble."

Hugo's fingers twitched.

"Some days ago," he began again, "I called at your office. And after we had talked of this and that, I left. I discovered later that immediately upon my departure you had set your foul spies on my trail and had instructed them to take notes of my movements and report on them. The result being that I came jolly close to having my bally life ruined. And, if you want to know what I'm going to do, I'm going to haul you out of that chair and turn you round and kick you hard and go on kicking you till I kick you out of the house. And if you dare to shove your beastly little nose back inside the place, I'll disembowel you."

PILBEAM unclosed his eyes. He regarded Hugo not exactly with severity but with distinct reproach.

"Nothing," he said, "could be fairer than that. Nevertheless, that's no reason why you should go about stealing pigs."

Hugo had often read stories in which people reeled and would have fallen, had they not clutched at whatever it was that they clutched at. He had never expected to undergo that experience himself. But it is undoubtedly the fact that, if he had not at this moment gripped the back of a chair, he would have been hard put to it to remain perpendicular.

"Pig-pincher!" said Pilbeam austerely, and closed his eyes again.

Hugo, having established his equilibrium by means of the chair, had now moved away. He was making a strong effort to recover his morale. He picked up the photograph of Lord Emsworth in his Yeomanry uniform and looked at it absently; then, as if it had just dawned upon him, put it down with a shudder, like a man who finds that he has been handling a snake.

"What do you mean?" he said thickly.

Pilbeam's eyes opened.

"What do I mean? What do you think I mean? I mean you're a pig-pincher. That's what I mean. You go to and fro, sneaking pigs and hiding them in caravans."

Hugo took up Lord Emsworth's photograph again, saw what he was doing, and dropped it quickly. Pilbeam had closed his eyes once more, and, looking at him, Hugo could not repress a reluctant thrill of awe. He had often read about the superhuman intuition of detectives, but he had never before been privileged to observe it in operation. Then an idea occurred to him.

"Did you see me?"

"Yes, I see you, Carmody," said Pilbeam playfully. "Peep-bo!"

"Did you see me put that pig in the caravan?"

Pilbeam nodded eleven times in rapid succession.

"Certainly I saw you, Carmody. Why shouldn't I see you, considering I'd been caught in the rain and taken shelter in the caravan and was in there with my trousers off, trying to dry them because I'm subject to lumbago?"

"I didn't see you."

"No, Carmody, you did not. And I'll tell you why, Carmody. Because I heard a girl's voice outside saying 'Be quick, or somebody will come along!' and I hid. You don't suppose I would let a sweet girl see me in knee-length mesh-knit underwear, do you? Not done, Carmody," said Pilbeam, severely.

HUGO was experiencing the bitterness which comes to all criminals who discover too late that they have undone themselves by trying to be clever. It had seemed at the time such a good idea to remove the Empress from the gamekeeper's cottage in the west wood and place her in Baxter's caravan, where nobody would think of looking. How could he have anticipated that the caravan would be bulging with blighted detectives?

At this tense moment, the door opened, and Beach appeared.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but do you propose to wait any longer for Mr. Ronald?"

"Certainly not," said Pilbeam. "Who the devil's Mr. Ronald, I should like to know? I didn't come to this place to do a fast-cure. I want my dinner, and I want it now. And if Mr. Ronald doesn't like it, he can do the other thing." He strode in a dominating manner to the door. "Come along, Carmody. Din-dins."

Hugo had sunk into a chair.

"I don't want any dinner," he said, dully.

"You don't want any dinner?"

"No."

Pilbeam shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"The man's an ass," he said.

He headed for the stairs. His manner seemed to indicate that he washed his hands of Hugo.

Beach lingered.

"Shall I bring you some sandwiches, sir?"

"No, thanks. What's that?"

A loud crash had sounded. The butler went to the door and looked out.

"It is Mr. Pilbeam, sir. He appears to have fallen downstairs."

For an instant a look of hope crept into Hugo's careworn face.

"Has he broken his neck?"

"Apparently not, sir."

"Ah," said Hugo regretfully.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 15

the slope, a vague, gigantic outline against dim moonlight on the roadway beyond—was a huge figure, apparently some seven feet high!

A sharp inhalation from my companion told me that he too had seen the apparition.

"It's one of the Things in armor! Poor Max has gone! Don't shoot till I give the word. . . ."

Closer, and closer yet, came the Thing—always with moonlight behind it. My trigger finger grew tense; when:

"Don't shoot, Lonergan!" came the voice of Gaston Max. "I can see you, although you cannot see me. I have my back to the light."

At a bound I came to my feet. Lonergan sprang upright beside me. I saw a tall fellow of the peasant class (more I could not determine in that light) upon whose broad shoulders, like the fabled Old Man of the Sea, Gaston Max was mounted, his pistol thrust against the head of his unwilling carrier!

"Suffering Moses!"

"Quick! Follow! I thought the danger might be electrical and that this one wore insulated boots—hence, my friends, the apparent clowning! He tells me it is not so. He would not lie! Follow, quickly! . . ."

I found myself stumbling down the slope again behind captive and captor. The gate was open and we came out upon the road.

"Cover this fellow," said Max.

Lonergan's pistol was rammed into the man's ribs, as Gaston Max sprang lightly from his strange perch.

"Now," said Lonergan, "beat it to the car. It's still touch and go!"

We ran along the lighted path already growing narrower; and:

"For God's sake," groaned the prisoner, who seemed to me to be a decent type of laborer, "don't take me with you! Don't take me with you!"

"Keep right on!" Lonergan pushed the man before him. "You can tell us a whole lot about Felsenweir! Show a light, Woodville."

MAX sprang to the wheel. Lonergan and I with our prisoner bundled into the back seat of the car.

"I can tell you nothing," the man groaned. "I can tell you *nothing!* It just means my death—if I speak—if I go with you! It means my death!"

Max got the engine started.

"Don't turn her!" Lonergan shouted. "Go right ahead like blazes!"

"I go!" Max cried back.

Off we went headlong, and for three miles we raced blindly through the night. We were silent and the prisoner was strangely still.

When at last those lights marking the outskirts of the town came into view, I uttered a sigh of relief.

It was as I did so that the *Voice* spoke! . . .

"Gaston Max!"

Max pulled up the Hispano-Suiza in two lengths.

"John Lonergan!"

Dimly, over the oddly relaxed figure between us, I saw Lonergan sit rigidly upright.

"Brian Woodville!"

Max turned. I could see his eyes glaring in his pale face. Somewhere a clock began to chime the hour—*Midnight!*

"Gaston Max—you shall survive for a thousand years, that future ages may look upon a clever man. . . . John Lonergan—you almost succeeded in deceiving me. Your reward shall be oblivion. . . . Brian Woodville—upon you the decision shall rest. . . ."

Silence!

The man seated between Lonergan and myself slipped limply to the floor of the car.

"Merciful God!" Lonergan groaned.

Our prisoner's former stillness was explained. He was dead!

"Do you realize, my friend," said Gaston Max, "that our doom has been pronounced? We have defied the edict of the Voice. Bien! we are to pay the penalty! *I* am to survive for a thousand years! Appalling prospect! You, friend Lonergan, are to suffer oblivion: it is preferable, I think. But you, Woodville, are to *decide*. . . ."

"What is it that you must decide?"

BEHIND closed shutters of my apartment we sat in conference. Lonergan took a long draught of beer. I had been studying him carefully since our return, and his genius for disguise positively amazed me. There seemed to be nothing more synthetic about the Rev. Josiah Higgins than there had been about Mr. Aldous P. Kluster.

"Let's review the facts," said he, "and figure out our chances. You claim there awhile back, Max, that we weren't constantly watched. I say what happened in the Felsenweir woods showed for sure you were wrong. That outer barrage, whatever it is, was put down after Woodville and I went through. If it had been there when we started we'd have struck it."

"I cannot agree, my friend. In my opinion the gate is insulated—so is the path. You were lucky enough not to stray from this path—"

"We were covered!"

"From the time you approached Felsenweir, possibly."

"What about the Voice?"

"Presently," Max replied, "I shall ask you a question and also Woodville. If your replies are what I expect, I shall offer an explanation, fantastic perhaps, but possible, of this Voice."

Lonergan and I stared hard at the speaker, and:

"If there's an acceptable explanation of the Voice," I said, "there may be one covering the bats, in which event we can rule out the supernatural element."

"I wish I could think that way," Lonergan growled. "But we've got to find some kind of answer to the question: Why did that poor devil die?"

"He died," I replied, "because he knew things which the Voice does not intend we shall learn."

"True enough!" cried Gaston Max. "But *how* did he die?"

"Let's just admit," Lonergan said, "that we haven't the mistiest notion how he died, and then let's get down to sawdust. He hadn't a thing on him to prove his identity or connect him with Felsenweir."

"I cannot agree," Max interrupted. "He wore a steel bracelet with a kind of medal attached to it. On one face of this medal was a number, on the other an Egyptian figure. A strange ornament for a man of his class."

Strange indeed. I too had seen that queer bracelet. Having driven our dead captive to a lonely spot and laid him under the trees, Max—Lonergan acting as torchbearer—had skillfully examined his possessions. It was a scene I could never forget.

"Possibly worn for sentimental reasons," I suggested. "The man may have been a sailor at some time."

"There's nothing sentimental about a

(*Continued on page 58*)

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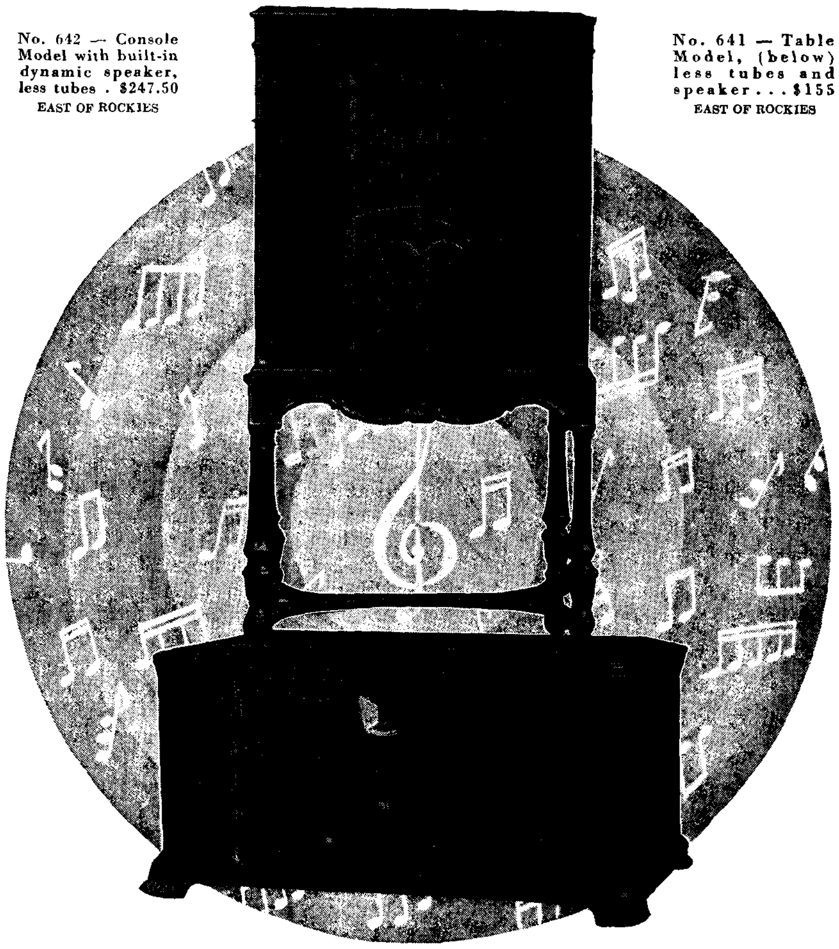

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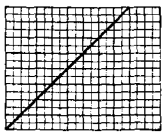
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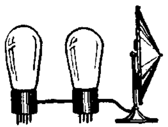

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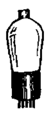
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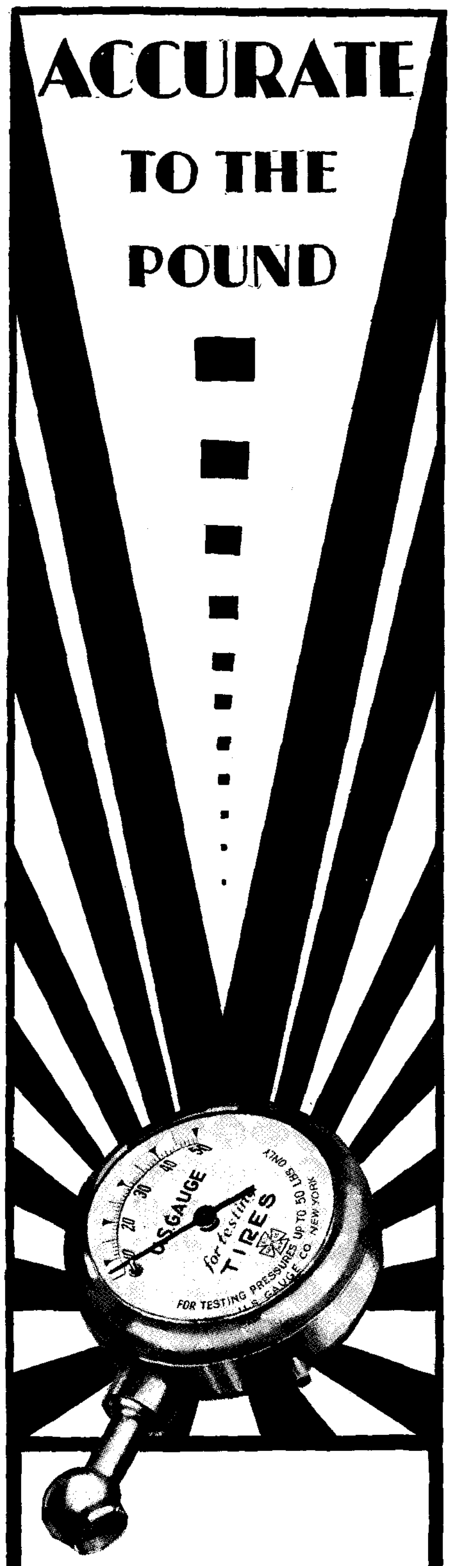
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(*Continued from page 57*)

number," Lonergan objected harshly. "4,396 is about as romantic as a taxicab."

"Congratulations!" Max murmured. "This was indeed the number on the disk."

"But if, as we have reason to believe," I went on, "he was killed by the Voice (we know our enemy by no other name), isn't this evidence that we were watched—even after we left Felsenweir?"

"My point exactly!" said Lonergan. "Let's agree we *were*. Next—have we covered our tracks? When the poor devil's found in the morning are we going to be arrested for murdering him?"

"If so, I was clumsy," said Max. "But I think—No!"

"I hope you're right," Lonergan declared. "Let's go ahead. We know Felsenweir is inhabited. If it isn't why was that poor devil climbing up there? No normal citizen of these parts would go within a mile of it at night. We know: (a)"—he ticked off the points on his fingers—"it's haunted, or (b) guarded by men in armor—God knows what for! . . .

"We know it's protected by death zones of a kind unheard of by any of us. Argument: It is, as we're already agreed, the headquarters of somebody who doesn't encourage interviewers and photographers. We were plainly warned to beat it. We're still here! If you feel happy—*I* don't. I'*ll* say that poor kite didn't die a natural death. And if the Voice can strike down that way. . . ."

He paused, looking from Max to myself. The latter shrugged and smiled.

"I am willing to bet," he declared, "that the Voice cannot strike *us* down so easily. Otherwise he would most certainly have done so."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that this Voice is not infallible. He failed to foresee the arrival of the poor fellow by whose misfortune you escaped death in those woods! But he is, I think, the cleverest, the most dangerous man the world has ever known. He has a wonderful brain; obedient accomplices. Let me test one of my theories about him. Let me ask these questions I spoke of."

He turned to me.

"Have you recently lost or mislaid any object which you usually carry about with you?"

I stared, scarcely comprehending; but:

"*I* have," Lonergan broke in. "I lost my cigar lighter for a whole day: posted it as missing. Then a waiter brought it back—told me he found it in the garden."

A gleam of triumph lighted up the eyes of Gaston Max.

"If it's any answer to your question," I said, "my wrist watch stopped a few days after I arrived here, and I had to send it to be mended."

MAX bowed as though I had paid him a compliment. He drew out his ornate gold cigarette case; and:

"The hinge of this case became mysteriously broken," he explained, "on the day I entered Baden-Baden. I also sent it to be mended. I was opening it, my friends, after its return, at the very *moment the Voice spoke to me* outside the cemetery gate!

"There are employees in this hotel who could tell us much we should like to know! There is a mysterious jeweler in the town who cleverly repairs watches, lighters and cigarette cases!"

Lonergan had his cigar lighter in his hand and I was staring at my wrist watch as though I had never seen it before. . . .

"I have examined my cigarette case with the utmost care," Max went on, "and although I do not understand its construction, I have found that a tiny, delicate mechanism—so tiny as to be almost impossible to detect—has been attached inside it!"

"Suffering Moses!"

"It is, I think, through this mechanism that the *Voice* speaks!"

"Our only course," said I, "is to apply to the German authorities and have Felsenweir raided. If possible, tonight—certainly before tomorrow morning."

"Is that so?"

Lonergan regretfully examined an empty beer bottle, then:

"If we could ginger the German police to take the matter up, we'd probably find the Castle was empty."

DIMLY *to my apartment penetrated* strains from the dance band still playing almost continuously in the ballroom. Laughing voices were audible—footsteps on gravel paths. On the return journey, having dropped our gruesome passenger, we had passed more *than one lighted car crammed with* fancifully clad figures.

"Imagine," Max said, "that we present ourselves before the chief of police. We identify ourselves. We tell a story, my friends, which no chief of police in Europe would believe. Consider what we know. I put it to you, Woodville, would any editor publish what you have to tell?"

"Frankly, I shouldn't care to put my name to it at the moment. . . ."

"We can prove nothing," Lonergan broke in. "But there's one thing we *can* do."

"What?"

"We can write the whole thing down, and put the record in a safe place. We can tell London, Paris and New York where the evidence lies. Then—if the Voice acts—we shan't have died for nothing."

"Good!" said Gaston Max. "With this I am in accord. Woodville—you shall be the scribe."

I *wrote an account of the night's* strange work, prompted first by one, *then by another. It was significantly* like the act of a man who feverishly executes his last will and testament, knowing his hours to be numbered.

From moment to moment we were expecting an intrusion . . . the Voice.

Max's theory had yet to be proved. Even if correct, it pointed to knowledge on the part of our opponent passing the achievements of any scientist of Europe or America.

But except for the intrusion of a waiter summoned by Lonergan to bring more beer, distant strains of dance music, voices and vague footsteps on garden paths, my task was uninterrupted. The account completed:

"Pin these pages to your earlier notes," Max directed. "We will all sign it."

This done and the signatures being blotted:

"What now?" I asked.

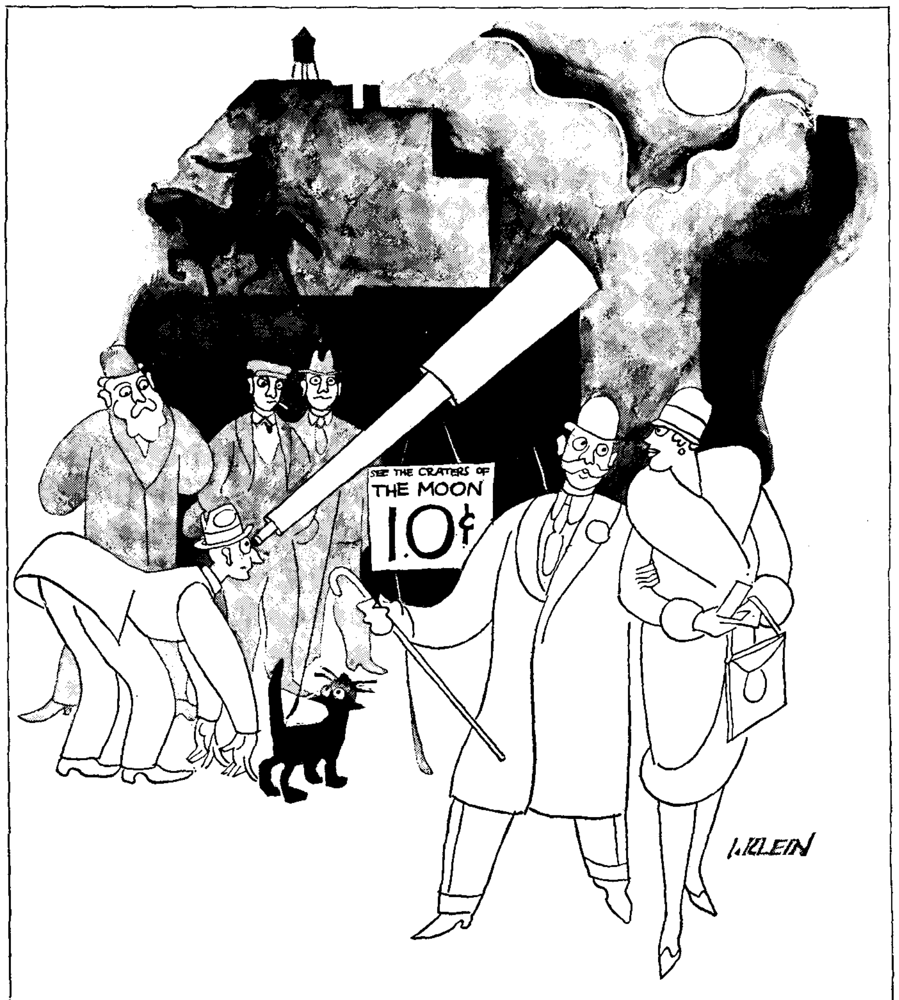
"Now," said Lonergan, "we put it in a large envelope—I see you've got some *—and we have it locked in the manager's safe.*"

The manuscript was sealed in an envelope which we all three initialed. Max and I set out for the office.

"It would be better," Lonergan explained, "if I didn't associate myself with this matter, as I'm now Rev. Josiah Higgins. I might easily have made your acquaintance but I don't have to be mixed up in your affairs. The Voice has got me taped but the gang mayn't know where I am." . . .

THE manager was discovered. He agreed to lock the document in his safe. Gaston Max dispatched a code wire to Paris, adding that it was to be *transmitted* immediately to Scotland Yard and cabled to New York Police Headquarters. This done:

"Tomorrow," he said, "or rather, later today, in France, in England, in America it will be known that important information is lodged in the safe of this hotel. *It is a precaution which may be*


SEE THE CRATERS OF THE MOON
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Old-Timer: "Yes, I can remember the good old days when you could see the moon for a nickel."

unnecessary or may be useless, but, name of a good little man, we can do no more!"

We went back to my apartment, where Lonergan was waiting.

As I turned the key and opened my door, I heard—or thought I heard—a voice. I stopped dead. It was not Lonergan's voice! The words reached me confusedly, but they seemed to be:

"Wait—and forget!"

I turned to Max.

"You heard it?"

He shook his head.

"I heard nothing."

I HURRIED into the apartment, Max close behind me.

The first thing which caught my notice was the attitude of Lonergan. He was sitting in an armchair by the writing table, staring around him in a dazed way. In other circumstances I should have supposed that he had fallen asleep and had been awakened by the sounds of our return. But with the menace which hung over us such an idea was ridiculous. Nevertheless his manner was oddly vague. He stared dreamily. But already my attention had wandered.

The shutters were raised fully six feet! Framed in that square opening was such a nocturne as genius never painted. I saw a moon-bathed nightscape. Max spoke:

"My dear friend—why in heaven's name did you raise those shutters?"

Lonergan stood up, staring almost angrily at the speaker.

"I thought there was somebody outside." He spoke in an oddly mechanical way. Max stared at him very hard, crossed, and lowered the shutters.

I was mystified, irritated. But the truth was far from my mind. Would that we had realized what had occurred since Max and I had left the room! Fate ordained otherwise.

Those haggard hands which hovered, eaglesque, over the world, met with no check. Our final conference outlasted the band. All sounds of music and of laughing voices had ceased when at last we parted. Memory of that odd expression of Lonergan's as I had found him seated with the shutter raised haunted me from time to time. More than once I caught Max glancing shrewdly at him.

His behavior was normal and his contributions to the conversation were characterized by all his old pungency. Nevertheless, I was uneasy. Admittedly, since the windows were open, the voice might have been that of someone in the gardens. Lonergan's story was definite enough. Suspicion had prompted him to raise the shutter, but there had been no one on the balcony. Yet it was oddly unsatisfactory.

"This is a case," said Gaston Max at last, "where there is no strength in numbers. If you take my advice, Woodville, you will not go to bed wearing your wrist watch! It may be useless—one cannot shoot the invisible—but it is reassuring to have a pistol under one's pillow. And if the Voice decided to treat us as he treated that poor fellow whom we captured—well. . . !" He shrugged. "We have left a record of all we know."

"You are to survive for a thousand years," I reminded him mirthlessly. "And Lonergan is to taste of the Waters of Oblivion. . . . "

He shrugged again.

"What does it matter?"

And so presently I found myself alone.

Whilst I undressed I listened to that merry music of the little stream, rippling on its way so near to my window. I made a very elaborate business of brushing my teeth in the bathroom and then even lighted another cigarette and mixed myself a final whisky-and-soda. My wrist watch I placed on the writing table.

Since hearing Max's ingenious theory I had had no opportunity of examining the mechanism and now I had no disposition to do so.

I was oddly reluctant to extinguish the light.

Lifting my telephone I called up the night porter and gave orders that I should be awakened at seven o'clock. I was sorry when he wished me goodnight. I found myself listening for footsteps in the gardens and calculating how long it would be before the Prussian sergeant's patrol led him to my windows.

The Rev. Josiah Higgins had registered, and deposited his baggage, at a modest hotel near the Trinkhalle. Tonight, however, he was occupying the spare bed in that large double room on the first floor above me in which Gaston Max resided.

I carefully locked both my outer and inner door and tested the fastenings of the shutters, with which the ingenious Max had found a means of tampering. They were safe enough tonight.

Yet when at last I scrambled into bed, leaving only one lamp alight beside me, the idea of darkness had become definitely terrible.

"But, you, Woodville, are to *decide*."

In short I'm not ashamed to confess that while nothing palpable threatened me, I was as frightened as I had ever been in my life. I had merely to close my eyes to see again the still, white, masklike face of that unknown man who had died in the car, propped up between Lonergan and myself; stricken silently.

Nor could I forget those words heard in this very room as Max and I had returned.

"Wait—and forget." I recalled the intonation, the mute strangeness of the tone: I tried to construe a sentence of which these three words might have formed a part.

My glance was persistently drawn in the direction of the shutters. Owing to the position of the moon, bars of light shone through the slats on the left-hand wall of the outer room. I found this pattern morbidly fascinating.

ALL the time I was turning over in my mind those strange words. Now, suddenly, like an inspiration, I grasped the clue. The voice had not said, "Wait and forget," but, "*Wake* and forget!"

This I realized—dropped my cigarette in the tray beside me, and sat bolt upright—staring.

A shadow had moved across that mooncast pattern—the magnified shape of what might have been an upraised arm!

I had my pistol out in a trice. Stripping off the sheets, I stepped silently on the floor.

Tap, tap, tap!

Someone, or something, was rapping on the shutters!

I forced myself to advance. Barefooted, I began to cross the carpet in the direction of the windows.

Tap, tap, tap!

I was now no more than five feet away, and:

"Who's there?" I cried.

"Mr. Woodville!—Quick!—lift the shutters! Let me in!"

My heart seemed to miss a beat.

Running, a silver thread through the nightmare of my life in the Black Forest, a dream had persisted—a hope; and a prayer that it might be realized.

This was my dream come true!

Putting the pistol on the settee, I sprang to the cords. I raised the heavy shutters.

A muffled figure stood on the balcony.

"*Marusa!*"

(*To be continued next week*)

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United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
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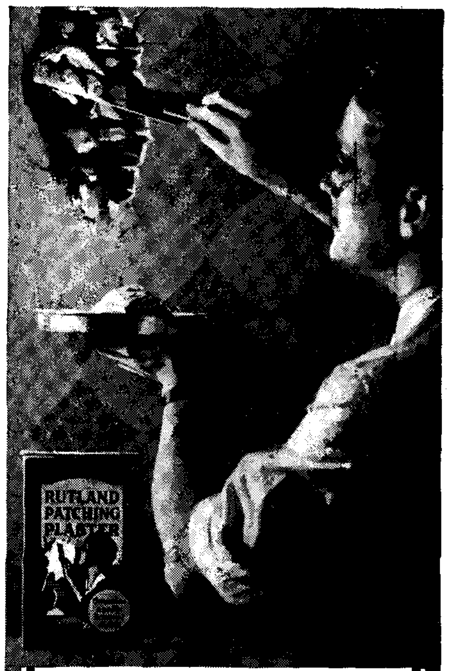
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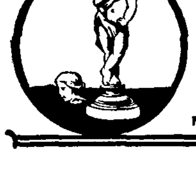
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An Old Fool likes an Old Fool

Continued from page 20

"Ah, but you must come again—and again—and again," she said. "To me, it has been delightful. And when I have finish the picture of your house, I hope you will accept it as a souvenir of our—meeting."

No other fifty-three-year-old woman in the entire world (and not more than seven in their twenties) could have said it just like that, and gotten away with it. But La Golivina put it across with a sigh, a smile and a drooping of the eyelids which caused Mr. Brice to retract his stomach to a really painful degree.

Recalling The Mark of Zorro, reel three, scene one, he bowed over her hand and kissed her slim brown fingers.

"Adoo!" he said, squaring his shoulders and striding down the steps at imminent peril of life and limb, *"Adoo!"* He was sure that he could feel her gaze every step of the way. But when he reached the bottom, wheeled dramatically and swept off his cap, he was dismayed to find that she was not standing at the top, looking after him. As a matter of fact, she wasn't even in sight.

"Shucks!" he said, disgustedly. "What do you know about that?"

Up at the villa, La Golivina and her maid were viewing the empty bottle in perplexed dismay. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Countess, holding it to the light and then turning it upside down. "He drank every last drop and never a blink of the eye!"

"Flic!" said the maid. "But they are extraordinary, these Americans! One must remember well, Madame, that the veesky is their national drink. Since they passed their mad law which prohibits the water, they drink nothing else."

"Ah, yes . . . I have heard! Well"—and she smiled thoughtfully, "when the time comes, we'll try him on absinthe. Then . . . perhaps it will be different!"

The time came a week later, and it *was different.* Very different. Mr. Brice, smacking his lips experimentally, said the stuff tasted like cough drops. Kind of pleasant, but not much kick. If it was all the same to her, he'd rather drink it straight.

"But surely!" she said, pouring him a brimming tumbler, "I am sorry that I have no veesky in the house."

"Oh, that's all right," he assured her, "I'm glad to give this stuff a work-out, for a change."

When he had worked-out something over a pint, he leaned across the table, seized La Golivina's hand, and ardently asked her to marry him.

"But you have a wife already, Monsieur!"

Mr. Brice took the news solemnly. "Oh, yes, I see," he said, nodding. He released her hand, and poured himself another drink. It was pretty potent stuff at that! Sipping it thoughtfully, he glanced down at his usually-bulging façade, which was today as severely straight as that of a West Point cadet. Joseph had bought him a broad knitted elastic belt (La Ceinture d'Obesité du Docteur Namy, it was called) which saved no end of wear and tear on the stomach muscles. He felt that it made him look not a day over forty. It gave him a great confidence.

"The fact of the matter, is, I'm madly in love with you, Countess," he said.

She rolled her eyes toward the lower branch of the plum tree, and sighed. Then she pressed the back of her hand to her forehead and shuddered dramatically.

"Alas!" she said, in a vibrant and tragic contralto. "Alas!"

"Alas what?" inquired Mr. Brice, hitching his chair around to her side of the table and bringing his glass with him. "I mean to say, what's alas? Privilege to help you any way I can, pretty Countess—help you in any shay, wape —er, way, shape or manner."

She bit her lip, shuddered again, and looked away.

"No!" she whispered. "It is—it is something in which you cannot help me. But you are so good, so noble, so kind!"

"Oh, no, say, not 't all!" he demurred, reaching for the bottle. The bottle was empty, but even as its emptiness became apparent, the maid appeared with a new one. Wonderfully trained, these European servants!

When Mr. Brice put down his glass, he saw that the Countess was weeping softly.

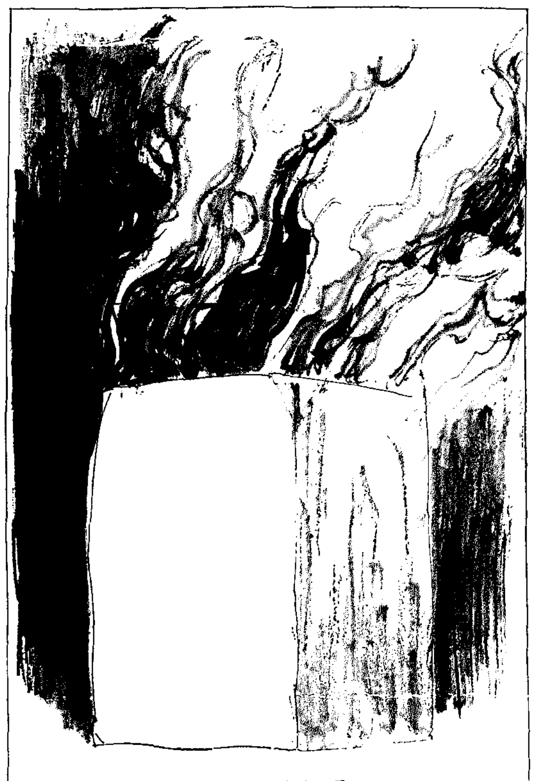
"Oh, say, please," he sympathized, putting his arm around her, "what's trouble, hey? Won't pretty little Countess Mousey-wousey tell her papa what's wrongey-wongey, hey?"

She was trembling. He took a drink and awaited her answer in growing discomfort. The Ceinture d'Obesité du Docteur Namy was all right when he was standing up, but it cut like sin when he was sitting down. "Come, come," he said, "I mean, come and tell papa."

FINALLY, under his urging, she steeled herself as if to an ordeal. With eyes averted and hands tightly clenched, she told him her story. When she came to the part about her life with the Russian Grand Duke, and that horrible afternoon in 1917 when the Reds dragged him from her cozy little apartment at Nevski Prospekt No. 79, Mr. Brice poured himself another drink. The poor, poor, poor little kid!

The Reds hadn't killed the Grand Duke, though. He had escaped in disguise, and joined General Wrangel's White Army which was fighting for the

Believe it or Not! By RIPLEY



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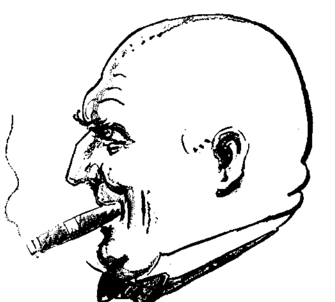

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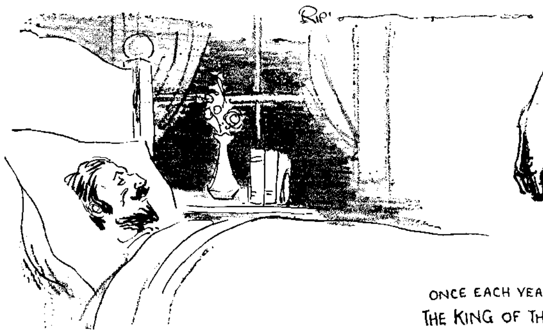

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— of Barcelona
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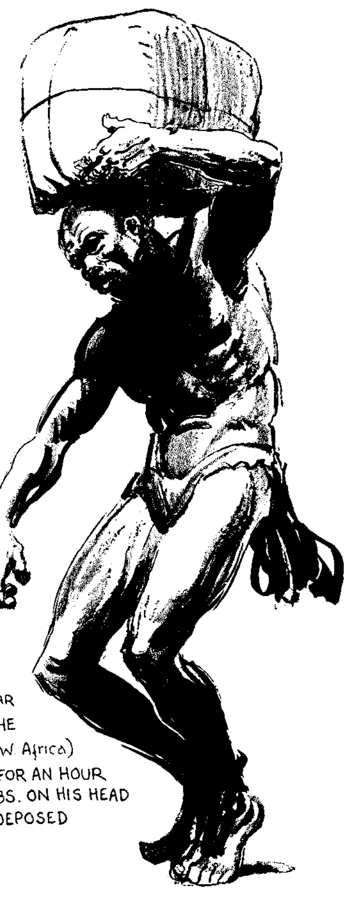
A SAGE HAD PREDICTED THAT HE WOULD NEVER DIE IN BED
BUT– AN EARTHQUAKE FRIGHTENED HIM OUT OF BED AND HE WAS KILLED BY A FALLING BEAM.



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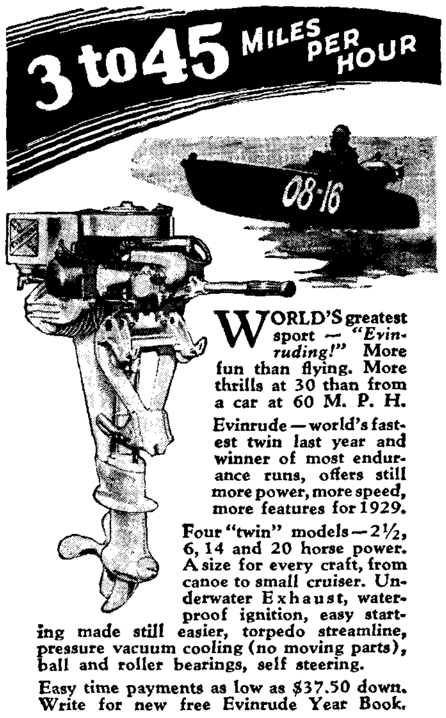

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lost cause in the East. And then came the strangest part of the story—the strangest story Mr. Brice had ever heard. La Golivina told it in a whisper:

It seemed that the Czar and the imperial family were imprisoned in a house in Ekaterinburg. One night the Reds had taken them into the garden and shot them with automatic pistols. They threw the poor riddled bodies down a well. A week later, loyal peasants had retrieved these bodies, spirited them away, and burned them. The ashes of the Czar they reverently gathered and sealed in an ancient gem-studded coffer. This they smuggled to Wrangel, who gave it to Carlotta's Grand Duke.

When the White Army was smashed to pieces, the Duke fled overland to Vladivostok, where he lived in dire poverty.

La Golivina was in Paris, and hearing of his plight, she sold her jewels and sent the money to him.

"And," she said simply, "the very week the money reached him, the poor man died. But—he willed that precious coffer to me. . . ."

SHE buried her head in her arms, and sobbed piteously.

Mr. Brice put down his glass. "Lemme get this straight," he said. "You mean—you still have the ashes of the Czar?"

"Yes!" she said, proudly tossing her head. "I am custodian of that priceless, that sacred relic!"

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Mr. Brice.

"Ah," sighed La Golivina. "Think, think of my great responsibility! How I have wished that I could find someone to whom I could entrust them—someone who would place them in a national museum perhaps, or. . . ."

"Sure!—Museum! Great attraction!" agreed Mr. Brice, a trifle thickly.

"For years I have been the slave of those ashes," she continued. "The Imperial Committee—the leading group of loyal refugees in France—have pledged me to part with them only to a person beyond reproach, for five hundred thousand francs. The Imperial Order of St. George of the First Class will be bestowed upon this benefactor at a public investiture at Duke Sergei's house in Paris. We have yet to find one who is worthy."

Mr. Brice leaned across and grasped her arm with one hand while he groped for fountain pen and check book with the other. "I'll buy 'em if you wamme to, dearie!" he said. "You look me up in Who'sh Who, the Directory of Directors, or anywhere you like. Go in and get those ashes!"

She went.

By the time she emerged—it must have been fifteen minutes—he had written a check on Morgan & Harjes, and had two more drinks. She walked slowly toward him, her eyes fixed upon an oblong brass coffer, turquoise-studded, which she held upon the palms of her extended hands. She placed the box upon the table and genuflected before it. Instinctively, Mr. Brice put down his drink and his cigar, and made appropriate adjustments in the expression of his face.

"Monsieur Brice," she said, her voice vibrant. "Here is the sacred relic. Guard it well! Give me your solemn oath that you will never break this seal or violate the imperial dust which lies within."

"Huh?" he said. "All right, I won't open it. Not 'f you don't wamme to."

He was sorry to see that a great seriousness had come over her. A religious light burned in her eyes. She seemed preoccupied—hardly conscious of his presence. He had hoped it would be otherwise.

"Say—did anybody ever tell you you got a figure like Josephine Baker's?" he inquired.

She raised her hand in a saintly gesture. "Please, Monsieur, please!" she protested softly.

"Shucks!" he grunted. Well, anyway, there was a fresh bottle on the table. . . .

A bottle on the table! It reminded him of a song about something. Oh, why sure! It was a song about a stein on the table—great old song! "With a sh-h-tei-in on the tay-bul-l-l, 'an a good sawn-n-g ring-ging cle-e-ear. . . ."

Suddenly he saw her face through a sunshiney mist, and he realized by its expression that he'd been singing aloud.

"*Whoa!*" he exclaimed, biting the song off short, and rising to his feet. "M'awfully sorry, Countess—I guess I kind of forgot where I was. Mean to say, m'awfully sorry for getting like this."

"Go!" she said, handing him the coffer and taking the check. "Tonight I leave for Paris. In a week you will hear from the Committee. Go—" and her voice broke.

"C'mon, Czar!" he said, tucking the box under his arm and heading for the gate. "Come home an' meet the wife!"

The steps were easier this time. In fact, he wasn't even conscious of them. A taxi, by heaven's grace, was passing at the bottom. Mr. Brice handed the driver a bank note, waved his stick towards the crags of Eze, fell into the cab, and went to sleep.

The bank note happened to be a thousand francs. The taxi-driver, in his gratitude, delivered him at the château with a glib and excited story of sunstroke. He had seen the Monsieur taking his constitutional—striding along the Corniche at the *pas gymastique*, in reckless defiance of the broiling sun. Suddenly, Monsieur had halted, pressed his hands to his head, and spun around like the dervishes of Algeria. Whereupon he, Lucien François Xavier Gaurin, old soldier, expert chauffeur, and a citizen the most reputable, had applied his brakes, leaped from his *voiture*, caught Monsieur in the act of falling, and brought him tenderly hither.

THE servants supported Mr. Brice to his room. Miss Penelope screamed into the phone for a doctor in her Misses Ely French. The telephone manager, listening in and learning that the great American capitalist was at death's door, immediately sold the story to three news agencies. These, in turn, put it on the American cables so promptly that it reached Wall Street before closing. Seven stocks hit their record low for the year.

Joseph had very sensibly taken charge, expelled the family, locked the door, and unfastened the Ceinture d'Obesité du Docteur Namy. Then he sent to the kitchen for a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, a raw egg, and red pepper. By the time the doctor arrived, Mr. Brice was sitting up in bed and breaking the seal on a curious turquoise-studded brass box. Lifting the lid, he peered within. "Russian cigarettes!" he chuckled, "Say, isn't that nice! Not a Czar in a coffin-load! eh, Doc?" Then, lighting one, he launched into a strange American folk-song about a taybull.

Thus, the day turned out profitably for almost everybody—especially for Mr. Brice, whose New York office, reassured by cable, had bought heavily at the low figure, and made a killing when prices leaped up again.

The only exception was La Golivina. The Nest of the Dove became anything but, when she discovered that the upper line of the check was filled in for Twenny Shive Fousand Dollars, while seven blurred but ardent cross-marks filled the space where should have been the numerals.

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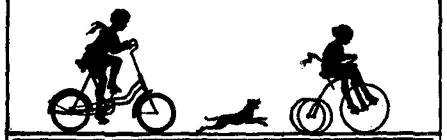

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Nothing up my Sleeve

Continued from page 17

accomplished by the snake-charmers, who are a caste by themselves.

The snake-charmers seem to be of superior intelligence. They have combined the thrill of handling a poisonous cobra with some of the cleverest deceptions known in magic. In fact, they have invented some of the most intricate and clever "loads," or methods of concealment, that have been adopted by the Occidental magician.

The snake-charmer, however, in comparison, works at a disadvantage, for the reason that he wears fewer clothes; and at times is obliged to perform his effects with only a breech-cloth around his body.

The third morning was given to the snake-charmer. This performance, as usual, took place on the stone floor beside my bed as I was having coffee. The magician patted his body on all sides, and opened his clothing to prove that there was nothing concealed on his person. He asked for a towel; then dancing and playing his flagiolette, he pointed under my bed, and cried:

"Cobra-hai! Cobra-hai, Sahib!"

The Indian's Secret

I looked under the bed. There was no cobra.

"Cobra-hai! Cobra-hai!" he repeated, and throwing the towel on the floor by the bed, he quickly raised it, and there was a large, hissing cobra. I jerked back in astonishment. I could have reached the cobra with my hand. He knelt beside the snake and played his flagiolette. The snake slowly raised its venomous head and looked at the musical gourd.

The magician played on, getting closer and closer to the snake; then, with a cry, he grabbed the cobra by the neck, raised it above his head, and cried:

"Cobra-hai, Sahib!"

I shall never forget that scene. It was the first time in years that I had seen any magic that had mystified me. In my enthusiasm, I begged him to repeat the performance, and to my surprise he removed the yellow cloth that served as a coat; repeated the patting of his body, the dancing and playing of the music; threw the towel on the floor and produced another cobra from the same spot.

To make sure of my senses I sat up in bed. The magician, seeing that I was mystified, proceeded without further urging. He pulled his shirt from his body and stood with just a small piece of cloth draped around his loins. He was a great performer, that fellow, and will always hold my admiration as an artist. Added to his cleverness and dramatic ability, he showed a keen sense of humor. To prove that there was no snake concealed on his person, he showed me the pits of his arms, the backs of his knees, opened his mouth, turned his ear and pulled down the lids of his eyes, repeating at each gesture:

"Nay cobra! Nay cobra, Sahib! Nay cobra!"

Then he drew the cloth closely around his body, patting himself in such a convincing manner that I would have sworn there was no snake about his person. Grabbing the towel and shaking it vigorously, he danced and played with greater zeal.

"Cobra-hai!" he cried, as he raised the towel from the floor, revealing another deadly reptile.

Determined to learn the secret, I hastily dressed and gave the magician an English sovereign. It was probably the first gold-piece he had ever owned, and he willingly told me how he had first extracted the poison sacs from the necks of the snakes; and he showed me the method, which had to be repeated every three weeks.

He forced the snakes into little canvas bags with a draw string at the opening, to which was attached a button. He explained to me how he tied these under his arms and back of his knees and under his loin cloth.

Under cover of waving the towel he caught the button, plunged forward, and covered the falling snake with the towel.

The snake-charmers are the most prosperous of all magicians in India. Their most lucrative practice is to visit the home of a newly-arrived British family, holding a snake in their hands claiming they caught it as it crawled from under the house. They add that where there is one, there are many snakes, and that that particular house has been infested for some time.

They offer to capture every snake in the house for a rupee apiece. With the lady's consent they proceed to find snakes in the cellar, kitchen, and finally in the bedrooms, using, of course, their trick method of production.

The lady, realizing the danger of these cobras, is greatly alarmed, and the happy magicians depart carrying their own snakes and several rupees.

The natives of India were not admitted to the Theater Royal, where we were playing to capacity to the Europeans. I continued my search for Indian mystery at every opportunity, and finally decided to give a free afternoon performance for all the magicians in Calcutta.

We advertised for ten days, and hours before the scheduled time, the theater was surrounded by every kind of magician and street entertainer. My friend, P. Gangulai, a high-caste Brahmin merchant, and another Hindu stood at the door to admit only those who carried proof of their occupation.

The seating capacity was fourteen hundred, but we crowded in twice that number. They filled the aisles and pressed against the footlights.

Credited with Occult Powers

Among some of the mysteries I presented was the levitation act in which a girl was hypnotized and placed on a couch in the center of the brilliantly lighted stage. I commanded her to rise slowly in the air to the height of six feet. Then I invited a score of magicians from the audience and led them around the lady. They put their hands over her and under her, and I passed a hoop back and forth over her body. To my astonishment the magicians on the stage fell on their faces. There was a general murmur in the audience and I was told that they were declaring I had supernatural powers.

The magicians circled around the young lady again. I covered her with a cloth; made a few mystic passes; jerked the cloth away, and the girl had vanished! Again I had trouble in preventing these magicians from falling on their faces.

Finally, my interpreter asked if any one could perform the Indian Rope Trick, and after much discussion I was surprised to learn that not one of the three thousand had ever heard of it.

They do, however, perform a trick with rope. This rope, which has a copper wire running through it, they obtain from ships. The magician straightens a six-foot piece through his hands and balances it on his fingers. Dropping it, the rope coils of its own weight.

This has no relation to the famous story where the magician throws a rope in the air and the boy who climbs it disappears.

The next morning the Indian newspapers printed in large headlines the statement that "God had sent Mr. Thurston as a great religious teacher to show the faithful some of the powers they would have if they remained true to their religion."

I placed a standing advertisement, which was published for six consecutive months, in five leading newspapers of India, to the effect that I would give three thousand rupees (one thousand dollars) to anyone who would show me anything in the way of mystery that I could not understand.

In the Cobra Country

I met many people who related strange and wonderful stories. In fact, the entire country was filled with reports of weird mysteries. But no one ever attempted to collect the reward.

After playing four weeks at the Theater Royal, we leased the Classic Theater on Beaden Street for six weeks. It was an old playhouse in the heart of the native district, which had been condemned for several years. Sixteen wagon-loads of dirt were taken from the stage and dressing-rooms. The balcony was shored up; seats were repaired, and lights were installed.

While the work proceeded, we crossed India to play a month's engagement at Bombay, stopping at Allahabad for three days. We gave the performance at the British Club, which was located in the center of a large park. The hotel manager told us not to be disappointed if the audience was small, for it was the cobra season, and snakes were everywhere. As was customary, he provided the members of our company with long staffs for protection, saying that we would need them after the performance that night, as there were no lights on the road.

At the club we learned that the day before a large cobra had been found coiled on a lady's dress while she was having tea on the veranda.

We were obliged to go under the stage to make necessary preparations. Having cut a hole through the floor at the back, George took the lantern and asked one of the natives to direct him to the center of the stage. The native refused, and the steward forbade us, saying the place was alive with cobras. But the show had to go on, and in order to give confidence to my assistants, I lowered the lantern on a rope and descended the improvised ladder. George had raised a board from the center of the stage floor. Holding the lantern, and drawing behind me a large electric wire, I cautiously made my way under the stage toward the dim light of the opening. I had gone several feet, when I heard a noise at my right; thinking it was a cobra, I swung the lantern in defense, and broke it against a support.

My nerves were tense with fear, for I have always had an abhorrence of snakes. Fearfully groping in the dark, I moved toward the aperture; then, as if the ground had gone from under me, and with a horror that I can never describe, I felt myself falling, down—down.

As I gasped with fear, my feet sank into a soft substance that covered my shoes; but I had reached the bottom. With a supreme effort I leaped forward and upward, and gripped the stone edge of the pit. The boys had just removed several more boards, and without knowing how, I scrambled to the surface and threw my hands through the opening. George drew me to the stage.

The steward said the stage had been built over an old well, and we focused a strong spotlight down through the opening and saw that the well was about eight feet deep and filled with slime. Cobras are afraid of light, and in the glare we could see dozens of snakes crawling to safety.

The audience came in groups, with natives armed with sticks and lanterns guarding all sides as they made their way through the dark roads. We kept several strong lights burning under the stage, and continued our engagement for three nights, during which time the Mohammedan natives stood guard and killed many snakes on the grounds.

We stopped at the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay. The native magicians had heard of our magic and asked me to give a special performance for them. The crowded theater of conjurers were even more enthusiastic than at Calcutta for they seemed to be of a higher intelligence, but none of them had ever heard of the Rope Trick. Several days later a committee of Indian magicians presented me with a beautiful collection of Benares hand-beaten brass, which I prize more than some of the gifts I have received from royalty. It was a tribute from the wonder-workers of the East to the magician of the West.

The repairs to the theater in Calcutta were finished, and I was anxious to appear before the natives, because I liked them. They were so enthusiastic and different.

As early as five o'clock in the morning of the opening day a great crowd had gathered in the compound surrounding the theater, waiting for the evening performance.

I formed many friends among the Mohammedans and Hindus. The native papers insisted I had supernatural powers, and I found it difficult to force my way through the streets as the natives blocked my path and tried to touch my clothing.

I was forced to build a runway from my dressing-room to the gari, or carriage, and employ guards to make it possible for me to enter and leave the theater.

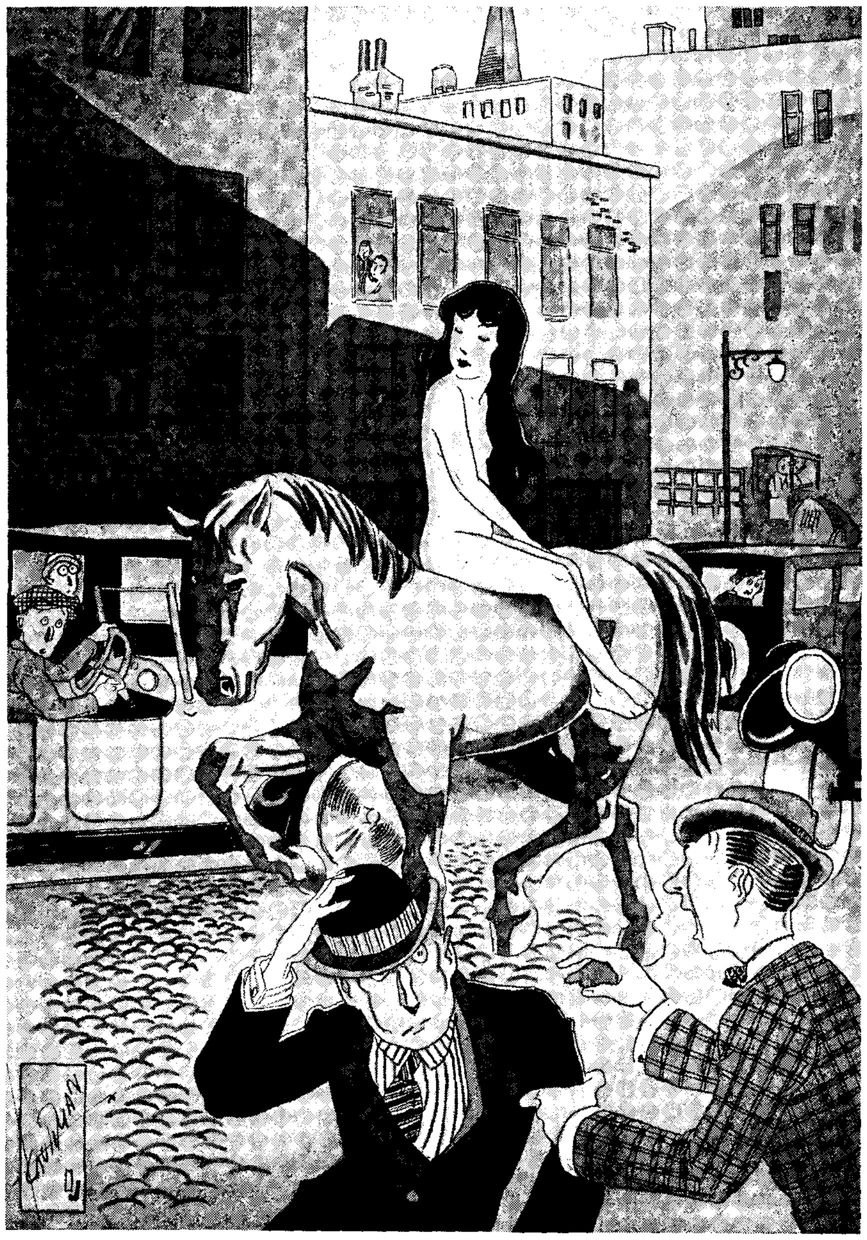
The Rajah's Carriage

Rajah Tagore reserved a box for the entire engagement, and attended many of the performances. He believed that my levitation and many of the other mysteries were accomplished by the powers possessed by the yogi. I was invited to his castle many times; and he insisted that I use his private carriage daily from ten to three. It was the largest carriage I had ever seen. It was ornately decorated and was drawn by four horses, two drivers in front and two footmen at the back.

Everybody in Calcutta knew the Rajah's carriage. I used it as much as possible, for it added to my prestige.

I was a guest at a festival given by the Rajah. There were many Hindu dig-

(*Continued on page 64*)



IF LADY GODIVA REPEATED HER ACT TODAY

Gosh, Bill! Look! A horse!

"Troubles we don't talk about"

Dr. Joseph Franklin Montague, leading specialist connected with the rectal clinic at Bellevue Medical College, is also an author and lecturer of note. He first captured the attention of the general public with his recent book, "Troubles we don't talk about," now in its third printing.

PROBABLY nobody is better qualified to judge the merits of various "regulating agents" than Dr. J. F. Montague. A brilliant New York specialist in intestinal and rectal ailments, he has had ample opportunity to observe the damaging effects of the old-fashioned drastic measures that people have used to keep their systems in order.

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In his now famous book, "*Troubles We Don't Talk About*," Dr. Montague makes special mention of Nujol. Again, in a personal interview he spoke of Nujol as a safe, effective aid to health.

Dr. Montague prescribes this form of treatment for his patients, as a *preventive* of painful and serious ailments, and also as a general health measure to be followed regularly.

Nujol is *not* a medicine. It is a pure, *natural* substance that helps your system to function as Nature intended it to, under all conditions. Regularly. Easily. Normally. It cannot possibly upset you or disagree with you.

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Your opportunity will never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards of early success. Free 64-Page Books Tell How. Write NOW for book you want, or mail coupon with your name, present position and address in margin today.

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☐ Commercial Spanish
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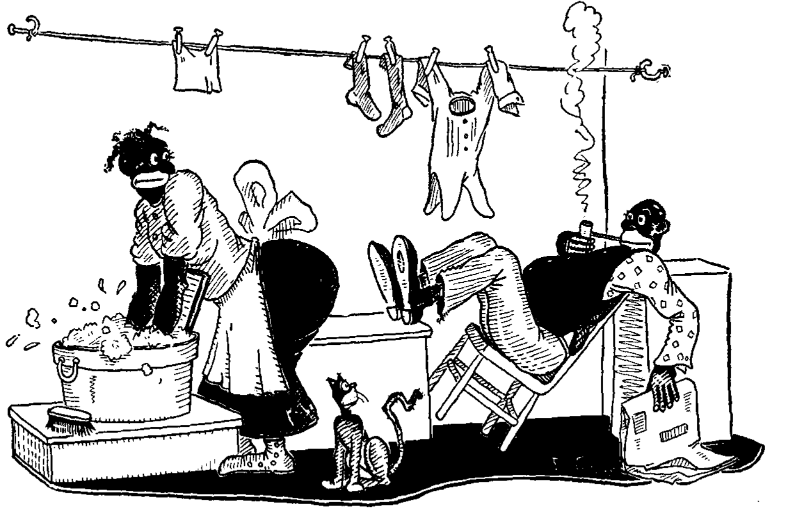
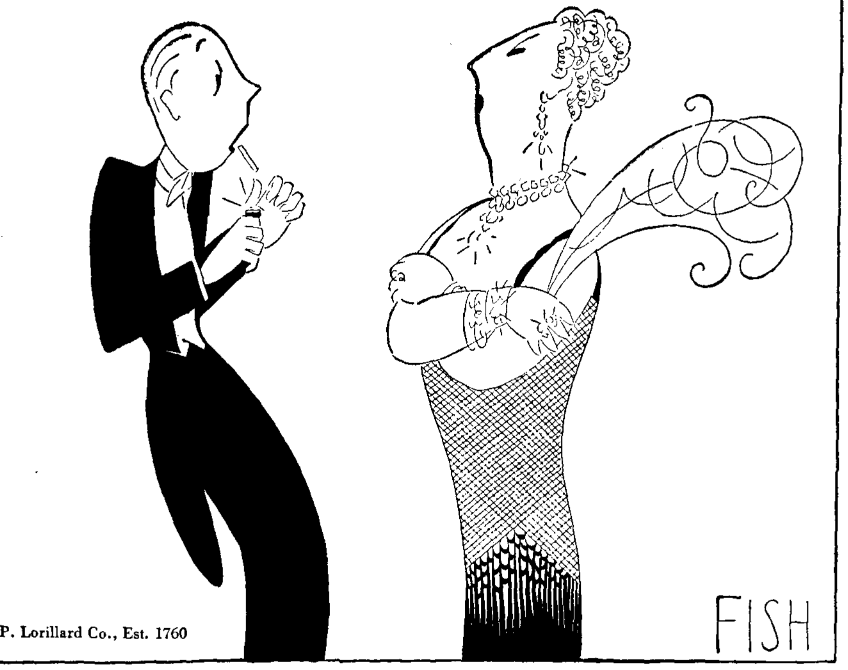


Disgusted Wife: "You hold a job, Worthless? Say, nigger, when you all hold a job a week, mosquitoes will brush their teeth with Flit and like it!" (Advertisement)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you have been making funny remarks about the party... and find it's your hostess you are talking to... *be nonchalant*... LIGHT A MURAD.



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(*Continued from page 63*)

nitaries present. The Rajah insisted that I display my magic powers, so I resorted to an old trick which I had taught Daddy Lyons.

I called for a fresh pack of cards, asked the Rajah to tear off the cover and select a card; to press it against his head and think intently of the suit and number. He replaced the card in the pack; I shuffled the cards which I handed to his secretary. I asked the Rajah to telephone "Mr. Harry Lyons" at the hotel and ask him the name of the card he had chosen.

It was evident to those present that there had been no trickery. Everyone was completely mystified when Daddy Lyons named the eight of clubs without hesitation.

All the party was delighted; and again I listened to the miraculous tales attributed to the yogi; self-levitation; the boy vanishing from the rope; the prisoner who escaped from a Calcutta jail and appeared in Delhi an hour later; the yogi who was buried in a grave for several days; the passage of the astral body to foreign lands; the mystery of how the natives of all India know instantly of any event of interest that may happen at any place. These and many other strange things were discussed and seemed to be accepted as truths.

I liked the Rajah, but fearful that he was being misled, thought it my duty to enlighten him on the subject of my mysteries. I explained the method of my levitation; how the ghost appeared in the cabinet; how the girl was shot from a cannon into a nest of boxes hanging at the dome of the theater; how gallons of water poured from a previously empty cocoanut shell held in my right hand, while streams of fire spurted from the fingers on my left; and finally the secret of the trick I had just performed.

He looked at me incredulously and refused to believe my explanations. He intimated that I was misleading him, and warned me to be truthful lest I lose my power.

To prove my assertions I asked him to select another card, and to phone Robert Lyons.

"Harry or Robert?" he asked.

"Robert," I replied.

He received the correct answer—the four of spades.

Then I explained to him that the first name of Mr. Lyons designated the card selected; that Harry signified the eight of clubs; Robert, the four of spades; that there was a different name for every card; and that through sleight of hand I learned the name of each card when it had been returned to the pack.

Dear to the Human Heart

The next day, the carriage did not appear; nor did the Rajah occupy the box again during the engagement. It was the last time I saw His Highness. Some years afterwards I met his son, Rabindrinath Tagore, who was lecturing in America.

This Rajah of Calcutta had the same desire to believe in the mysterious that is dear to the heart of all humans. Why not? The world is a mystery; life is a mystery; death is a mystery!

The Nizam of Hyderabad was a guest of the government house with the Amir. He sent his secretary to arrange a private performance for himself and his wives. All the seats downstairs had been removed, excepting three special chairs which the servants had brought for the Nizam and two of his aides. Ninety-seven wives were seated in the purda.

The secretary handed me an envelope just as His Highness was leaving. I had heard of the tricks of the secretaries of native rulers—how they held half of the fee for themselves. It was common talk among the European artists in the Orient. I secretly opened the envelope and looked at the check. Five hundred rupees was the amount.

Standing on the runway as the Nizam's car left the compound, I said, "Thank you, Mr. Secretary, for the check for five hundred rupees."

"A *thousand* rupees, Mr. Thurston," said the secretary, with emphasis on the thousand.

The Nizam looked at the secretary.

I made a gesture as if hastily looking at the check and apologetically replied:

"Pardon, sir. It is a thousand. I hadn't expected so much!"

As I stood watching the car the secretary turned and nodded knowingly. That evening I received another check for five hundred rupees.

Under Canvas in India

We played at the Classic Theater for three months and would have remained indefinitely had not the owners doubled and tripled the rent as the engagement was extended from six to ten and then to twelve weeks.

We were told there were few theaters in India large enough for our performance. So we decided to make a tent to seat two thousand people, with stage, lights and seats. There were no tentmakers in Calcutta. Finally I found a Chinaman who said he would do the work if I explained how it should be done.

The tent was sixty by two hundred feet, with forty-foot center poles. The Chinaman showed remarkable skill, and with the aid of twenty of his native workmen the work progressed faster than expected. Before we closed at the Classic Theater everything was completed. We engaged thirty men and loaded the outfit, including a small automobile, in four railroad cars, and set off for Benares—our first stop.

The dreadful bubonic plague was on. There were many deaths daily and the natives were afraid to assemble. Business was bad, and we prepared to move.

The plague and the rapidly approaching hot season hinted at the futility of remaining in India. I cabled the theaters in South Africa, and having heard that Harry Kellar was about to retire, wrote him, offering to buy his show.

I remained in Benares long enough, however, to discuss magic, theosophy and religion with the famous Annie Besant, who lived in a beautiful home overlooking the Ganges. I also visited the priests who paid large fees to the city for the privilege of having small floats at the foot of the temples on the banks of the river.

We packed our four-car magic circus and entrained for Lucknow.

I finally engaged Bella Hassan, the best magician I could find in India, who later appeared with me in America.

A party of hunters was stopping at the hotel. Thrilling tales of the tiger hunt were told; but all agreed that the wild boar was more dangerous. Captain Wertzler told us that the wild dog was the most dangerous animal in India, for the reason that, unlike the tiger or the wild boar, it ventured into towns seeking sheep and cattle; and that no person or animal had ever lived after having been bitten by a wild dog.

During the ten days in Lucknow, the plague increased with great rapidity. There was almost constant procession of burials. Business decreased, and I decided to sell the tent. The captain told me of a wealthy babu who had exhibited moving pictures in a tent, which had been destroyed by a storm. The babu bought our tent; the magic was removed, and the picture machine installed.

The tent had cost six thousand rupees; I sold it for a thousand as it stood.

We moved to Agra, and appeared at the Rawa Theater.

The fourth day in Agra, George said: "Mr. Thurston, one of the ducks died."

"What's wrong, George?"

"Plague!"

"No!" I replied, in an indifferent manner. "Ducks don't get the plague!"

The following day George phoned me in excitement, saying, "All the ducks died with the plague!"

"How do you know?"

"The natives told me."

I drove to the theater. Stepping from my car, I looked directly into the face of a dying man who was being carried on a litter. I entered the theater.

"George!" I shouted.

"Yes, sir!"

"We close the show tonight!"

I had received offers of engagements in South Africa. I also wired Kellar for a reply to my former message. He cabled acceptance.

I was in a quandary, whether I should play South Africa or join Kellar. I called George and explained the situation. As I held a coin in my hand, I remembered my last dollar that I had tossed on the steamship Sonoma.

"Which shall it be, George? South Africa or home?"

"Home," replied George.

"Take your choice!"

"Heads!"

I tossed the coin! George won; and we were homeward bound.

THE END

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
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Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. But the publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

$1,000 in cash awards to cigarette smokers

10 TO 1
7 TO 1
9 TO 1

$500 for cigarette sales people

Cigarette smokers discovered this new use for Luden's Menthol Cough Drops—*greater smoke satisfaction and greater throat comfort.* We have been advertising that "One Luden's to every ten cigarettes—makes the eleventh taste as good as the first." Now we find that cigarette smokers have been making their own tests—some say it should be one Luden's to seven cigarettes; others one to five, and so on. To settle this "argument" and to enable cigarette smokers to make their own decisions, we are offering $1000 in prizes to cigarette smokers and $500 to cigarette sales people for the most convincing experiment and the cleverest slogan on the use of Luden's with cigarettes.

PRIZES

$1,000	to Cigarette Smokers.	$500	to those who sell cigarettes.
$200	for the best test description and slogan or jingle.	$100	for the best test description and slogan or jingle.
$100	for the 2nd best.	$75	for the 2nd best.
$50	for the 3rd best.	$50	for the 3rd best.
$25	for the 4th best.	$25	for the 4th best.
$10	each for the next 30 winners.	$10	each for the next 10 winners.
$5	each for the next 65 winners.	$5	each for the next 30 winners.
	(ninety-nine prizes in all)		*(forty-four prizes in all)*

RULES

1—Any cigarette smoker can enter except employes of Luden's, Inc.

2—Write on one side of the paper only—do not use more than 200 words, including your slogan or jingle.

3—Mail to Cigarette Slogan Contest, Luden's, Inc., 230 N. 8th St., Reading, Pa. Write your name and address plainly.

4—The letter must be postmarked *before* midnight, July 15th, 1929.

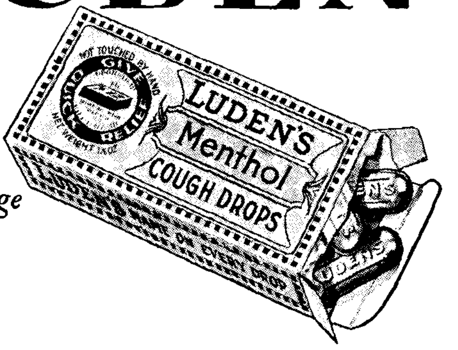
5—Prizes will be awarded for the most convincing explanation of the smoking test and the cleverest jingle or slogan giving the results. Not more than one prize to one person.

6—All contestants agree to abide by the decision of the judges. Names of winners will be given in this publication and checks mailed to winners as soon as a decision can be reached after July 15th, 1929.

7—If you want to participate and have not tried Luden's Menthol Cough Drops, you can get a sample package, *free*, by writing to Cigarette Slogan Contest, Luden's, Inc., 230 N. 8th St., Reading, Pa.

LUDEN'S

In the triple-sealed yellow package



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

AMEND THE AMENDMENT

"EVERY effort of this character is an experiment, and we shall find from our experience the way to further advance."

The words are President Hoover's. He was talking to Congress about farm relief. What he said applies with even greater force to prohibition, which Mr. Hoover has described as an experiment noble in purpose.

The point is that any law is an experiment. Some succeed, some fail, but all are experimental. Remember this in connection with prohibition. It will make clear what would otherwise be a morass of confusion.

Collier's has pictured the evils which have grown up under prohibition—the drinking, the bribery, the corruption, the crime, which are national scandals.

Senator William E. Borah in an article published in this issue of Collier's demands that those not contented with present conditions propose a better alternative. The challenge is fair.

Prohibition is an experiment, noble in purpose, in the President's words. Prohibition thus is not an end in itself. Sobriety, a sober nation, is the goal sought through this experiment of prohibition.

Other experiments had been made with varying degrees of success. Voluntary temperance and abstinence were advocated and not without effect. Local option and statewide prohibition had been tried. Federal prohibition came after many other trials.

Local option and state prohibition generally were arranged by law. Laws are passed and repealed in reponse to the change of public opinion.

Federal prohibition, however, in the excitement of war was engraved upon the Constitution. It was treated not as an experiment but as something proven. The Eighteenth Amendment was a sort of obituary notice written to commemorate the death of the Demon Rum. The difficulty arose when the demon did not die.

Now we have the words in the Constitution but we haven't got the fact. Prohibition has not brought about sobriety. On the contrary, since prohibition drunkenness has become more respectable.

No lasting harm would have come from national prohibition by statute. Statutes can readily be changed as conditions and public opinion shift. The blunder was in writing the experiment into the Constitution.

Collier's accordingly now proposes an amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment.

The precise wording of the amendment to be substituted for the Eighteenth Amendment should be fixed only after the most careful consultation.

Such an amendment, however, might be stated as follows:

"The Congress shall have the power to regulate or prohibit the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, but such grant of power shall not be construed to require that such regulation or prohibition shall be uniform throughout the United States nor deprive the states of power to impose additional regulations or prohibitions upon such manufacture, sale, transportation, importation or exportation."

Such an amendment would be merely a grant of power. It would not be a definition of policy. Under it any number of experiments, federal, state or local might be undertaken.

The adoption of such an amendment would leave Congress and the states free to deal with the alcohol traffic as conditions and public opinion warrant.

The national law would still be superior to statutes of states. The policy determined by Congress would still be the national policy but Congress would not be required to lay down a uniform policy for all states. The national policy might very well provide for state and local differences. There is sound legal precedent for this.

Where local sentiment was dry, local or state prohibition might be adopted and enforced by local authority. Congress would naturally protect dry territory from interstate shipments. Where local sentiment was wet, devices such as the Quebec plan, or the Swedish plan, or some other schemes not yet invented might be tried. Enforcement would be by local authority and not by national police.

The fundamental point is that a majority of the people of the United States would tackle their present problem in their own way. Now we are ruled by the dead hand of 1918. Yet we are as fit to manage our affairs in 1929 as we were eleven years ago. Our successors of 1940 or 1950 will be as competent to make their own decisions. The capacity of American people to govern themselves did not perish in 1918.

Broaden the constitution and give the voters of today and tomorrow the lawful opportunity to express their will.

AMENDMENT SUGGESTED AS

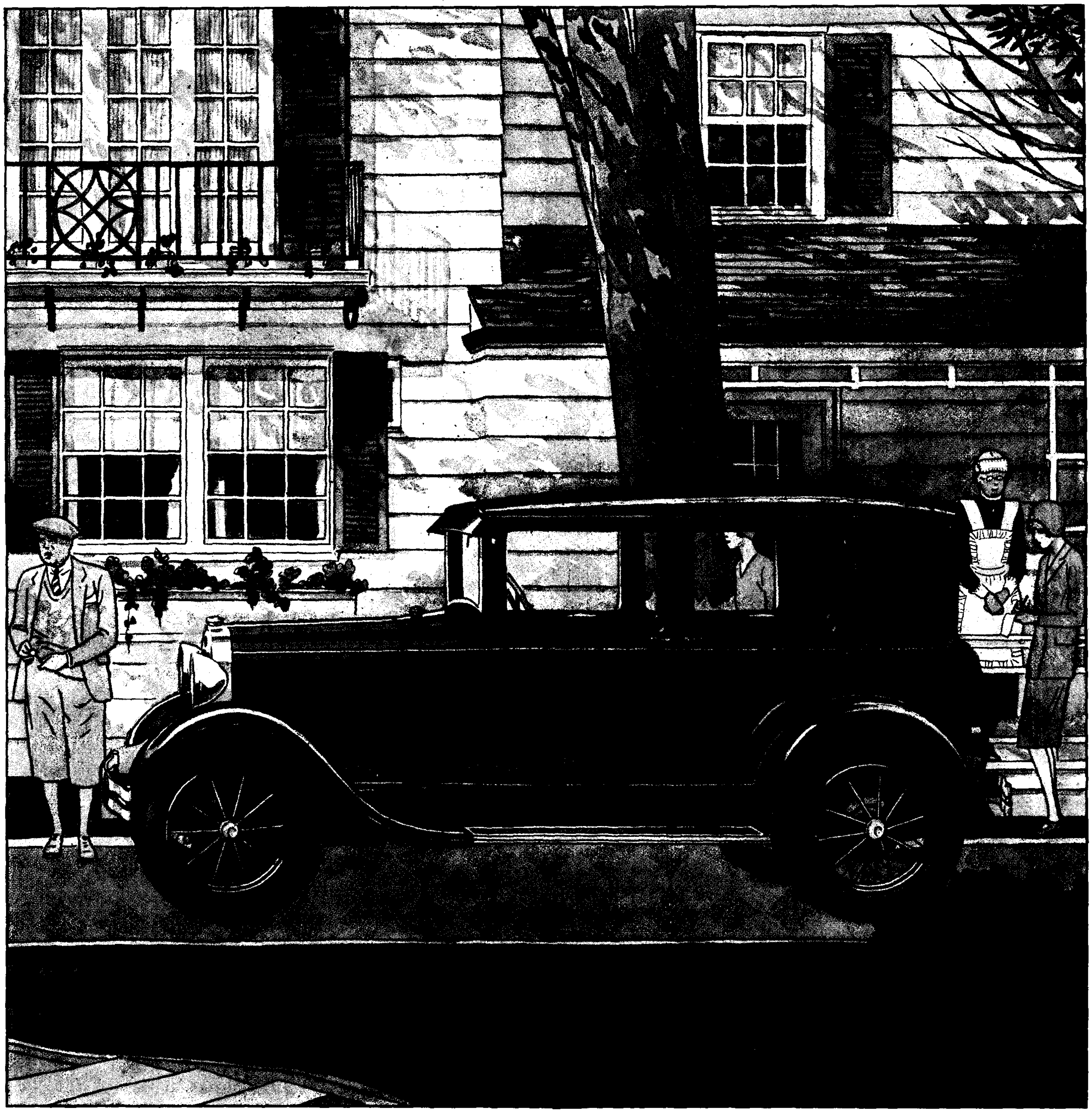
A Substitute

FOR THE 18th AMENDMENT

to the Federal Constitution

"THE CONGRESS shall have the power to regulate or prohibit the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, but such grant of power shall not be construed to require that such regulation or prohibition shall be uniform throughout the United States nor deprive the states of power to impose additional regulations or prohibitions upon such manufacture, sale, transportation, importation or exportation."

The form of this amendment has been considered and approved by competent constitutional lawyers. To be valid it must be approved by two thirds of the House of Representatives and of the Senate and ratified by three fourths of the States.



The charm of beautiful colors, carefully chosen

MATCHING the fresh brilliance of Spring and early Summer are the beautiful colors of the new Ford. They are rich in tone, yet carefully chosen, with a quiet good taste that endures.

There are eleven different Ford body types, and all, with the single exception of the Station Wagon, are finished in a changing variety of colors.

You have the privilege of selecting from among these the color harmony that best suits your motoring needs and personal preference. Such choice is of course unusual in a low-price car and is one of the very special features of the new Ford.

Interior finish, upholstery and appointments are in keeping with this beauty of color and the trim, substantial lines which are so characteristically Ford. To the last least little detail, you can see evidence of the sincere quality that has been built into the car and the care that has been taken in its manufacture.

In all that goes to make a good automobile—in appearance—in safety—in comfort—in reliability—in economy—in alert, satisfying performance—the new Ford is an unusual value at a low price. Its ease of operation and control and freedom from mechanical troubles make it a particularly good car for a woman to drive.

Ford

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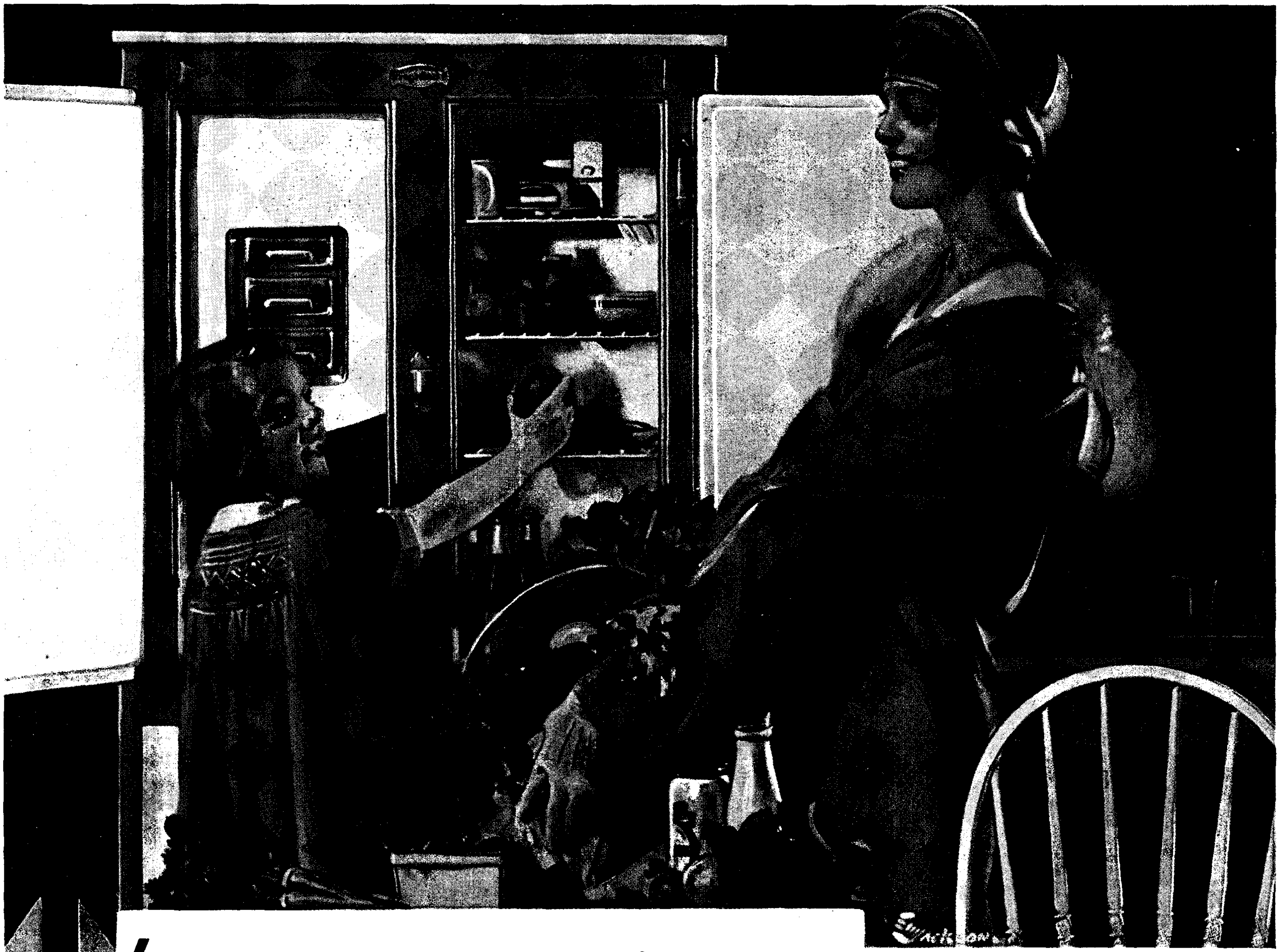
Detroit, Michigan



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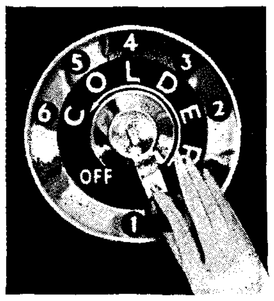

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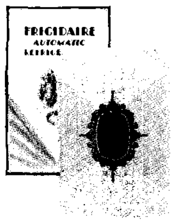

Frigidaire, Corporation,
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